HYMNS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

No. 2.

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HYMNS

OF THE

CHRISTIAN * LIFE

No. 2.

COMPILED BY

REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

WITHDRAWN

PUBLISHED BY
CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE PUBLISHING CO.,
SOUHT NYACK, N. Y.

PREFACE.

In the name of the Lord, Jesus, the publishers and compilers would lay upon the altar of praise, and present to the household of faith the second volume of the Hymns of the Christian Life.

Our special acknowledgements are due to many musical composers and publishers for the use of valuable copyrights in this collection, including Messrs. Sweeney, Kirkpatrick and Hood, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Dr. Gordon, and the publishers of the Coronation Hymnal, Mr. E. O. Excell, of Chicago; The Hoffman Music Co., of Cleveland; Messrs. Myland & Kirk, of Ohio; Mrs. Joseph E. Knapp, Miss Pollard, Mr. J. E. Burke, Mr. I. Showalter, Mr. Hillyer, Dr. Steiner, Warren Collins, and others.

Still more especially are we indebted to Miss May Agnew and Miss Louise Shepard, who have given their time, toil and valuable musical experience to the arranging of these pieces and the superintendence of the publication.

Many of the imperfections and defects which may be found in this first edition are due to the haste, with which at the last, the volume was unavoidedly hurried through the press so as to be ready for the Old Orchard Convention of 1897. These, faults we trust, will be wholly removed from the later editions.

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HYMNS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

No. 1.

A. B. S.

My Holy Guest.

Tenderly. Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1 Ho ly Ghost I bid Thee wel - come, Come and be my Ho - ly Guest;
2. I am lone and sad with out Thee, Thou hast made my heart for Thee;
3. As the bird-ling needs its moth - er, So I need Thee, Mother Dove;
4. Come and banish all that grieves Thee, Come and cleanse from all my sin;
Heav'n-ly Dove with-in my bos - om, Make Thy home and build Thy nest.
Leave me not a help-less or - phan, Come, oh come and dwell in me.
As the flow - er drinks the sun - shine, So I live up - on Thy love.
Bring me Je - sus in all ful - ness, Make my heart a heav'n with - in.
CHORUS.
Bles - sed Ho - ly Spir - it, Wel - come to my breast,
In my heart for - ev - er, Be my Ho - ly Guest.

5 Heal my sick and broken body,
Guide my stumbling steps each hour;
Be my Comforter and teacher,
Fill and use me by Thy power.

6 Lead me on to all Thy fulness.
Bring me to Thy promised Rest;
Holy Ghost I bid Thee welcome,
Be my Holy, heavenly Guest.

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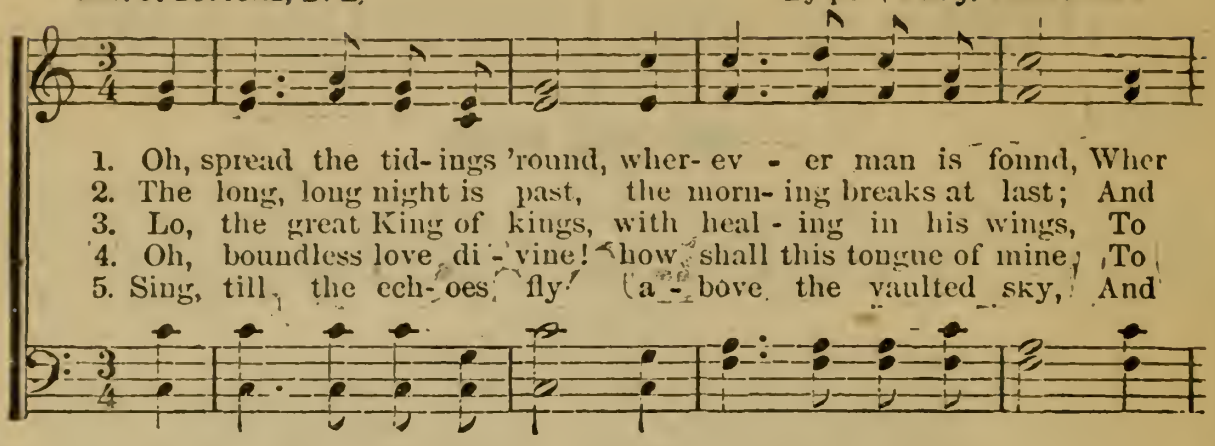
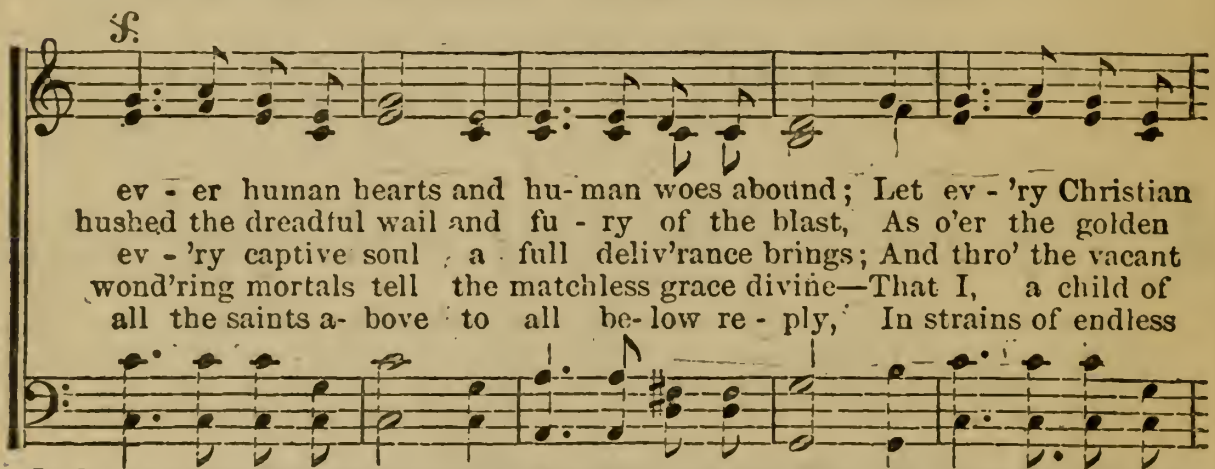
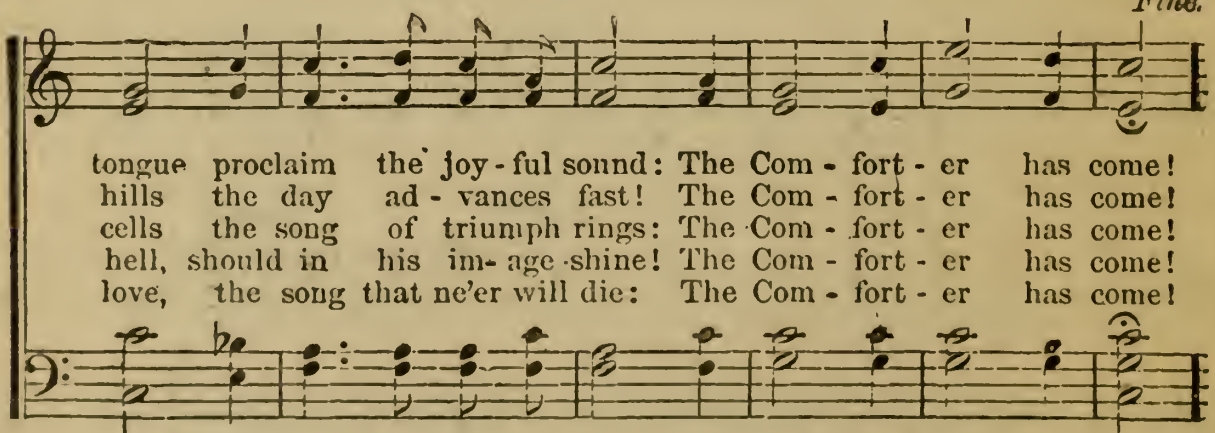
No. 2. The Comforter Has Come.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. By per. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

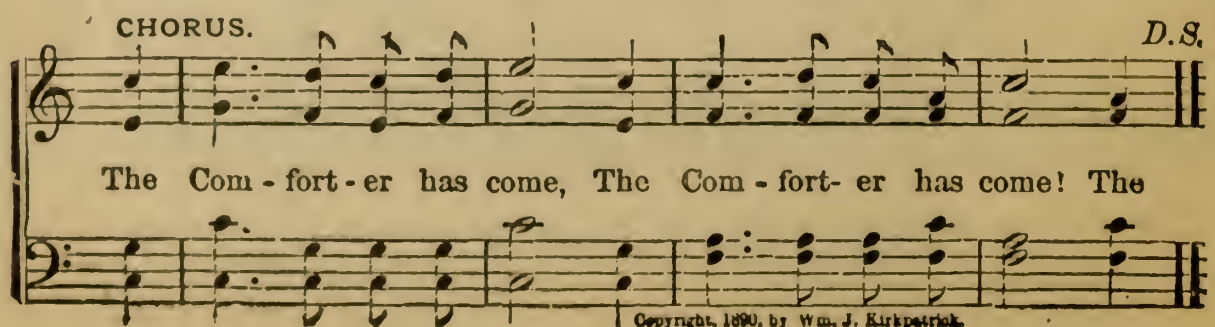

1. Oh, spread the tid-ings 'round, wher-ev - er man is found, Wher
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To
4. Oh, boundless love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine, To
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vaulted sky, And


ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes abound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden
ev - 'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of
all the saints a- bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of endless

D. S.—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings


Fine.
tongue proclaim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vances fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in his im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!



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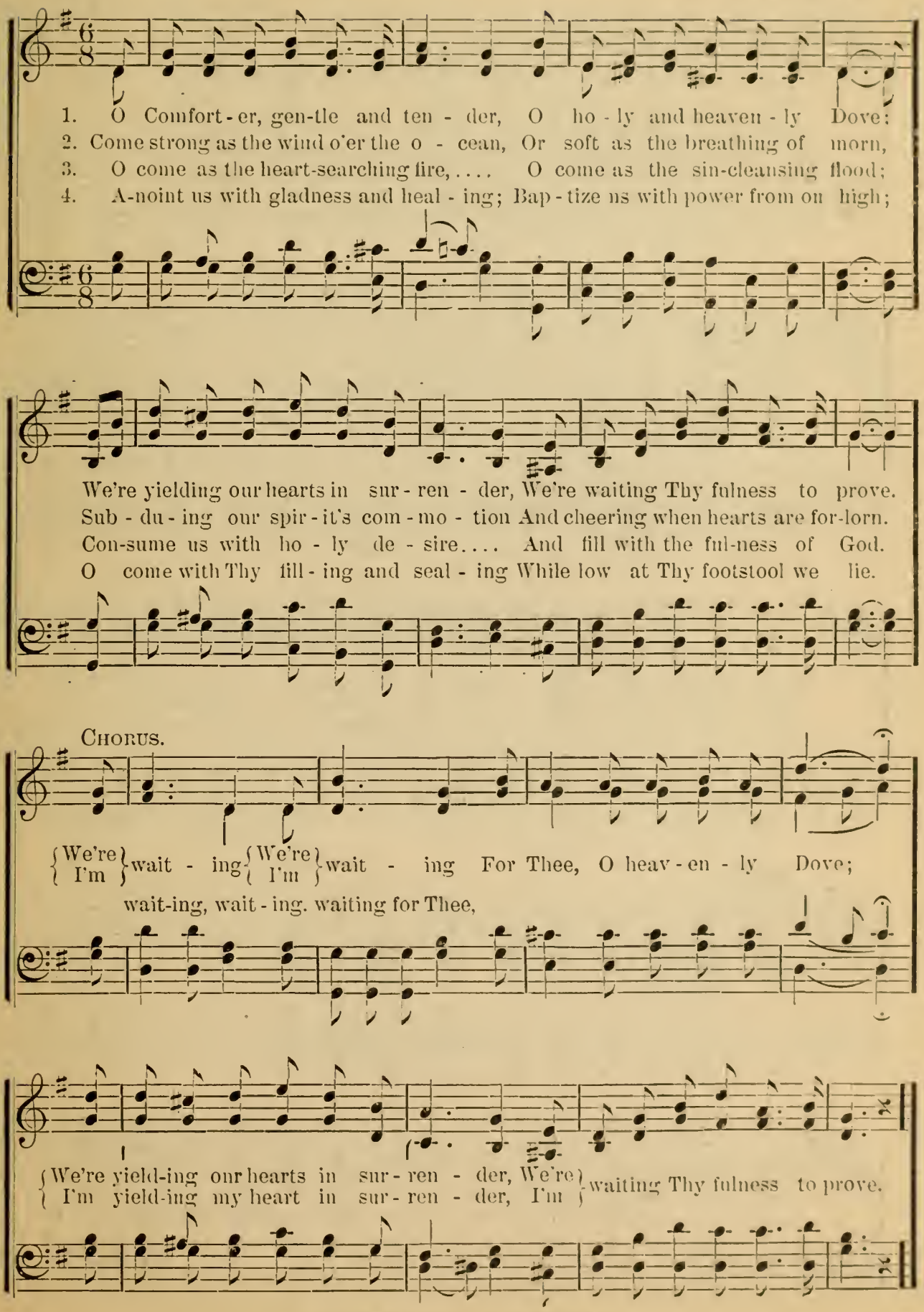
No. 3. O Comforter, Gentle and Tender.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. O Comfort-er, gen-tle and ten-der, O ho-ly and heaven-ly Dove:
2. Come strong as the wind o'er the o-cean, Or soft as the breathing of morn,
3. O come as the heart-searching fire, ... O come as the sin-cleansing flood;
4. A-noint us with gladness and heal-ing; Bap-tize us with power from on high;
We're yielding our hearts in sur-ren-der, We're waiting Thy fulness to prove.
Sub-du-ing our spir-it's com-mo-tion And cheering when hearts are for-lorn.
Con-sume us with ho-ly de-sire.... And fill with the ful-ness of God.
O come with Thy fill-ing and seal-ing While low at Thy footstool we lie.
Chorus.
{We're / I'm} wait-ing {We're / I'm} wait-ing For Thee, O heav-en-ly Dove;
wait-ing, wait-ing. waiting for Thee,
{We're yield-ing our hearts in sur-ren-der, We're / I'm yield-ing my heart in sur-ren-der, I'm} waiting Thy fulness to prove.

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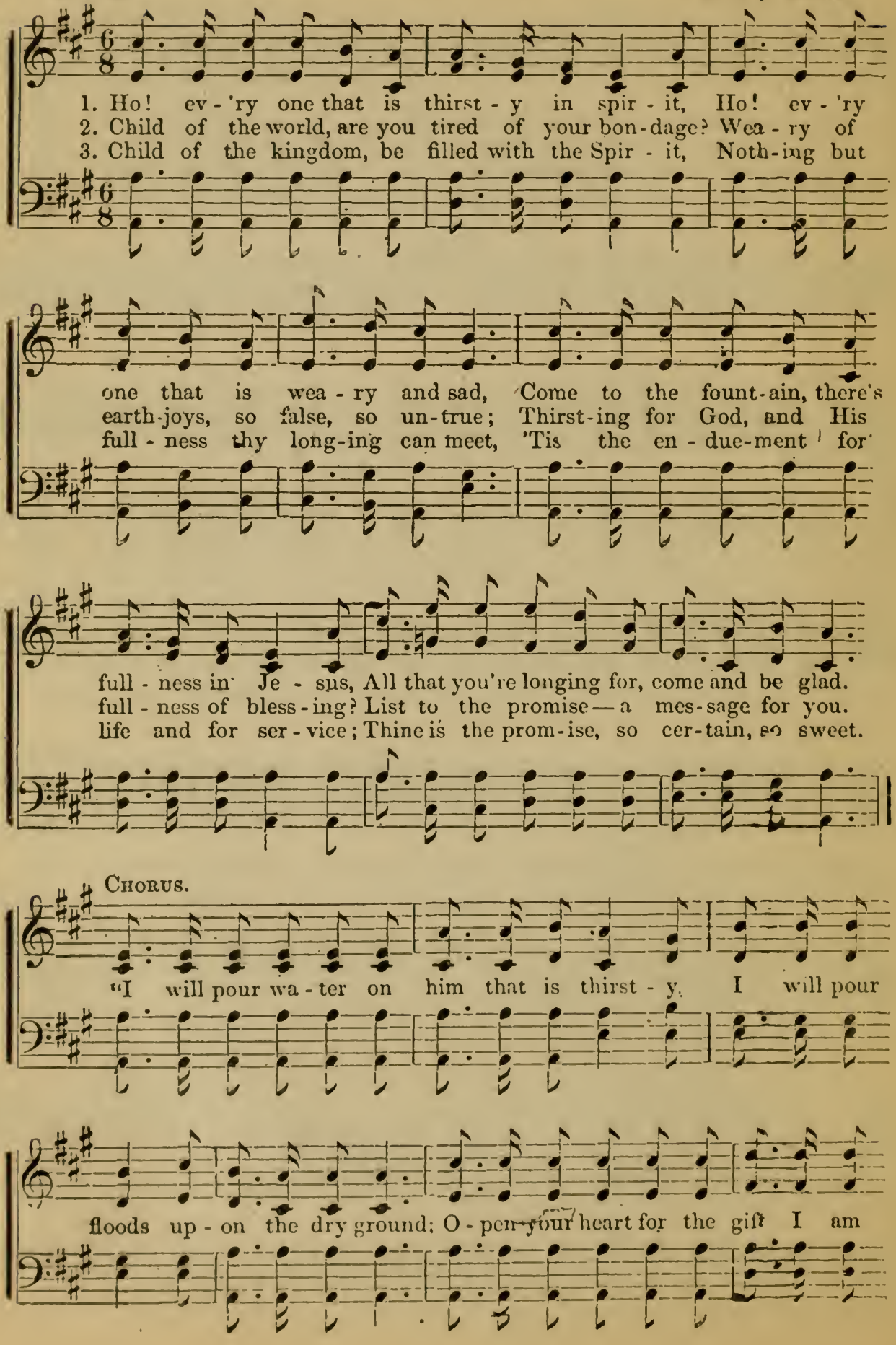
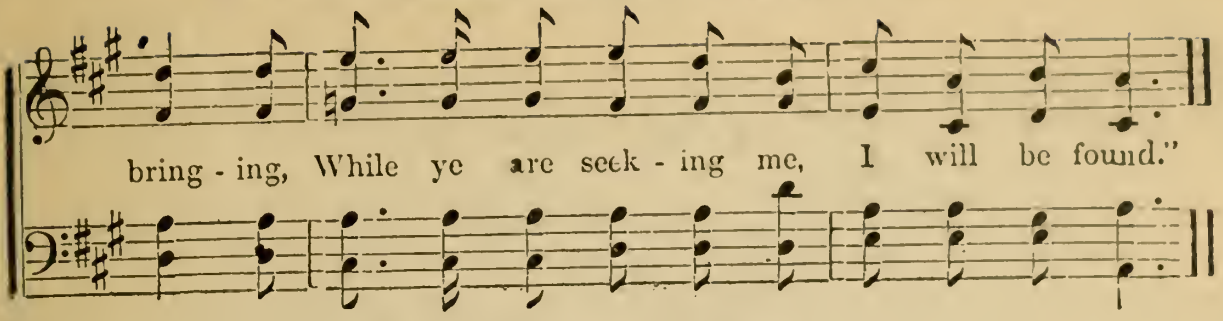
No. 4. Ho! Every One that is Thirsty.

L. J. R. LUCY J. RIDER.

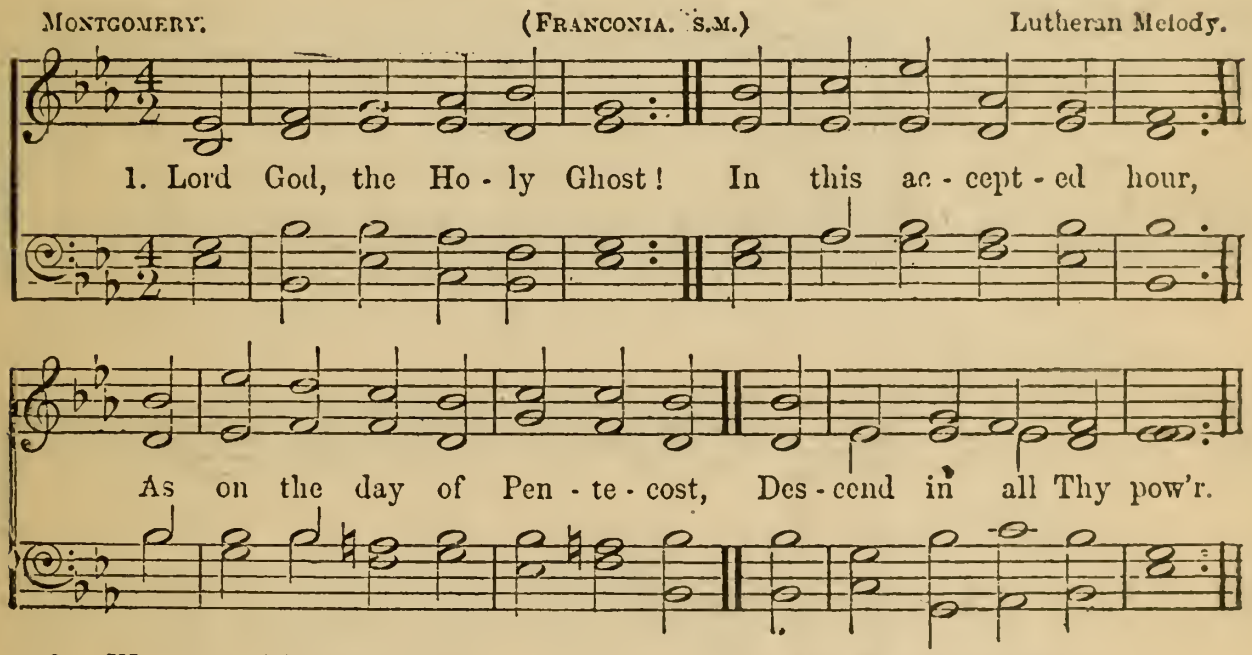

1. Ho! ev-'ry one that is thirst-y in spir-it, Ho! ev-'ry
2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bon-dage? Wea-ry of
3. Child of the kingdom, be filled with the Spir-it, Noth-ing but
one that is wea-ry and sad, Come to the fount-ain, there's
earth-joys, so false, so un-true; Thirst-ing for God, and His
full-ness thy long-ing can meet, 'Tis the en-due-ment for
full-ness in Je-sus, All that you're longing for, come and be glad.
full-ness of bless-ing? List to the promise—a mes-sage for you.
life and for ser-vice; Thine is the prom-ise, so cer-tain, so sweet.
CHORUS.
"I will pour wa-ter on him that is thirst-y. I will pour
floods up-on the dry ground; O-pen your heart for the gift I am

Ho! Every One That is Thirsty. Concluded.



By per., E. O. EXCELL.

No. 5. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.


MONTGOMERY. (FRANCONIA. S.M.) Lutheran Melody.
1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost! In this ac - cept - ed hour,
As on the day of Pen - te - cost, Des - cend in all Thy pow'r.

2. We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3. Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul one feeling breathe.

4. The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5. Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre, shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

No. 6. The Holy Ghost is Come.

(DENNIS S.M.)

The Holy Ghost is come—
We feel His presence here!
Our hearts would now no longer roam,
But bow in filial fear.

This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power—
'Tis heaven descending from above
To fill this favored hour!

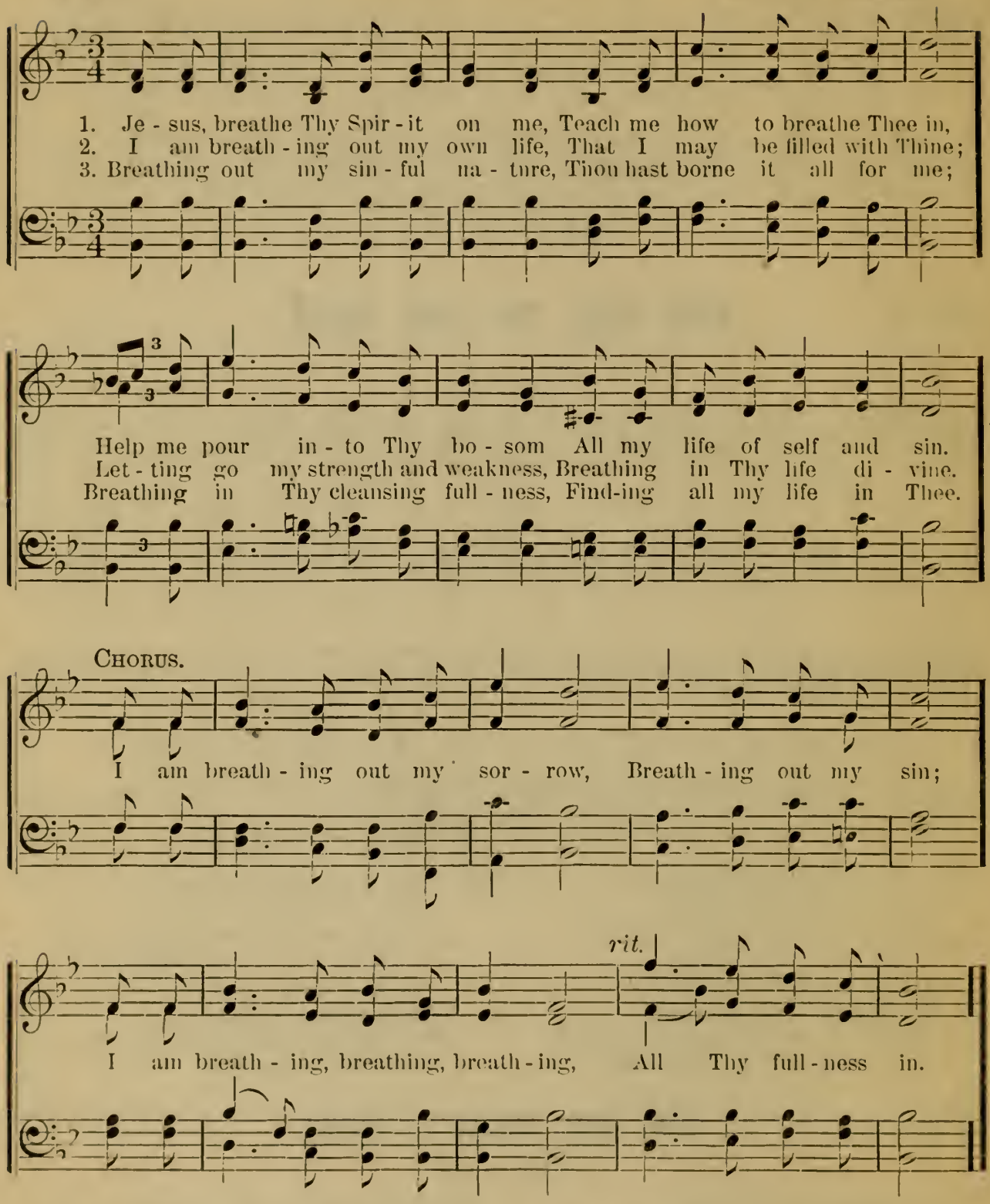
Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines;
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.

No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray:
Oh, let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

REV. F. BOTTOME, D.D.

No. 7. Breathing Out and Breathing In.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Je - sus, breathe Thy Spir - it on me, Teach me how to breathe Thee in,
2. I am breath - ing out my own life, That I may be filled with Thine;
3. Breathing out my sin - ful na - ture, Thou hast borne it all for me;
Help me pour in - to Thy bo - som All my life of self and sin.
Let - ting go my strength and weakness, Breathing in Thy life di - vine.
Breathing in Thy cleansing full - ness, Find-ing all my life in Thee.
Chorus.
I am breath - ing out my sor - row, Breath - ing out my sin;
rit.
I am breath - ing, breathing, breath - ing, All Thy full - ness in.

4 I am breathing out my sorrow,
On Thy kind and gentle breast;
Breathing in Thy joy and comfort,
Breathing in Thy peace and rest.

5 I am breathing out my sickness,
Thou hast borne its burden too;
I am breathing in Thy healing,
Ever promised, ever new.

6 I am breathing out my longings,
In Thy listening, loving ear,
I am breathing in Thy answers,
Stilling every doubt and fear.

7 I am breathing every moment,
Drawing all my life from Thee;
Breath by breath I live upon Thee,
Blessed Spirit, breathe in me.

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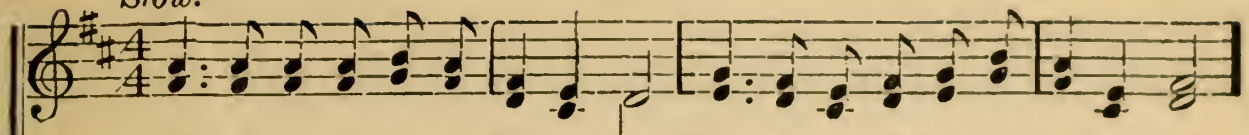
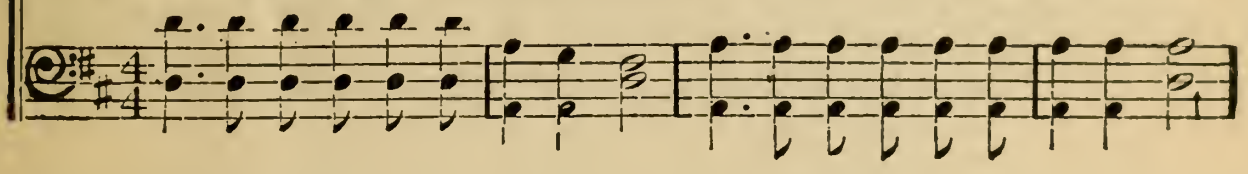
No. 8. Be Filled With the Spirit.

J. M. K. Eph. v, 18. Jas. M. Kirk.

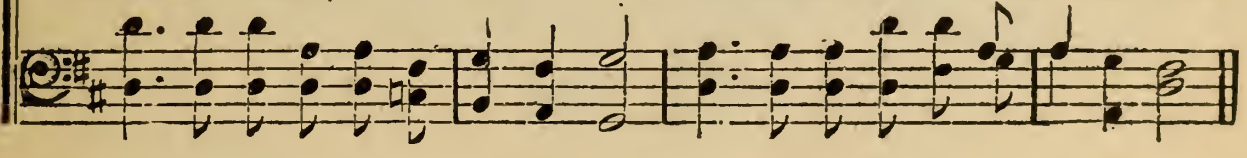
Slow.



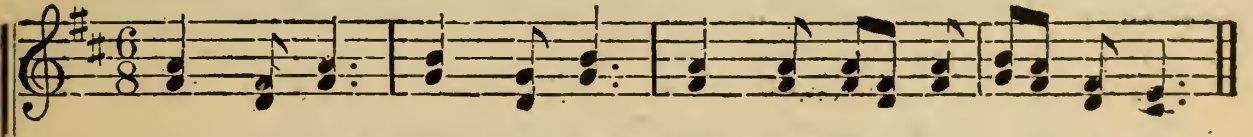
1. Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, While we gather here in one accord;
2. Lord, we seek Thee for Thy promised gift, Fill us while to Thee our hearts we lift;
3. Come, oh, come, Thou blessed Holy Ghost, Come and fill us as at Pentecost;
3. Lord, we claim Thy promise and believe, Now Thy Holy Spirit we receive;



Fill us, Lord, while at Thy feet we bow, Come and fill us with Thy Spirit now.
Send the blessed Comforter di-vine, Send Him now into this heart of mine.
While we wait, oh, grant our heart's desire, Come and fill us with re-fin-ing fire.
Thou art breathing on us from a-bove, Thou art fill-ing us with perfect love.



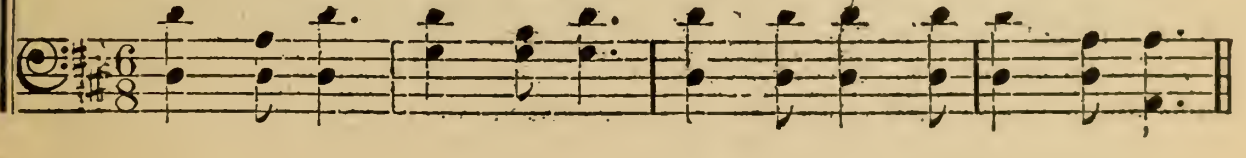
CHORUS.

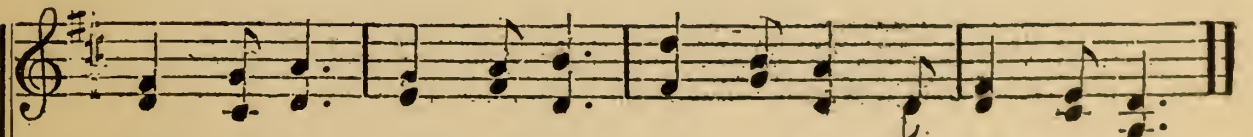


Fill us now, fill us now, Fill us with Thy Spi-rit now;

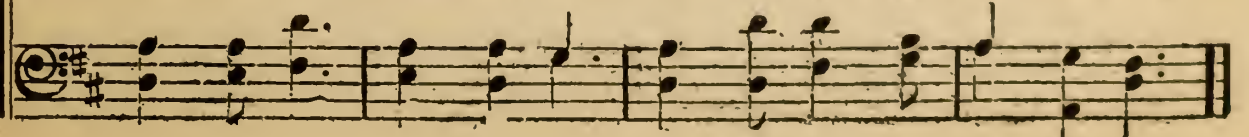
After last verse—

Fill-ing now, fill-ing now, Thy dear Spir-it fills us now;





Fill us now, fill us now; Je-sus, come and fill us now.
Fills us now, fills us now; Je-sus comes and fills us now.



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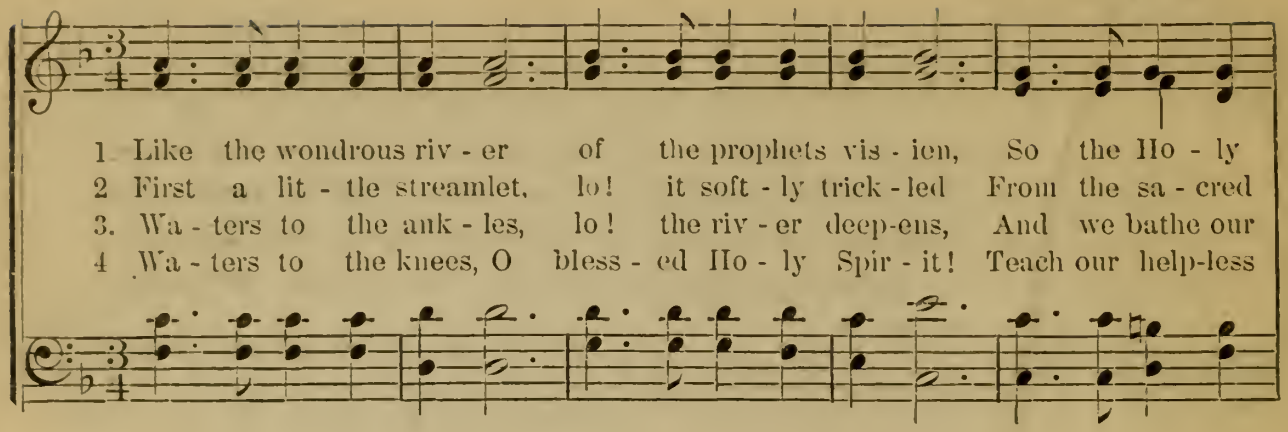
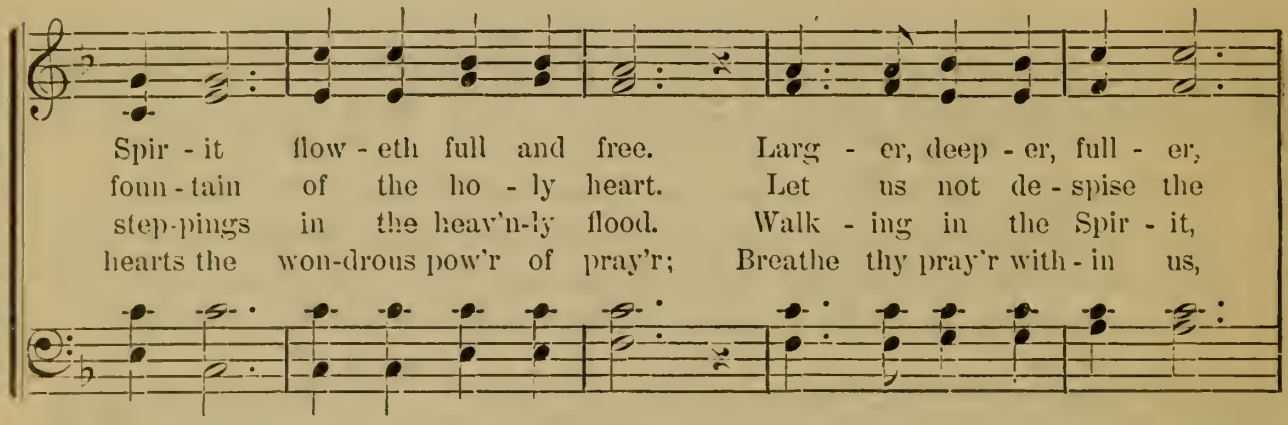
No. 9. The Wondrous River.

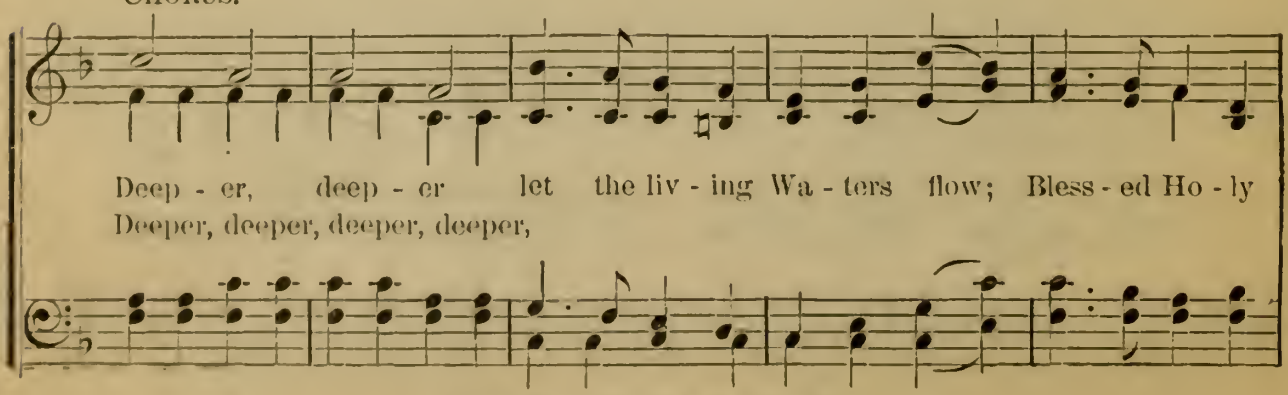
A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1 Like the wondrous riv - er of the prophets vis - ion, So the Ho - ly
2 First a lit - tle streamlet, lo! it soft - ly trick - led From the sa - cred
3. Wa - ters to the ank - les, lo! the riv - er deep-ens, And we bathe our
4 Wa - ters to the knees, O bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it! Teach our help-less


Spir - it flow - eth full and free. Larg - er, deep - er, full - er,
foun - tain of the ho - ly heart. Let us not de - spise the
step-pings in the heav'n-ly flood. Walk - ing in the Spir - it,
hearts the won-drous pow'r of pray'r; Breathe thy pray'r with - in us,

still the riv - er grow-eth 'Till it reach the full-ness of the Crys-tal Sea.
day of small be-gin-nings, From the feeblest droppings, mightiest riv-ers start.
step-ping in His foot-prints, Liv - ing in o - be-dience, walking with our God.
waft it up to heav-en, Help us, like our Mas-ter, oth-ers' bur-dens bear.

Chorus.



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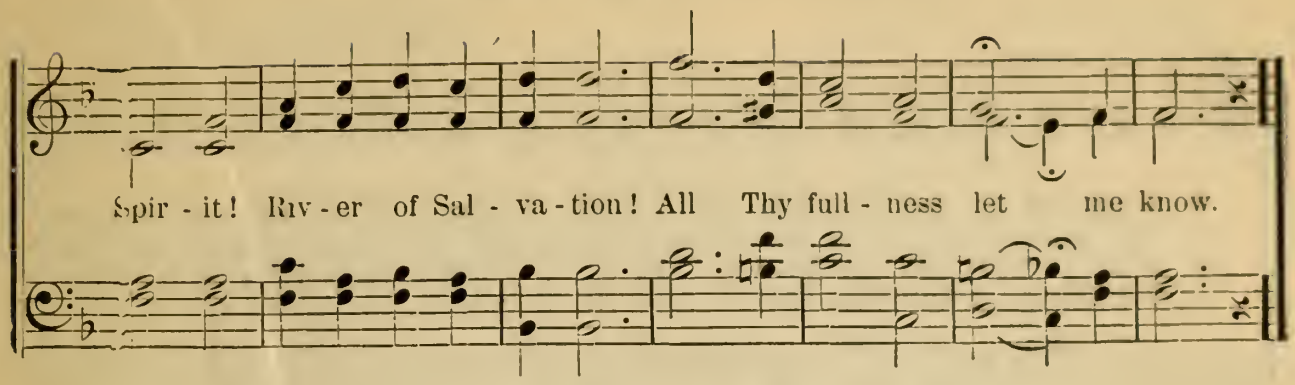
The Wondrous River. Concluded.



5 Waters to the loins, we've reached the mighty river,
'Tis the promised baptism of the Holy Ghost.
Plunge into the torrent, let it bear us onward
'Till our lives repeat the days of Pentecost.

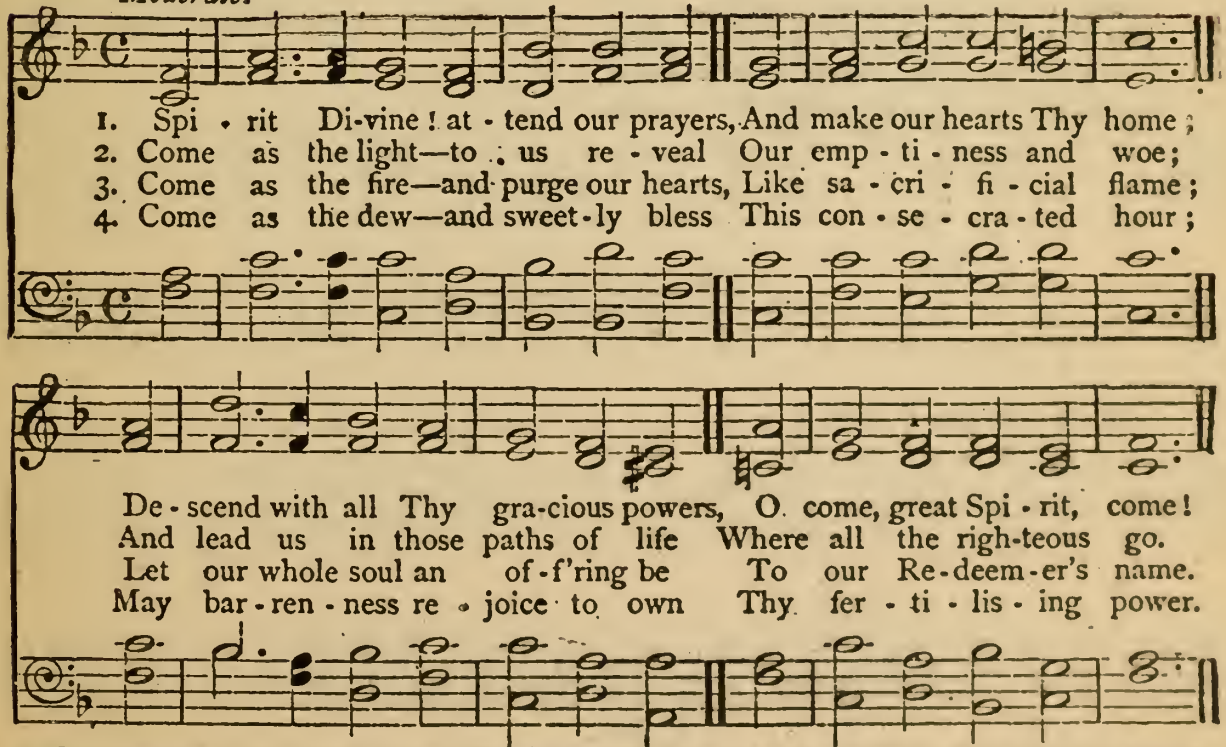
6 Bright and beauteous river, on its banks are growing
Trees of bounteous verdure, fruits so rich and rare;
Leaves of life and healing, every joy and blessing.—
All the founts of love and Paradise are there.

7 Water overhead O blessing vast and boundless!
Spirit without measure, flowing full and free!
Let us know Thy fullness, pour the floods upon us
'Till we lose ourselves, and all our life, in Thee.

No. 10. Spirit Divine.

DR. A. REED.

Moderato.


1. Spi - rit Di-vine! at - tend our prayers, And make our hearts Thy home;
2. Come as the light—to us re - veal Our emp - ti - ness and woe;
3. Come as the fire—and purge our hearts, Like sa - cri - fi - cial flame;
4. Come as the dew—and sweet-ly bless This con - se - cra - ted hour;
De - scend with all Thy gra-cious powers, O come, great Spi - rit, come!
And lead us in those paths of life Where all the righ-teous go.
Let our whole soul an of-f'ring be To our Re-deem-er's name.
May bar - ren - ness re - joice to own Thy fer - ti - lis - ing power.

5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

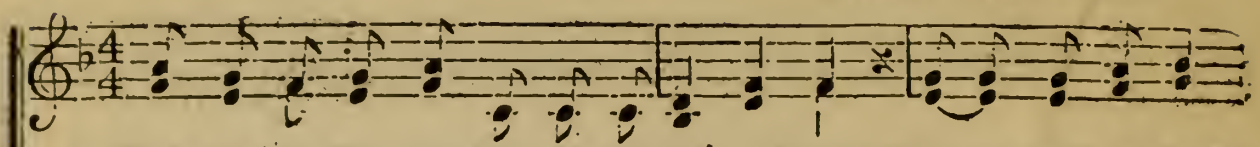
6 Come as the wind—with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

No. 11. The Comfort of the Holy Spirit.

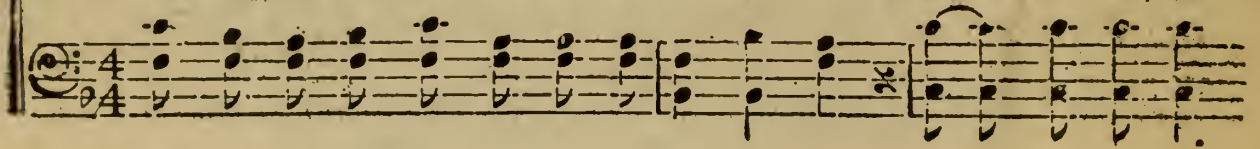
Acts 9; 31

Words by Rev. D. W. Myland.

Music by Mrs. D. W. Myland.
Arranged by Jas. M. Kirk.

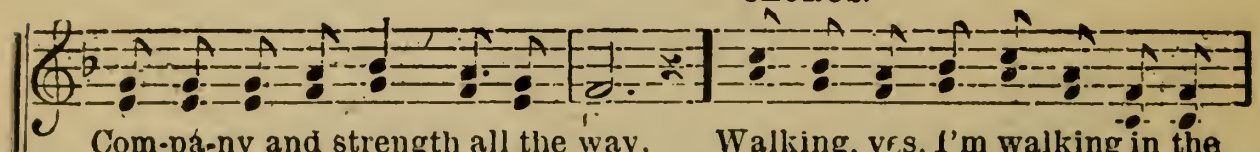


1. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho - ly Ghost, Walking with the Lord
2. Walk-ing in the com fort of the Ho - ly Ghost, Oh! what peace my heart
3. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the ho - ly Ghost, How sweet is my life
4. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho - ly Ghost, Free from all sin, all

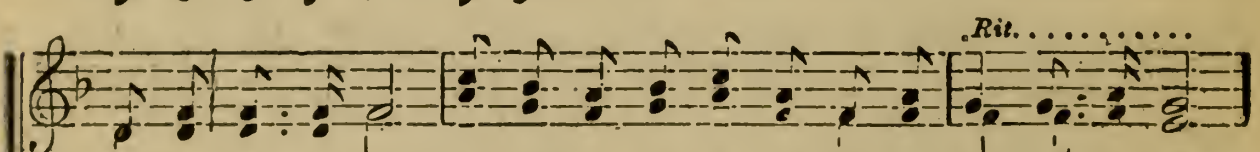


day by day; Go - ing step by step, in the light of His word,
now doth know; Liv - ing in His light, sing - ing in His joy!
in the Lord! List-'ning to His voice, do - ing His good - will,
care and pain; Pray-ing, work-ing, trust - ing sweet-ly all the way,

CHORUS.

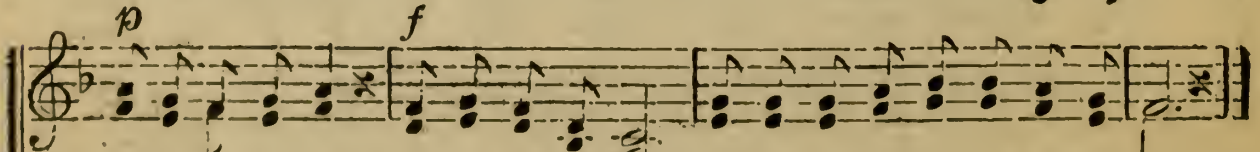


Com-pa-ny and strength all the way. Walking, yes, I'm walking in the
Mu - sic in my soul all a - glow.
Conquering thro' faith in His word.
Wait-ing 'till my Lord comes a - gain.



Rit. . . . . .

Spir-it of my Lord! Liv-ing, yes, I'm liv-ing now by faith in His word;



p f

So He keeps me still, strong to do His will; Walking in His comfort day by day.

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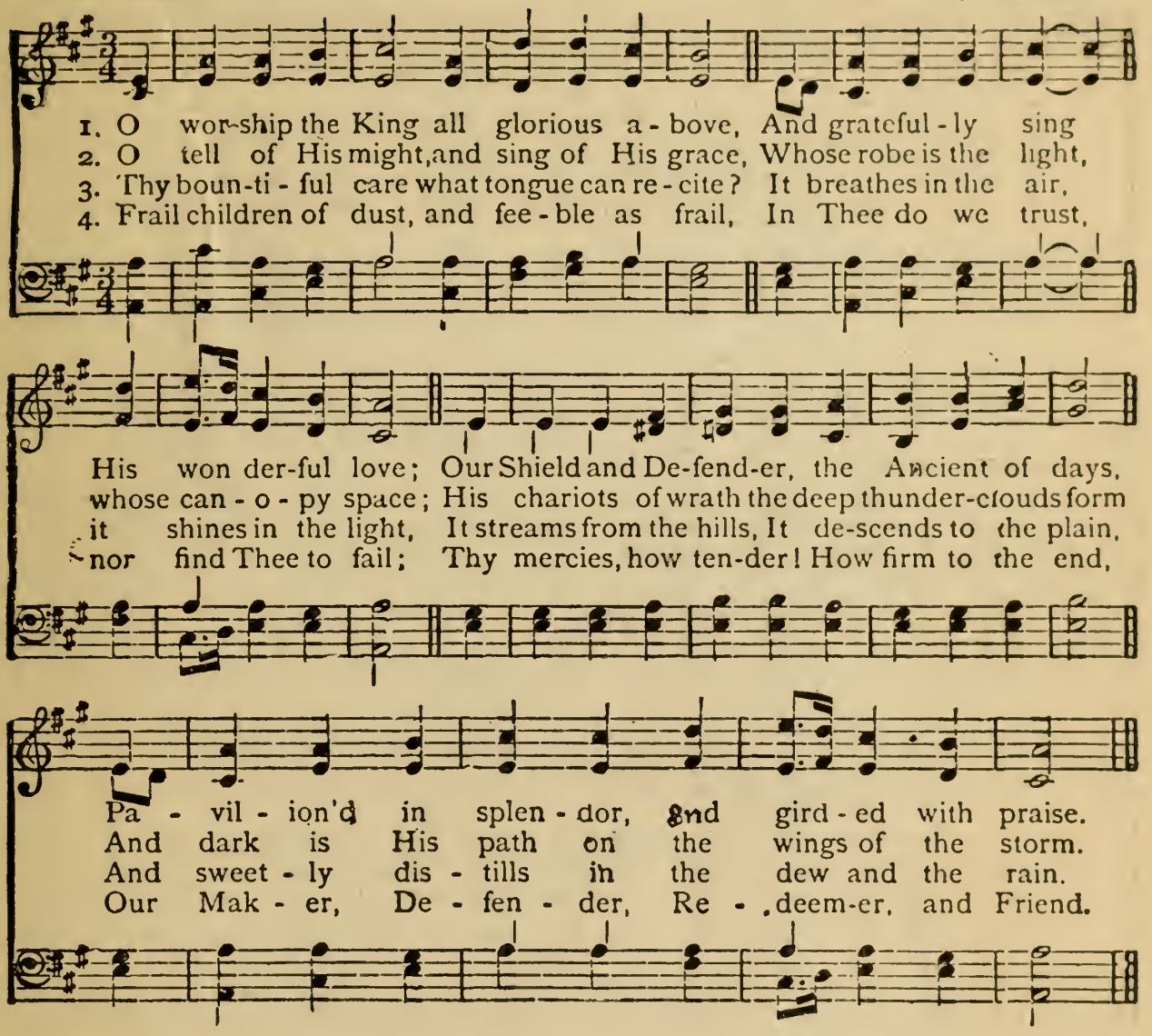
No. 12. O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. F. J. Haydn.


1. O wor-ship the King all glorious a-bove, And grateful-ly sing
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light,
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the air,
4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we trust,
His won der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the Ancient of days,
whose can-o-py space; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form
it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, It de-scends to the plain,
nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies, how ten-der! How firm to the end,
Pa-vil-ion'd in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
Our Mak-er, De-fen-der, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

No. 13. All People that on Earth Do Dwell.

(OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.)

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

Oh, enter, then, His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His court unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

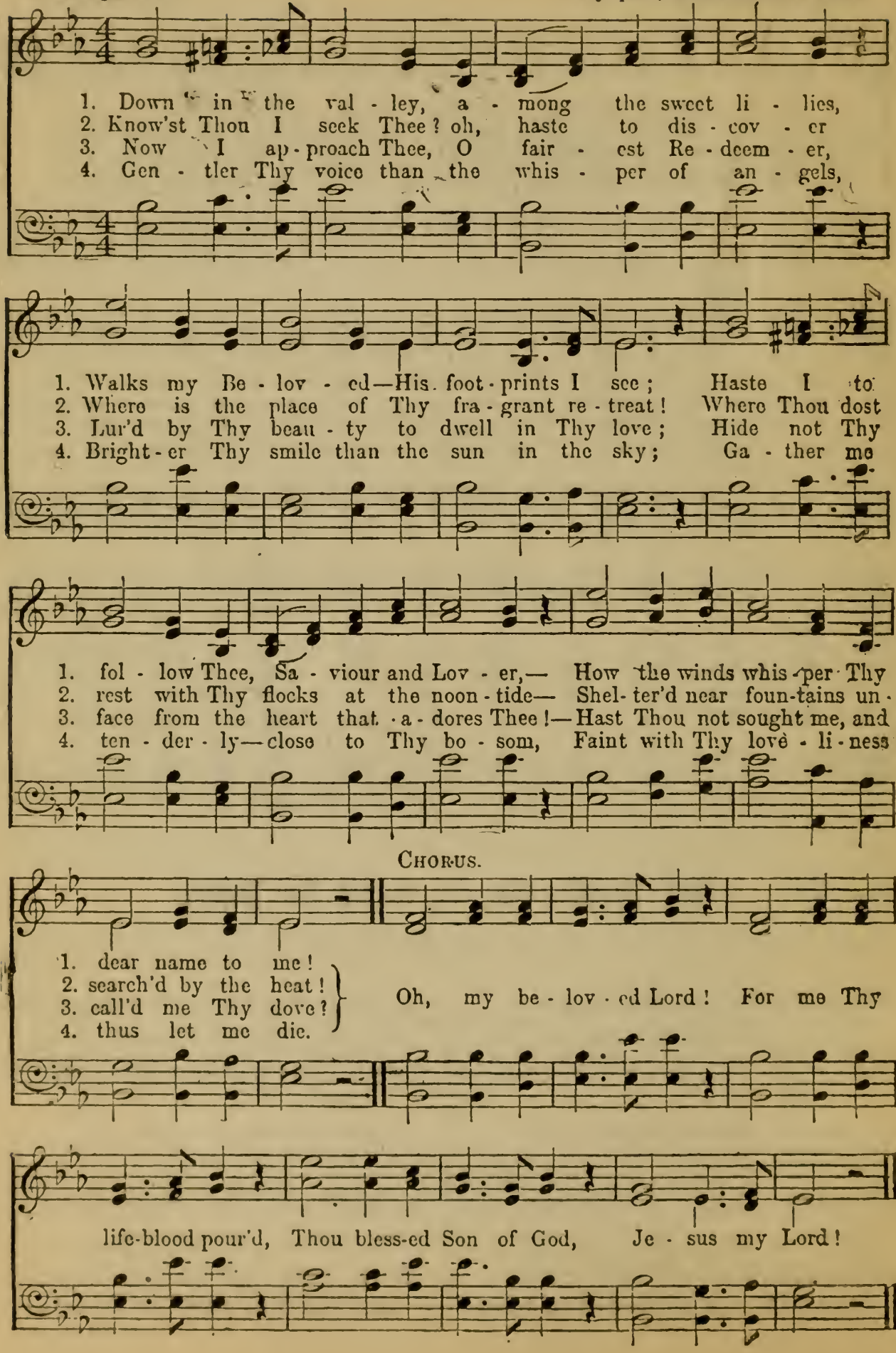
For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe.

No. 14.

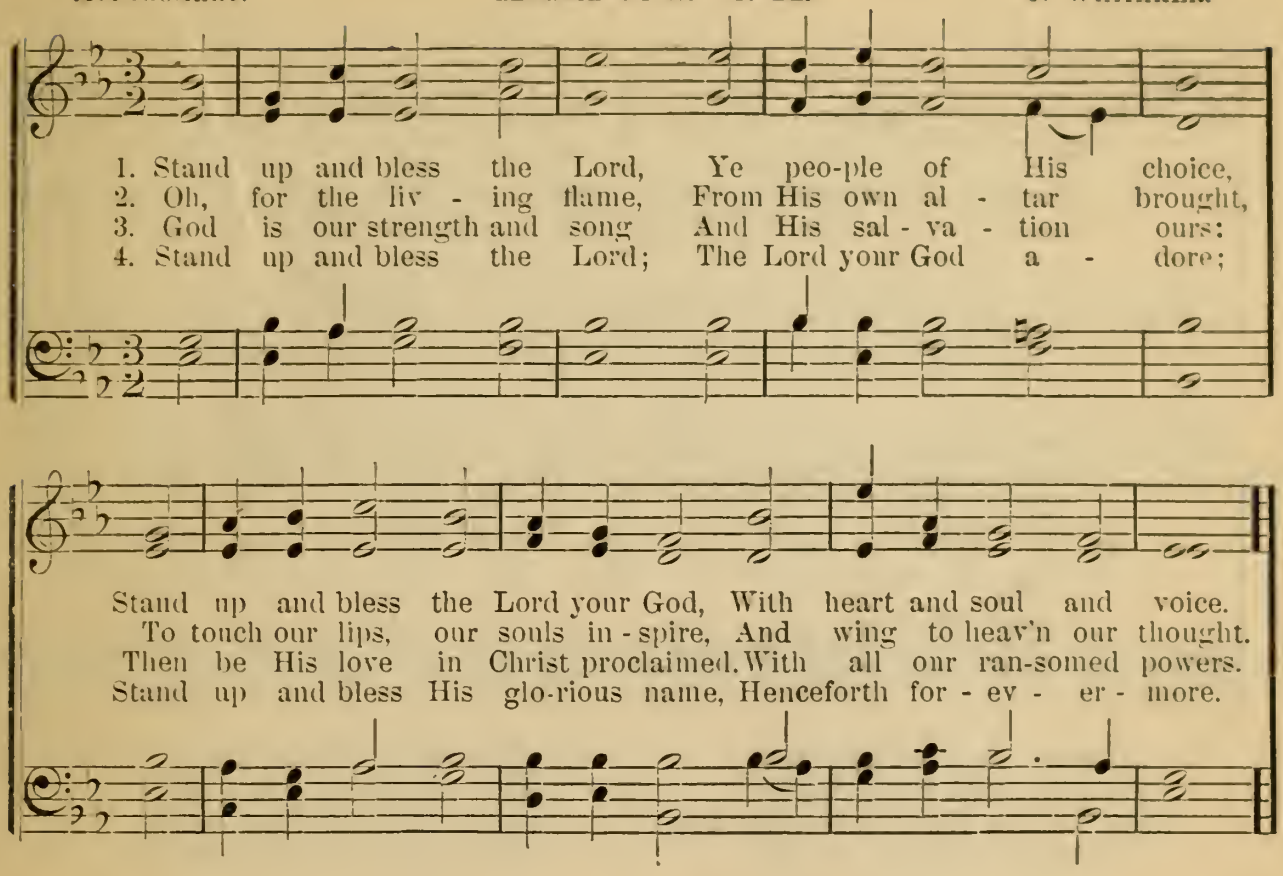
My Beloved Lord!

H. M. Bradley. By per., Judge Thos. O. Lowe.


1. Down in the val - ley, a - mong the sweet li - lies,
2. Know'st Thou I seek Thee? oh, haste to dis - cov - er
3. Now I ap - proach Thee, O fair - est Re - deem - er,
4. Gen - tler Thy voice than the whis - per of an - gels,
1. Walks my Be - lov - ed—His foot - prints I see; Haste I to
2. Where is the place of Thy fra - grant re - treat! Where Thou dost
3. Lur'd by Thy beau - ty to dwell in Thy love; Hide not Thy
4. Bright - er Thy smile than the sun in the sky; Ga - ther me
1. fol - low Thee, Sa - viour and Lov - er,— How the winds whis - per Thy
2. rest with Thy flocks at the noon - tide— Shel - ter'd near foun - tains un -
3. face from the heart that a - dores Thee!—Hast Thou not sought me, and
4. ten - der - ly—close to Thy bo - som, Faint with Thy love - li - ness
Chorus.
1. dear name to me!
2. search'd by the heat!
3. call'd me Thy dove?
4. thus let me die.
Oh, my be - lov - ed Lord! For me Thy
life-blood pour'd, Thou bless-ed Son of God, Je - sus my Lord!

No. 15. Stand Up and Bless the Lord.

MONTGOMERY. HAMPTON. S. M. J. WHITAKER.


1. Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye peo-ple of His choice,
2. Oh, for the liv - ing flame, From His own al - tar brought,
3. God is our strength and song And His sal - va - tion ours:
4. Stand up and bless the Lord; The Lord your God a - dore;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.
To touch our lips, our souls in - spire, And wing to heav'n our thought.
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed. With all our ran-somed powers.
Stand up and bless His glo-rious name, Henceforth for - ev - er - more.

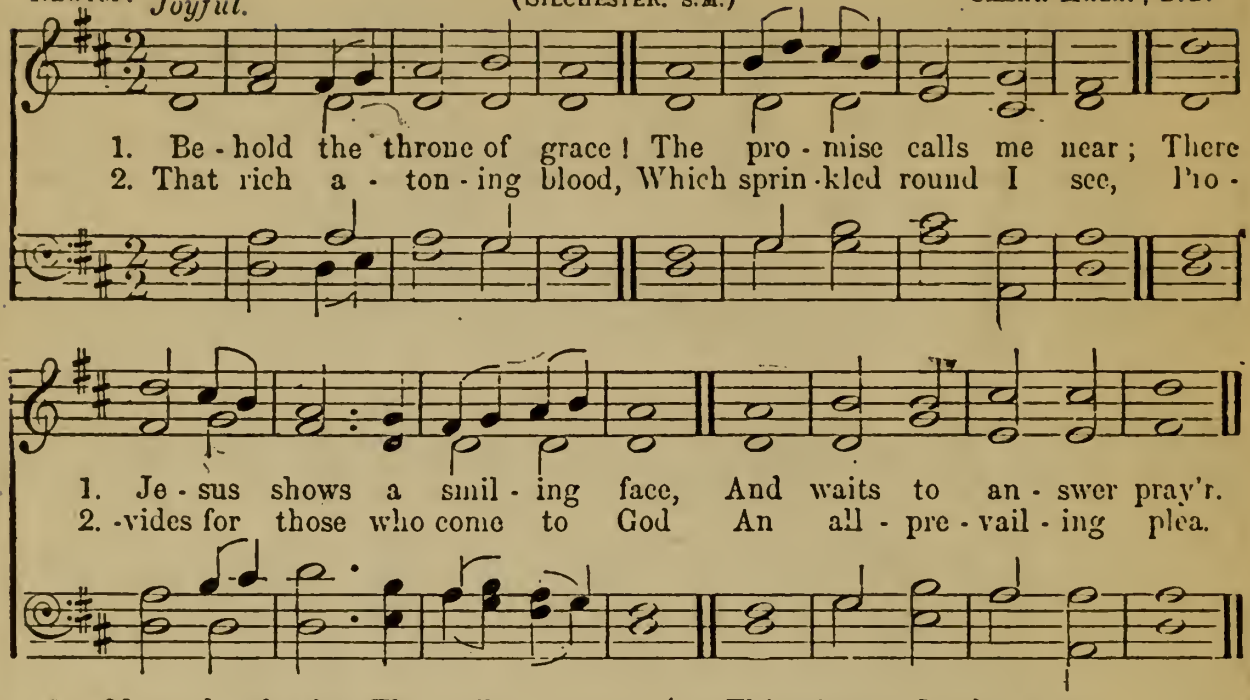
No. 16. O God of Bethel.

DODDRIDGE. FRENCH. C. M.

1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;
2. Our vows, our pray'rs, we now pre - sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace,
3. Thro' each per - plex-ing path of life, Our wand-'ring foot-steps guide;
4. Such blessings from Thy gra - cious hand Our hum - ble pray'rs im - plore;
Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim-age, Hast all our fa - thers led.
God of our fa - thers, be the God Of their suc - ceed - ing race.
Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.
And Thou shalt be our cho - sen God And por - tion ev - er - more.

No. 17. Behold the Throne of Grace.

NEWTON. *Joyful.* (SILCHESTER. S.M.) CÆSAR MALAN, D.D.


1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The pro - mise calls me near; There
2. That rich a - ton - ing blood, Which sprin - kled round I see, Pro -
1. Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer pray'r.
2. -vides for those who come to God An all - pre - vail - ing plea.

3. My soul, ask what Thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

4. Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

No. 18. Let Us with a Gladsome Mind.

J. MILTON. (INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7.) Old Litany.

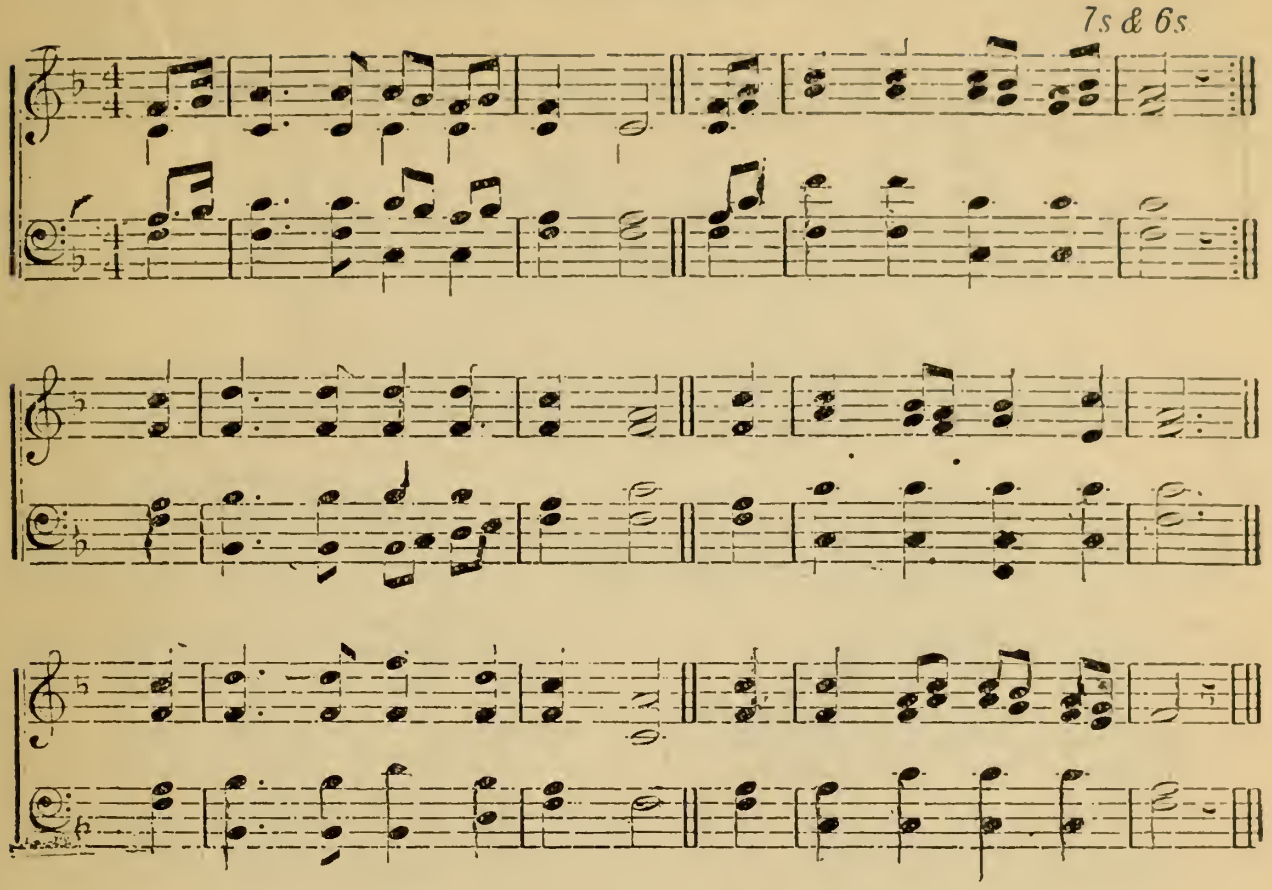
1. Let us, with a glad - some mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
2. He, with all - com - mand - ing might, Fill'd the new - made world with light:
1. For His mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
2. For His mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

3. All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4. He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

No. 19. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

7s & 6s.



O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright,
On Thee the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To God the three in one.

On Thee at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On Thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On Thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on Thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

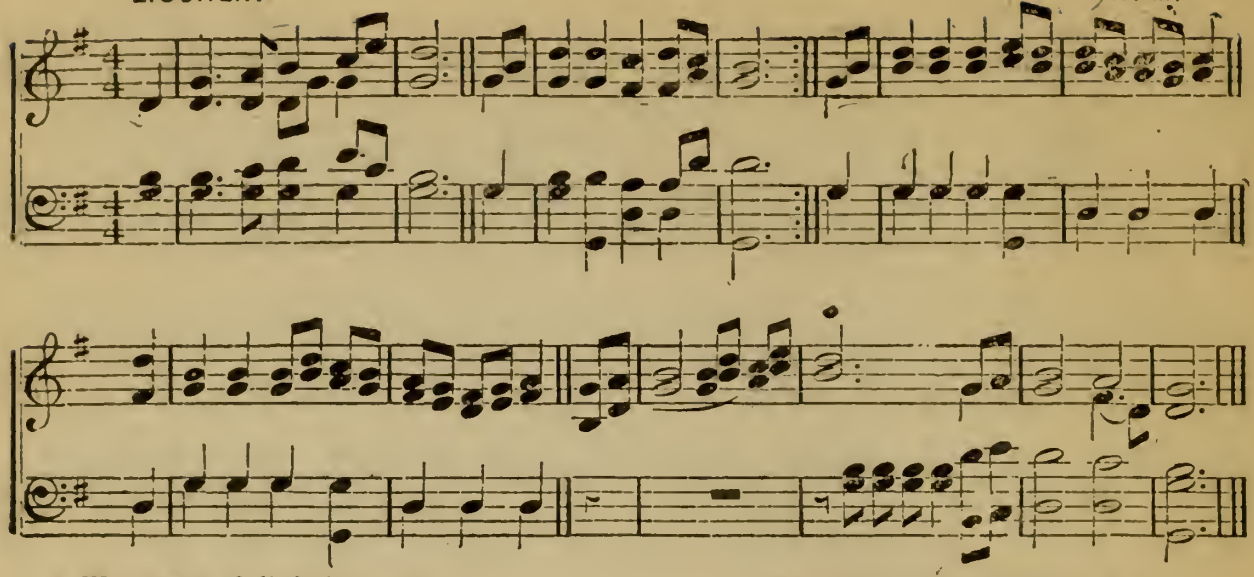
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view the promised land;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

Today on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest three in one!

No. 20. Welcome, Delightful Morn.

LISCHER. H. M.



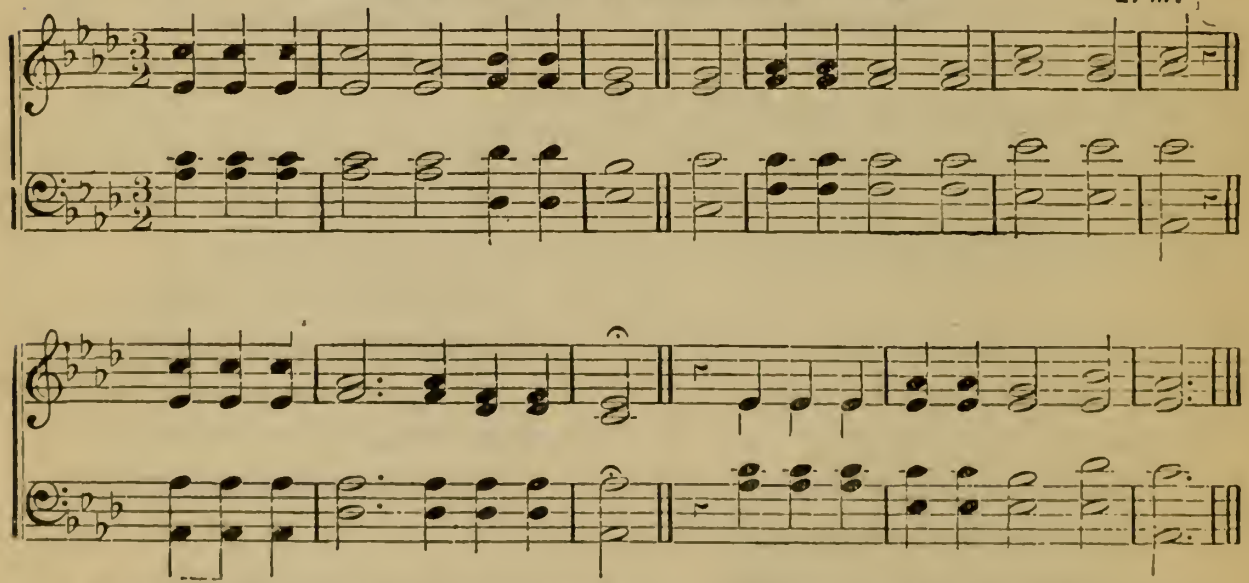
1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord! make these moments blessed;
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the Kind descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord! attend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord

3 Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

No. 21. Where High the Heavenly Temple.

L. M.



1 Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

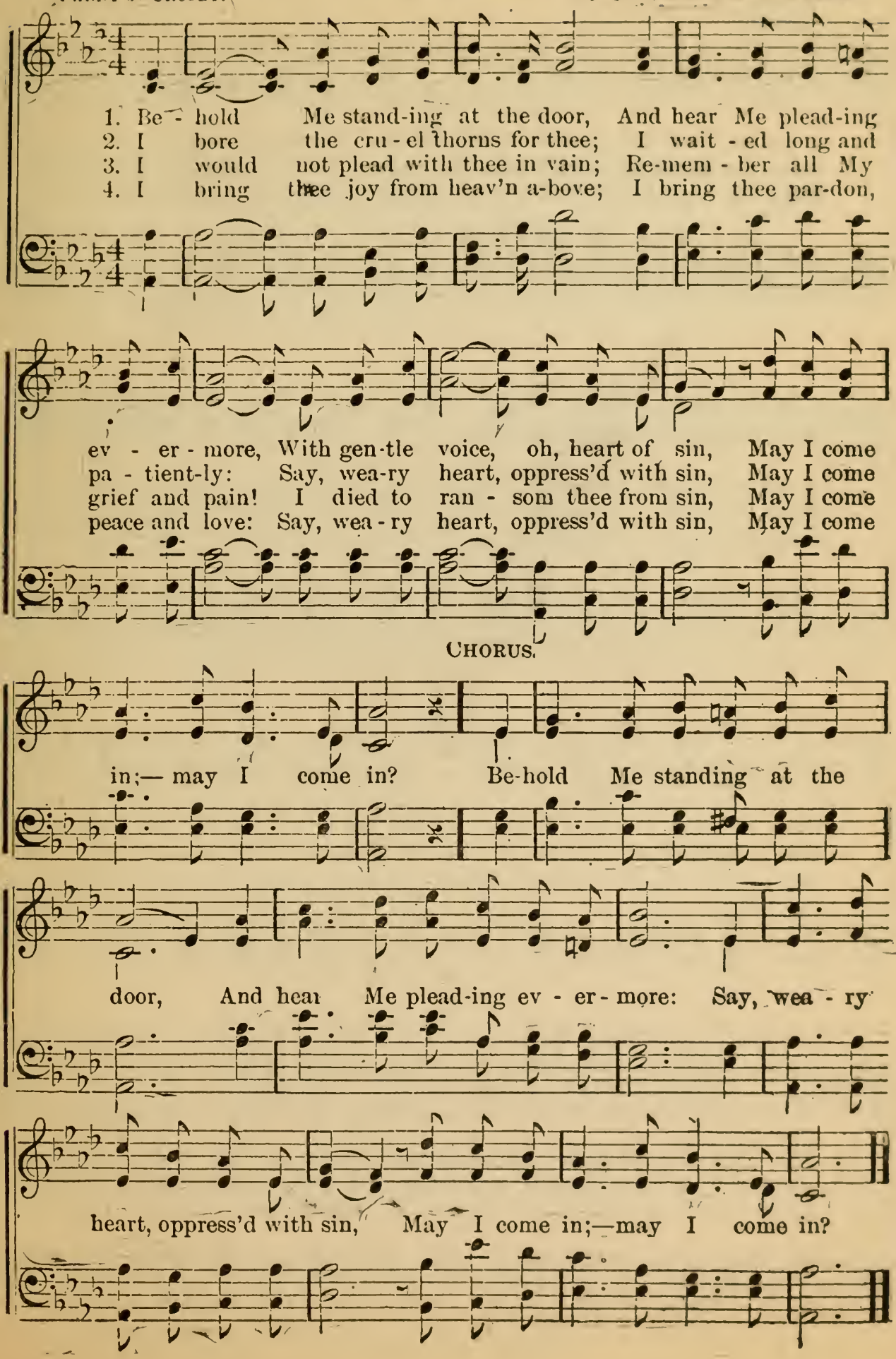
2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part,
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

No. 22. Behold Me Standing at the Door

FANNY J. CROSBY. By per., Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.


1. Be - hold Me stand-ing at the door, And hear Me plead-ing
2. I bore the cru - el thorns for thee; I wait - ed long and
3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re-mem - ber all My
4. I bring thee joy from heav'n a-bove; I bring thee par-don,
ev - er - more, With gen-tle voice, oh, heart of sin, May I come
pa - tient-ly: Say, wea-ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
grief and pain! I died to ran - som thee from sin, May I come
peace and love: Say, wea - ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
CHORUS.
in;— may I come in? Be-hold Me standing at the
door, And hear Me plead-ing ev - er - more: Say, wea - ry
heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in;—may I come in?

No. 23. Weary One.

MAY AGNEW. MAY AGNEW.

Tenderly.

1. A - far from God in wea - ri-ness and sin, Thy soul has wandered man - y years; And drink - ing deep of pleas-ure's cup, Has quaffed its bitter tears, Weary
2. A - way from childhood's home and innocence, In sin's de - lu - sive toils en - snared; For - get - ting mother's pray'rs and tears, Nor thot' that Jesus cared, Weary
3. He will not chide thee for the sin ful past, Nor turn a - side thy tempt-ed soul; With love as boundless as 'tis free, He will forgive the whole, Weary
One. The day is short'ning, ere its sun has set To Je-sus turn, there's mercy still; He loves and longs with deep de-sire Thy soul to fill, Wea - ry One.
One. Yet mer - cy's gates were always o - pen wide; True joy and peace were ever there, And Je - sus now is wait-ing here To answer pray'r, Wea - ry One.
One. Nor back to bond-age shall thy footsteps slide, Thy life no more be spoiled by sin; His Blood will keep thee ev - 'ry hour All pure with in, Wea - ry One.

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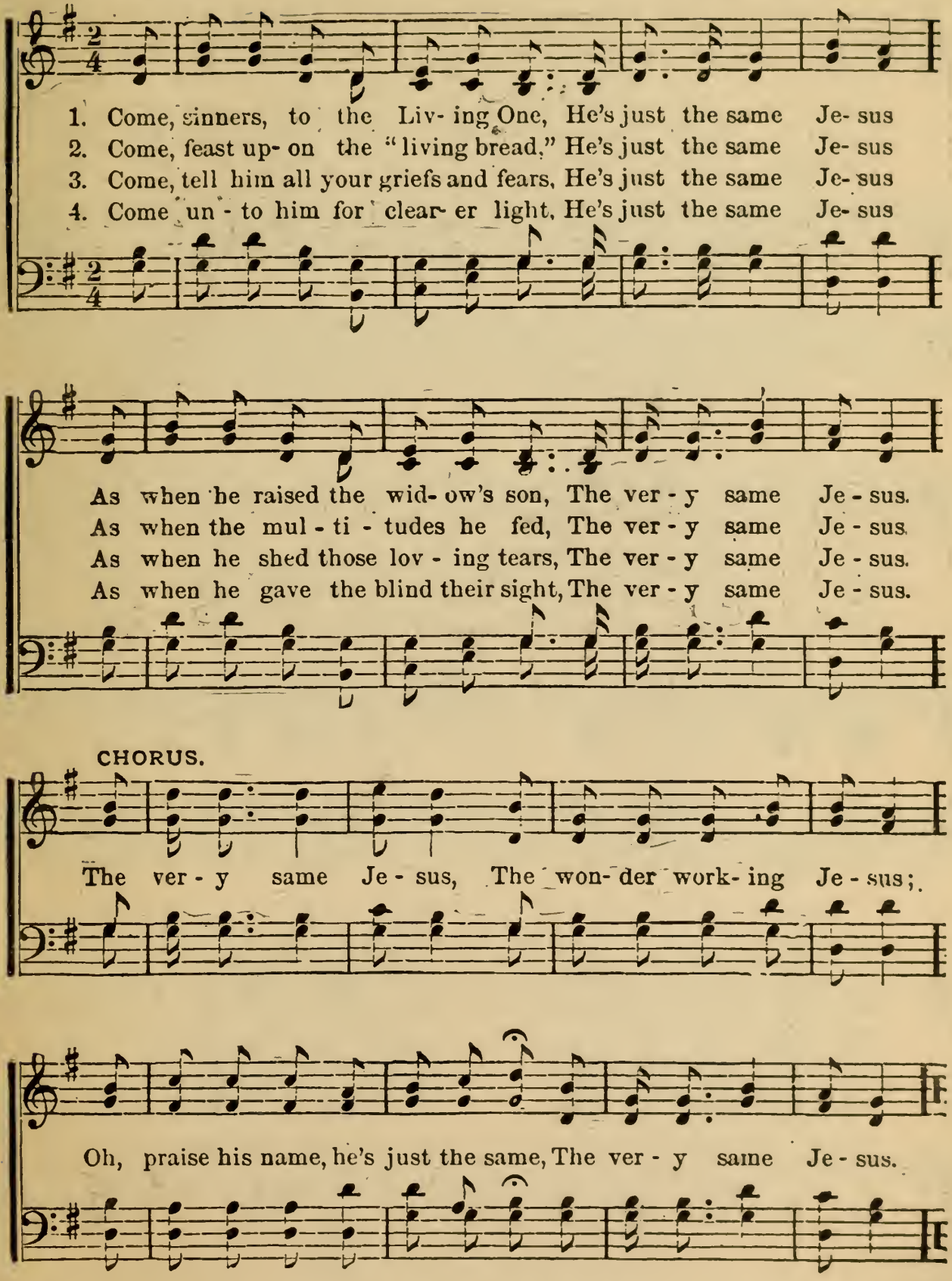
No. 24.

The Very Same Jesus.

L. H. Edmunds. By per., Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Come, sinners, to the Liv- ing One, He's just the same Je- sus
2. Come, feast up- on the "living bread," He's just the same Je- sus
3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je- sus
4. Come un - to him for clear- er light, He's just the same Je- sus
As when he raised the wid- ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when the mul - ti - tudes he fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when he shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.
CHORUS.
The ver - y same Je - sus, The won- der work- ing Je - sus;
Oh, praise his name, he's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when he hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

No. 25. De Massa ob de Sheepfol'.

Southern Words. 5th and 6th Verses by Rev. A. B. Simpson. Louise Shepard.

1. De Mas - sa ob de sheep - fol', Dat guards de sheep - fol'
2. Den he sed, de hireling shep - herd, "Deys some, deys black and
3. Den de Massa ob de sheep - fol', Dat guards de sheep - fol'
bin, Looked out on de gloom-er - in' mead - ows, Whar de
thin, And some deys poo' old wed - ders, Deys
bin, Goes down in de gloom-er - in' mead - ows, Whar de
poco sostenuto.
long night rains be - gin; So He call to de hire - ling
on - ly bone and skin; Dey neb - ber be missed from de
long night rains be - gin; And He let down de bars ob de
p

Copyright, 1897, Louise Shepard.

De Massa ob de Sheepfol'. Concluded.

shep - herd, "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?" So He
sheep fol' But de res' deys all brung in. Dey neb -
sheep - fol', Call - in' sof', "come in, come in." And He

call to de hire-ling shep-herd, "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
- ber be missed from de sheepfol', But de res' deys all brung in."
let down de bars ob de sheepfol', Call - in' sof' "come in, come in."
p rit.
dim.

4 Den up thro' de gloomerin' meadows,
In de cool night rain and win',
And up thro' de slippery rain paf,
Whar de sleet falls piercin' thin;
De poo' lost sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in:
De poo' lost sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

5 Would you know de blessed Massa?
Who keeps de sheepfol' bin
On de cross He died to save us,
An' cleanse our poo' hearts from sin.
He has left de bars wide open,
An' is callin' sof', "come in:"
He has left de bars wide open,
An' is callin' sof', "come in."

6 Dere is none too old an' worfless,
Dere is none too poo' and thin,
To fin' a smile an' a welcome,
At de gate ob de sheepfol' bin;
Can't you see de Massa standin'?
An' He's callin' sof' "come in;"
Can't you see de Massa standin'?
An' He's callin' sof', "come in."

No. 26. Seeking the Lost.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. The Son of man has come To seek and save the lost, Was there ev - er such
2. The Son of man has come To die for you and me; He has ransom'd thy
3. The Son of man has come To seek and save thee now; Oh, come to Him,
4. The Son of man has come To seek thy help-less heart, He will teach thee to
won - der - ful, won - der - ful love? Was there ev - er such in - fi - nite cost?
soul, He has can - cell'd thy sin, He has nail'd them to Cal - va - ry's tree.
yield to Him, give Him thy heart, And be - fore Him in pen - i-tence bow.
trust Him, and help thee to come, And.. wel - come thee just as thou art.
Chorus.
Seek - - ing the lost, sav - - ing the lost,
Seeking the lost, seek-ing the lost, sav-ing the lost, sav - ing the lost,....
Je - sus is seek - ing and sav - ing the lost; Was there ev - er such
won - der - ful, won - der - ful love? Was there ev - er such in - fi - nite cost?

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No. 27. The Lost Soul.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Wrapp'd in a Christ-less shroud, He sleeps the Christ-less sleep; A-
2. To rocks and hills in vain Shall be the sin-ner's call; Oh,
3. Oh, Christless sleep, how cold! How dark, a Christ-less tomb! O
-bove him the e-ter-nal cloud, Be-neath, the fier-y deep.
day of grief and night and pain, The lost soul's fu-ner-al.
grief that nev-er can grow old, O end-less, hope-less doom!
Oh, Christ-less soul, a-wake, Ere thy last sleep be-gin; O
Christ, the sleeper's slum-ber break, Oh, burst the bonds of sin!

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Seeking the Lost. Concluded.

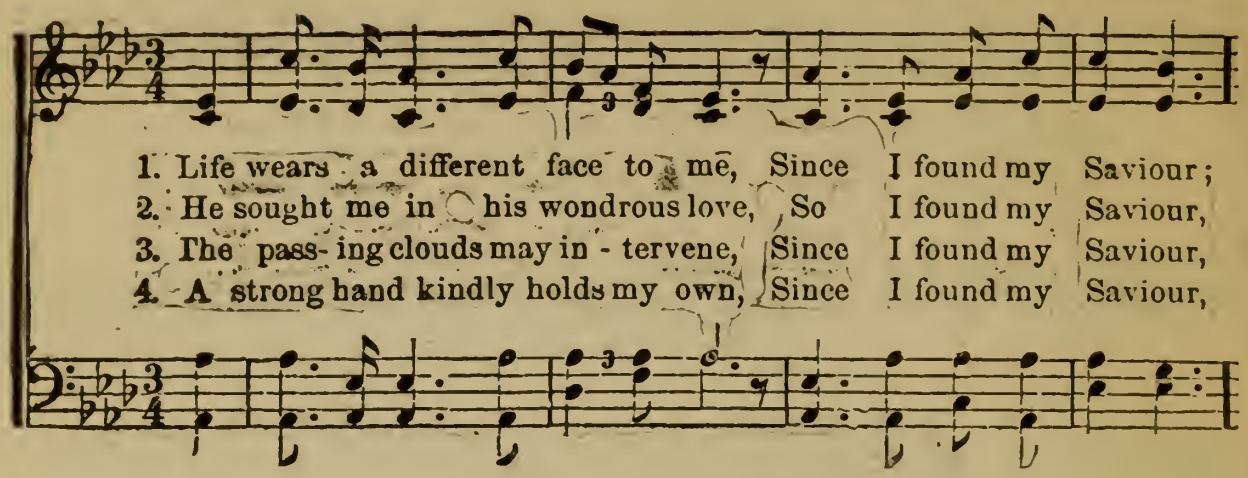
5 The Son of man has come
To save from self and sin,
He is waiting to save to the uttermost bounds,
And to give thee His Spirit within.

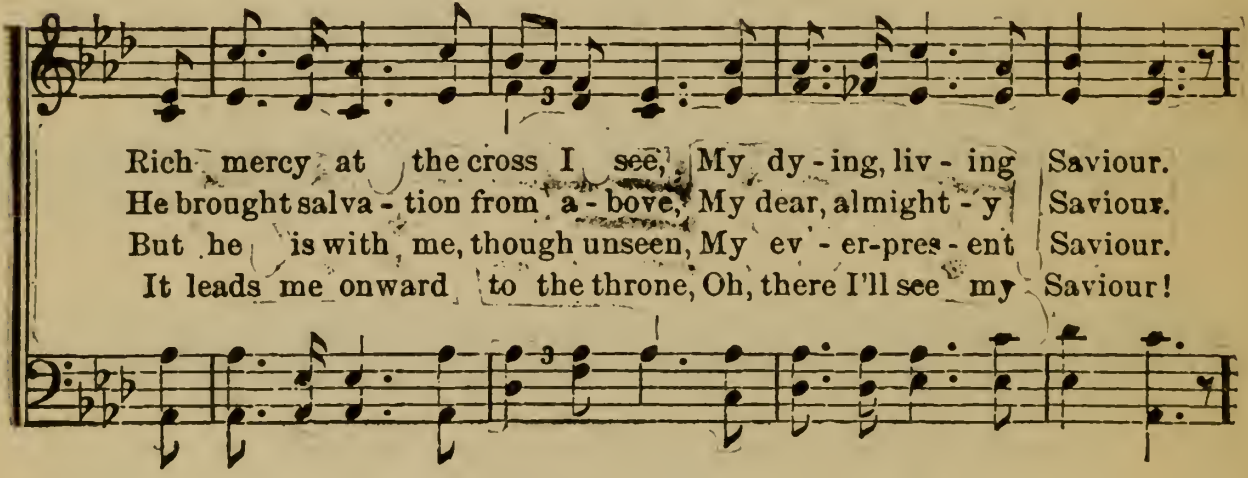
6 The Son of man has come,
Ere long the cry will ring,
Shall we hasten to meet Him, descending the skies,
As our Saviour and glorious King?

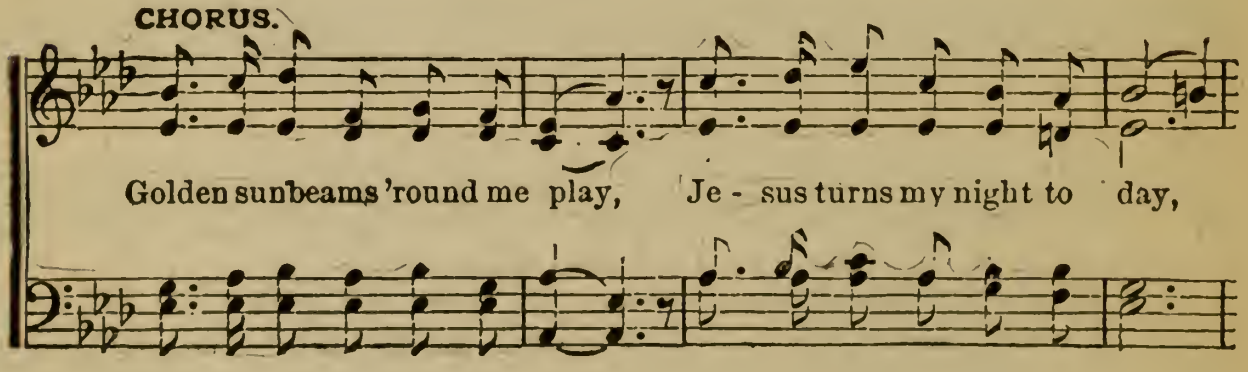
No. 28.

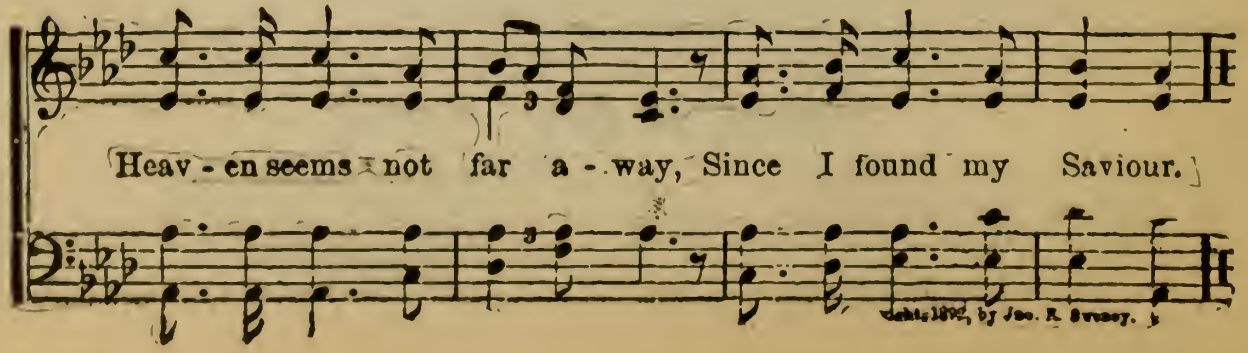
Since I found My Saviour.

E. E. Hewitt. By per.. Ino. R. Sweney.


1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Saviour;
2. He sought me in his wondrous love, So I found my Saviour,
3. The pass- ing clouds may in - tervene, Since I found my Saviour,
4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Saviour,


Rich mercy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Saviour.
He brought salva - tion from a - bove, My dear, almight - y Saviour.
But he is with me, though unseen, My ev - er-pres - ent Saviour.
It leads me onward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Saviour!





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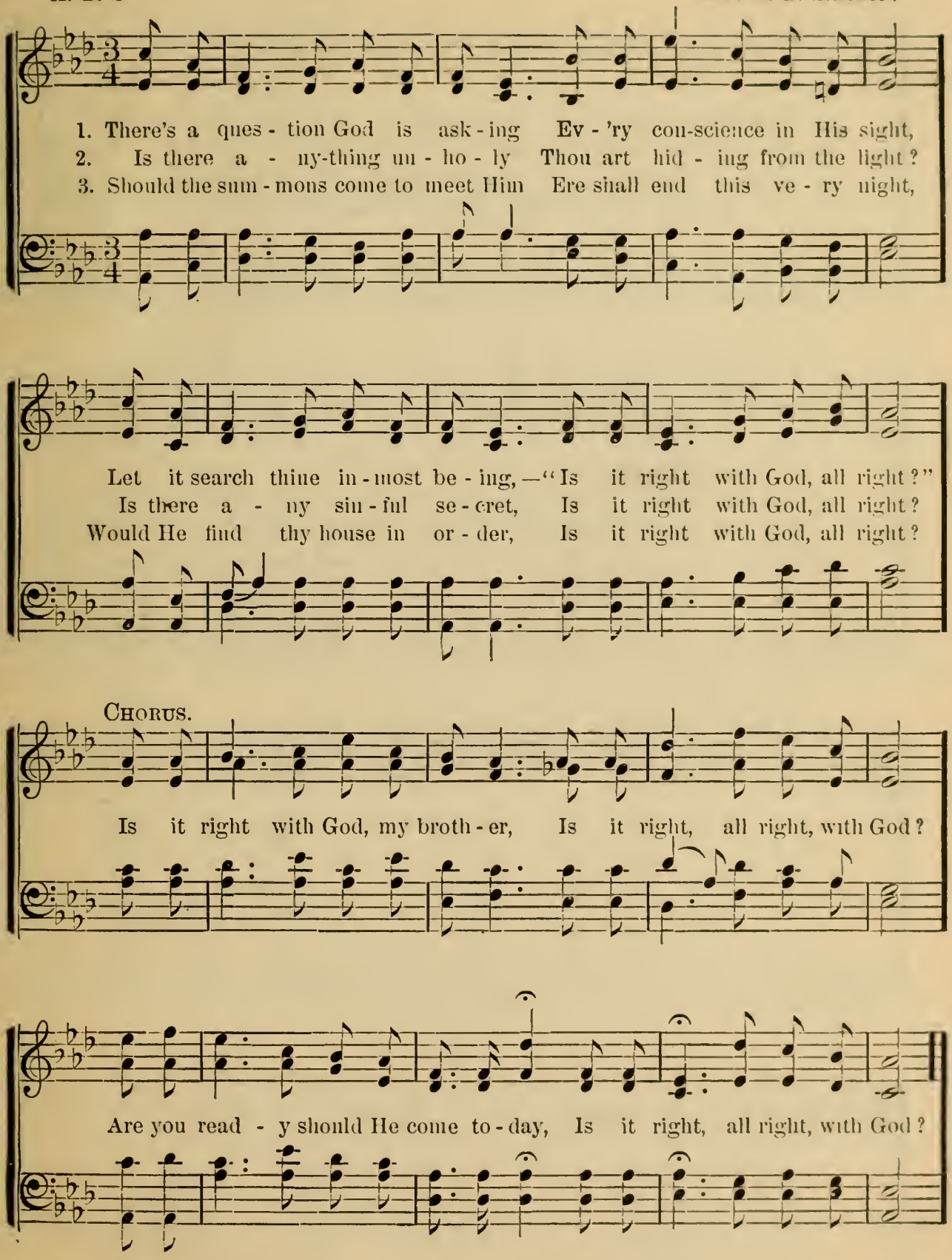
No. 29. Is it Right with God?

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. There's a ques - tion God is ask - ing Ev - 'ry con-science in His sight,
2. Is there a - ny-thing un - ho - ly Thou art hid - ing from the light?
3. Should the sum - mons come to meet Him Ere shall end this ve - ry night,
Let it search thine in - most be - ing, —"Is it right with God, all right?"
Is there a - ny sin - ful se - cret, Is it right with God, all right?
Would He find thy house in or - der, Is it right with God, all right?
Chorus.
Is it right with God, my broth - er, Is it right, all right, with God?
Are you read - y should He come to - day, Is it right, all right, with God?

4 Are you waiting for His coming
With your lamps all trimm'd and bright?
Are your garments pure and spotless?
Is it right with God, all right?

5 He, who asks the searching question,
Waits to cleanse thee with His blood,
Let Him search thee, let Him cleanse thee,
Make it right, all right, with God.

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No. 30. Blind Bartimeus.

Mrs. J. F. K. By per. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Whence Je - sus came, I can-not tell, Nor why He came to me;
2. When all was dark, One touched my eyes, And that is all I know,
3. How it was done, I can-not say, Nor e - ven think nor dream;
4. It is the Son of God! His grace Makes trembling weakness strong;
One thing I know, and know it well; Tho I was blind I see!
For light came down from par-a - dise And set my soul a - glow.
Nor why a touch of moistened clay Should make things what they seem.
Wipes tears a - way from sorrow's face, And teach-es grief a song.
Chorus.
ad lib.
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
tempo
news e - nough for me, And that is news e-nough for me.
light e - nough for me, And that is light e-nough for me.
truth e - nough for me, And that is truth e-nough for me.
joy e - nough for me, And that is joy e-nough for me.

Copyright, 1893, by Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

No. 31. Jesus is Looking for Thee.

M. A. MAY AGNEW.

1. Ma - ny a year thou hast wan - der'd Blind - ly and care - less - ly on,
2. Think of thy youth, o'er it pon - der, Trace thence the path thou hast trod;
3. Spurn not His of - fers of bless - ing, Wel-come Him in - to thy heart;
Grasp-ing each earth - ly de - lu - sion, Find-ing its plea-sures all gone;
See how each step of the jour - ney Has borne you furth - er from God;
Long He has sought to ob - tain it, Wait - ed sweet peace to im - part;
Rest-less and wea - ry with - in, ... Long-ing from sin to be free;
Yet in His won - der - ful love,.. Show-ing His mer - cy so free,
Might-y His love—be - yond mea-sure, Great - er than this could not be;
rit.
Sweet is the mes-sage to - day,.... Je - sus is look - ing for thee.
Seek - ing to save and to bless,.. Je - sus is look - ing for thee.
Heav - en the won - der is tell - ing, Je - sus is look - ing for thee.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is look-ing for thee,..... Je - sus is look-ing for thee;.....
is looking for thee, is looking for thee;
rit.
Sweet is the mes-sage to - day,.... Je - sus is look-ing for thee.....
is looking for thee.

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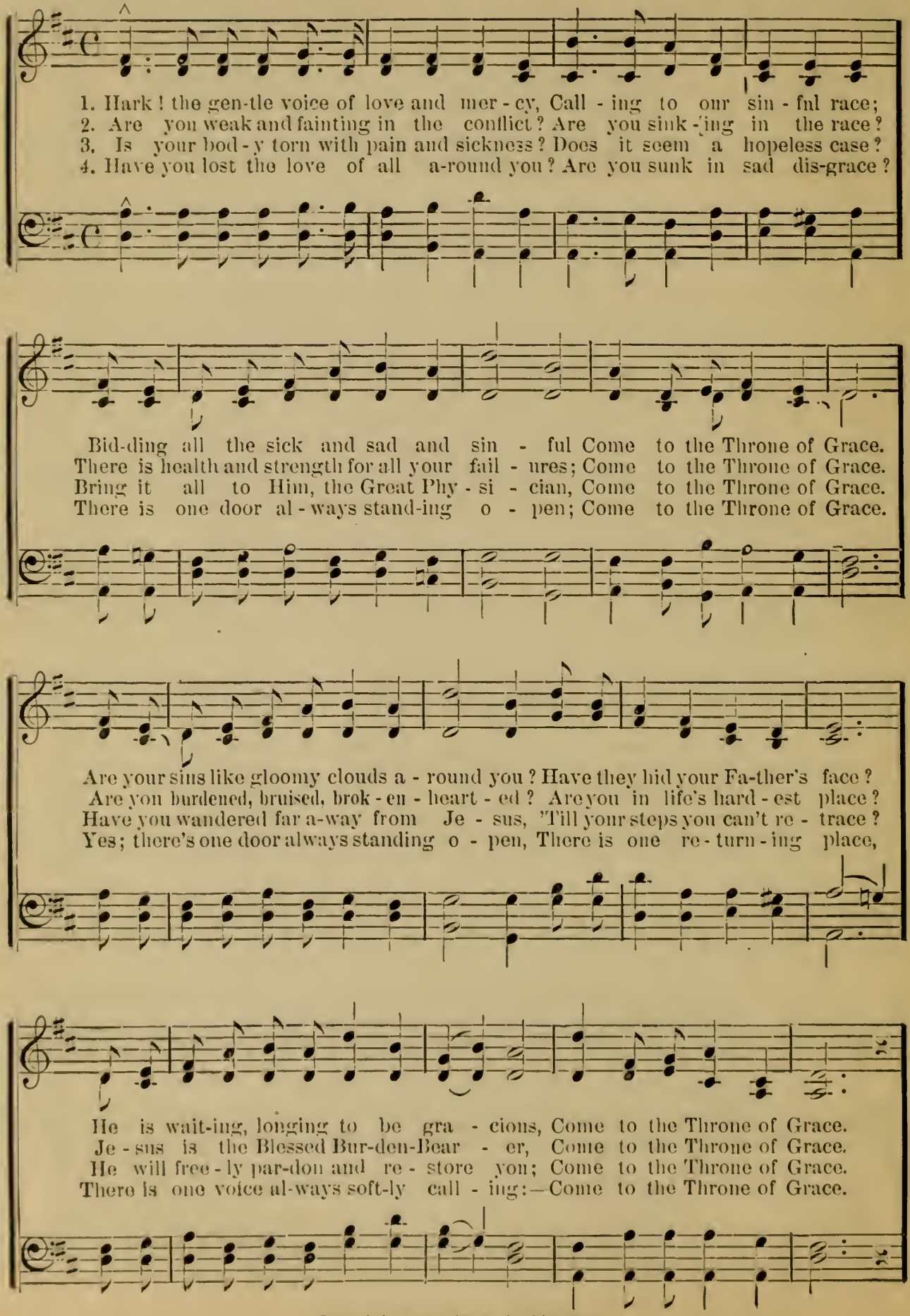
No. 32. Come To the Throne of Grace.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Hark! the gen-tle voice of love and mer-cy, Call-ing to our sin-ful race;
2. Are you weak and fainting in the conflict? Are you sink-ing in the race?
3. Is your bod-y torn with pain and sickness? Does it seem a hopeless case?
4. Have you lost the love of all a-round you? Are you sunk in sad dis-grace?
Bid-ding all the sick and sad and sin - ful Come to the Throne of Grace.
There is health and strength for all your fail - ures; Come to the Throne of Grace.
Bring it all to Him, the Great Phy - si - cian, Come to the Throne of Grace.
There is one door al-ways stand-ing o - pen; Come to the Throne of Grace.
Are your sins like gloomy clouds a-round you? Have they hid your Fa-ther's face?
Are you burdened, bruised, brok-en-heart-ed? Are you in life's hard-est place?
Have you wandered far a-way from Je - sus, 'Till your steps you can't re-trace?
Yes; there's one door always standing o - pen, There is one re-turn-ing place,
He is wait-ing, longing to be gra - cious, Come to the Throne of Grace.
Je-sus is the Blessed Bur-den-Bear - er, Come to the Throne of Grace.
He will free-ly par-don and re - store you; Come to the Throne of Grace.
There is one voice al-ways soft-ly call - ing:—Come to the Throne of Grace.

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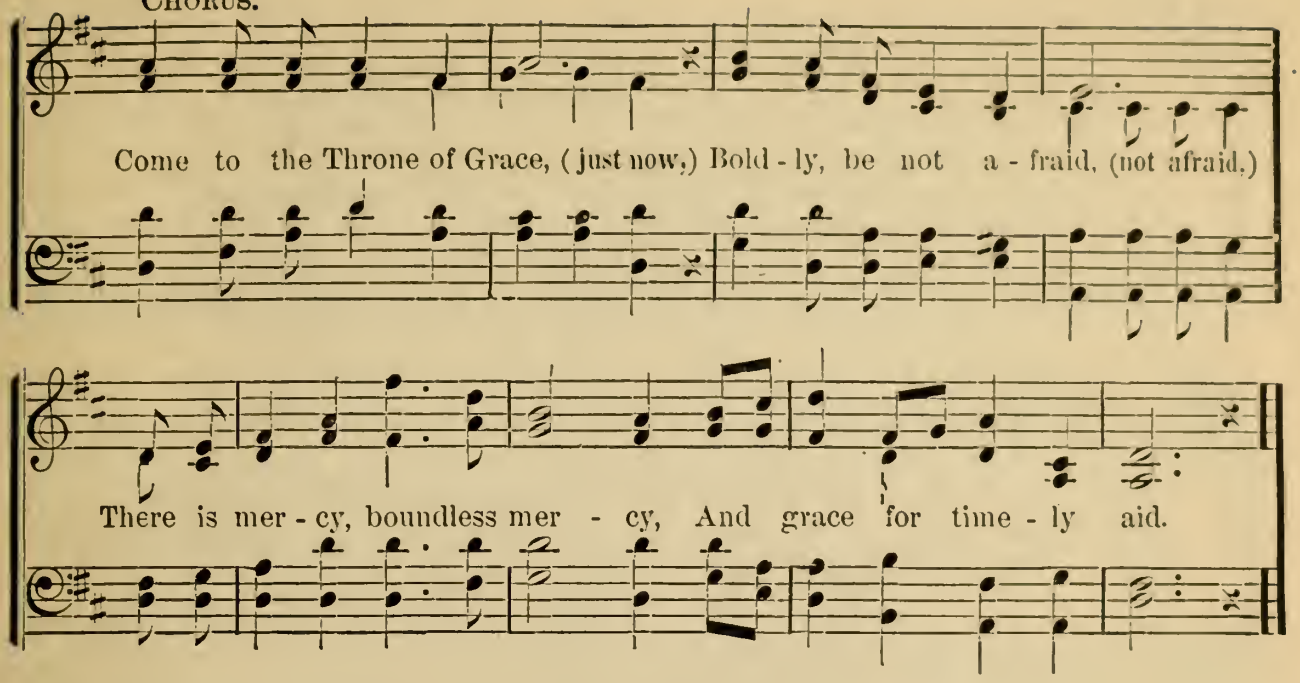
Come To the Throne of Grace. Concluded.

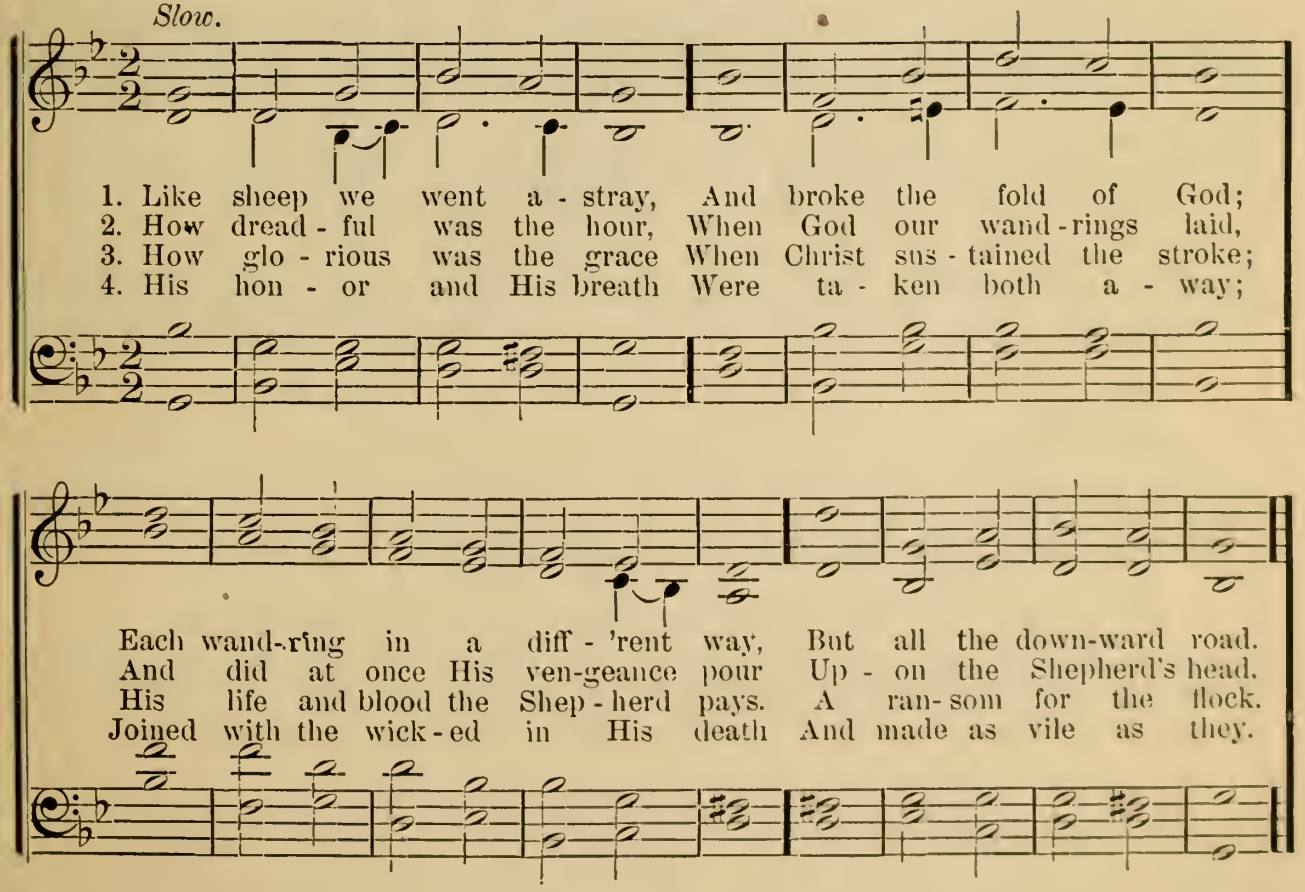
CHORUS.


Come to the Throne of Grace, (just now,) Bold - ly, be not a - fraid, (not afraid.)
There is mer - cy, boundless mer - cy, And grace for time - ly aid.

No. 33. Like Sheep We Went Astray.

WATTS.

Slow.

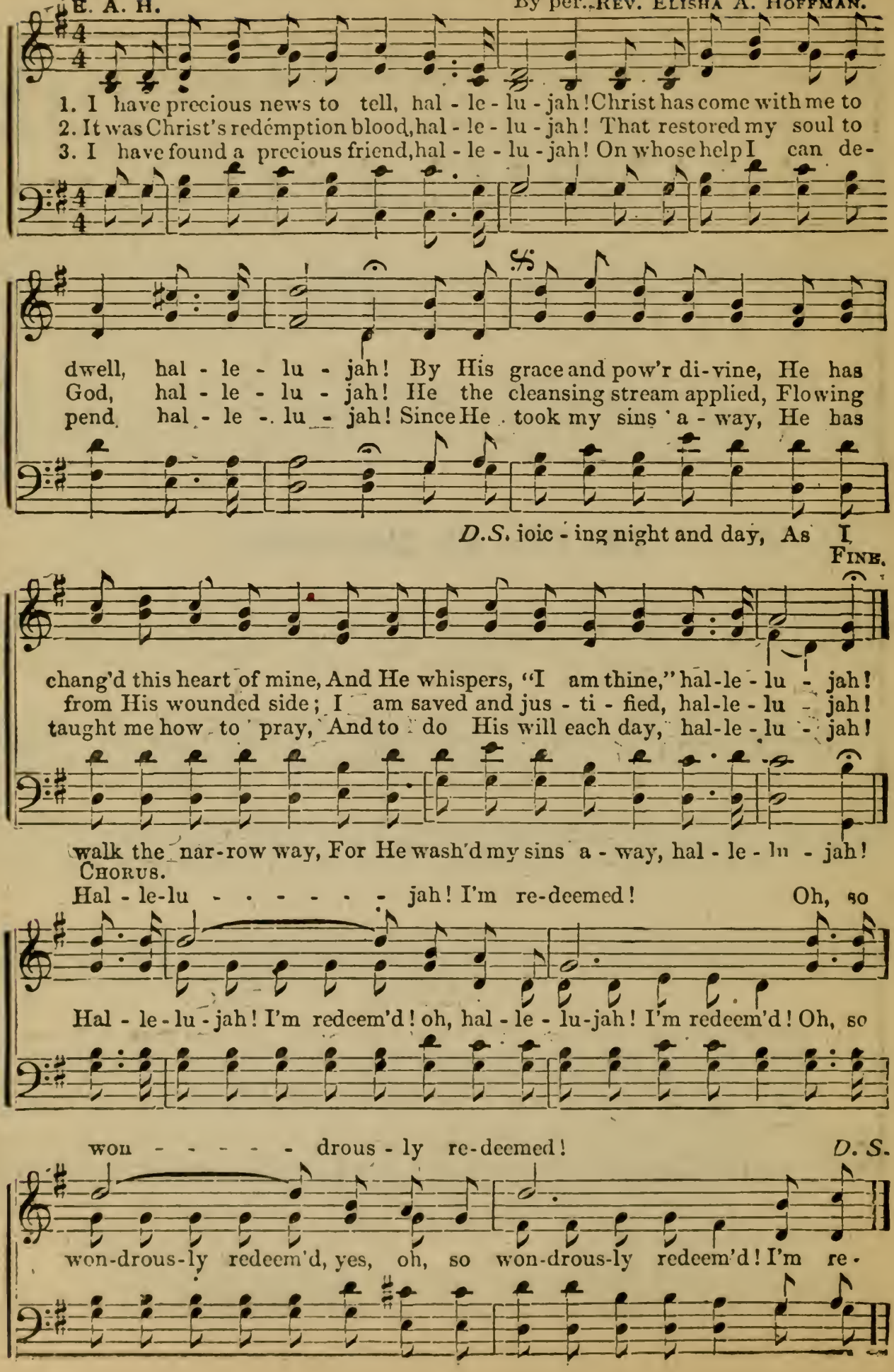

1. Like sheep we went a - stray, And broke the fold of God;
2. How dread - ful was the hour, When God our wand - rings laid,
3. How glo - rious was the grace When Christ sus - tained the stroke;
4. His hon - or and His breath Were ta - ken both a - way;
Each wand-ring in a diff - 'rent way, But all the down-ward road.
And did at once His ven-geance pour Up - on the Shepherd's head.
His life and blood the Shep - herd pays. A ran - som for the flock.
Joined with the wick - ed in His death And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise His head
O'er sons of men to reign,
And make Him see a numerous seed
To recompense His pain.

6 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong,
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold His honors long."

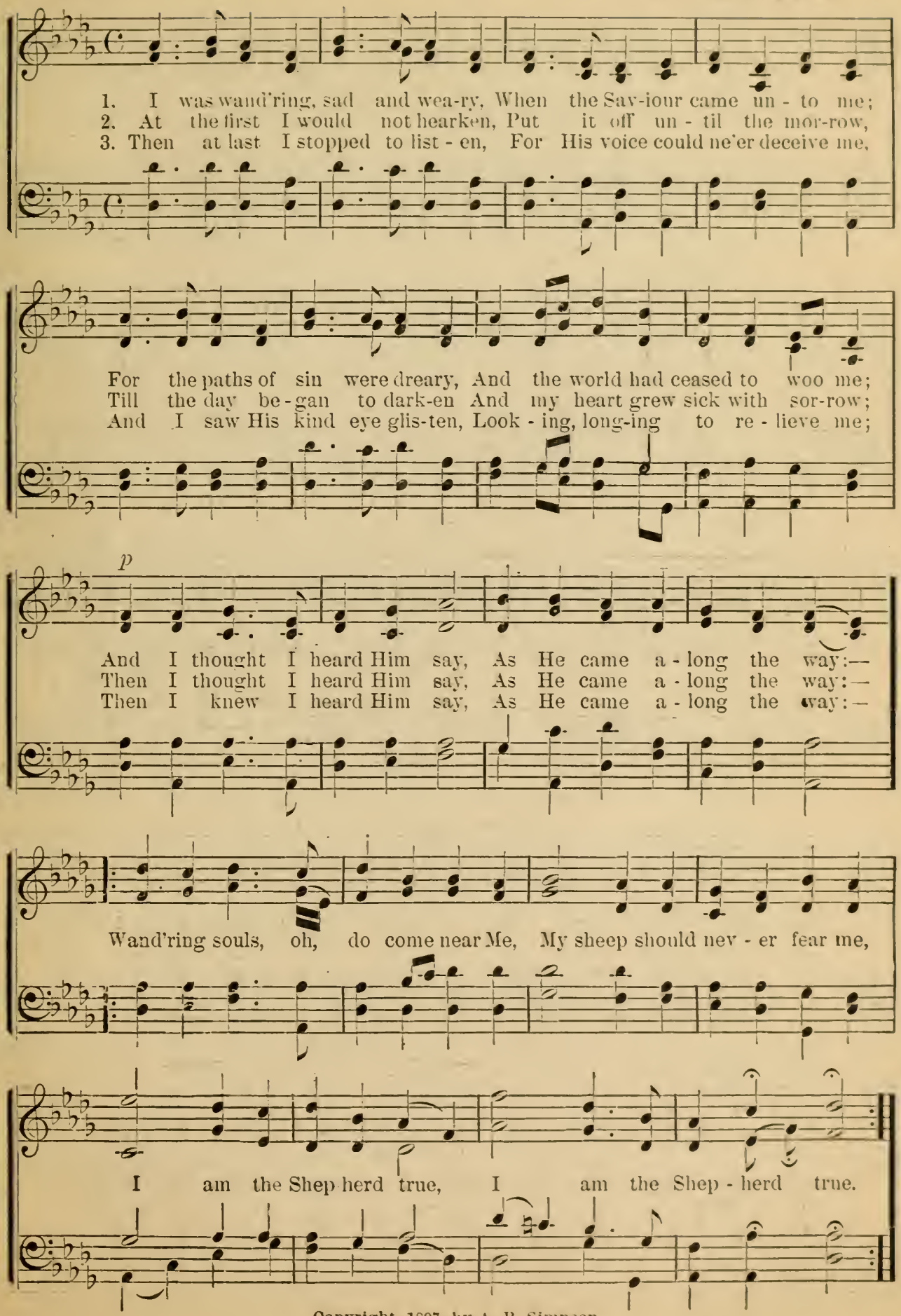
No. 34. Wondrously Redeemed.

E. A. H. By per. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. I have precious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has come with me to
2. It was Christ's redemption blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That restored my soul to
3. I have found a precious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose help I can de-
dwell, hal - le - lu - jah! By His grace and pow'r di-vine, He has
God, hal - le - lu - jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
pend hal - le - lu - jah! Since He took my sins a - way, He has
D.S. joic - ing night and day, As I
FINE.
chang'd this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
from His wounded side; I am saved and jus - ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!
walk the nar-row way, For He wash'd my sins a - way, hal - le - lu - jah!
CHORUS.
Hal - le-lu - - - - - - jah! I'm re-deemed! Oh, so
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! oh, hal - le - lu-jah! I'm redeem'd! Oh, so
won - - - - - drous - ly re-deemed! D. S.
won-drous-ly redeem'd, yes, oh, so won-drous-ly redeem'd! I'm re-

No. 35. The Shepherd True.

ANON. Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea-ry, When the Sav-iour came un - to me;
2. At the first I would not hearken, Put it off un - til the mor-row,
3. Then at last I stopped to list - en, For His voice could ne'er deceive me,
For the paths of sin were dreary, And the world had ceased to woo me;
Till the day be - gan to dark-en And my heart grew sick with sor-row;
And I saw His kind eye glis-ten, Look - ing, long-ing to re - lieve me;
p
And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long the way:—
Then I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long the way:—
Then I knew I heard Him say, As He came a - long the way:—
Wand'ring souls, oh, do come near Me, My sheep should nev - er fear me,
I am the Shep - herd true, I am the Shep - herd true.

Copyright, 1897, by A. B. Simpson.

No. 36. Follow Me.

mp Moderato.
1. I hear my dy - ing Sav-iour say, "Fol - low me, ... Come fol - low
mp
Me!" His voice is call - ing all the day, "Fol - low
mf
Me, ... come, fol - low Me!" For thee I tread the bit - ter way,
For thee I give my life a - way, And drink the gall thy
rit.
p lento.
debt to pay, "Fol - low Me, ... come, fol - low Me!"

Copyright, by per.

Follow Me. Concluded.

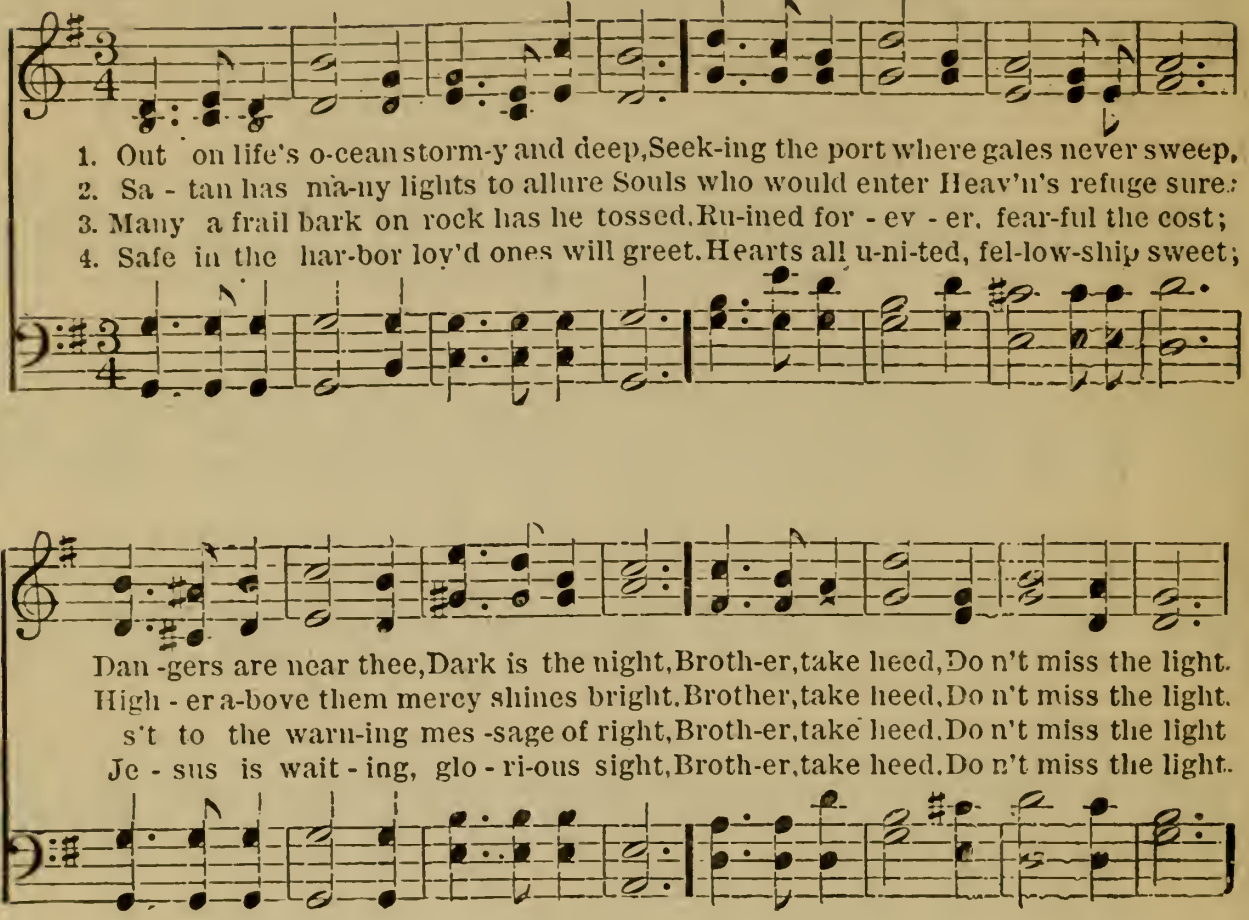
Chorus. mp
I'll fol - low Thee, ... of life the giv - er,
I'll fol - low Thee,
cres.
Thee, ...
I'll fol - low Thee, I'll fol - low Thee, suff-'ring Re - deem - er;
mf
I'll fol - low Thee, ... de - ny Thee nev - er,
I'll fol - low Thee,
grace, ...
By Thy grace, by Thy grace, I'll fol - low Thee.

2 Though thou hast sinned, I've pardoned thee,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
From inbred sin I'll set thee free,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
In all thy changing life I'll be
Thy God and Guide o'er land and sea
Thy bliss through all eternity,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!

3 Bring unto Me thy many cares,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
Thy heavy load My arm upbears,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
Lean on My breast, dismiss thy fears,
And trust Me through the future years,
My hand shall wipe away thy tears,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!

No. 37. Don't You Miss the Light, Brother.

W. M. By per., W. MACOMBER.


1. Out on life's o-cean storm-y and deep, Seek-ing the port where gales never sweep,
2. Sa - tan has ma-ny lights to allure Souls who would enter Heav'n's refuge sure:
3. Many a frail bark on rock has he tossed. Ru-ined for - ev - er, fear-ful the cost;
4. Safe in the har-bor loy'd ones will greet. Hearts all u-ni-ted, fel-low-ship sweet;
Dan -gers are near thee, Dark is the night, Broth-er, take heed, Do n't miss the light.
High - er a-bove them mercy shines bright, Brother, take heed, Do n't miss the light.
s't to the warn-ing mes -sage of right, Broth-er, take heed. Do n't miss the light
Je - sus is wait - ing, glo - ri-ous sight, Broth-er, take heed. Do n't miss the light.

CHORUS.

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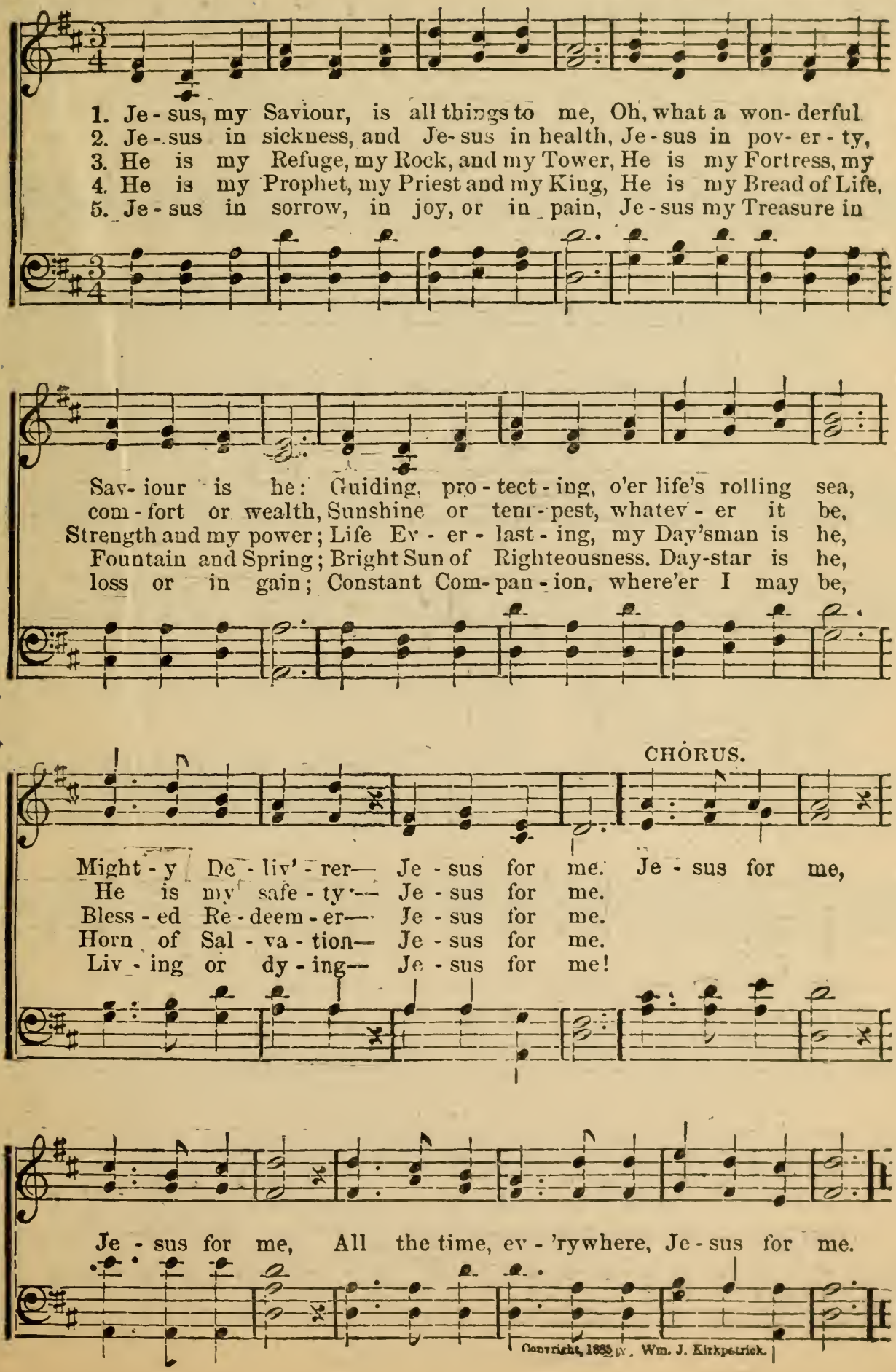
No. 38. Jesus for Me.

W. K. By per., Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Je - sus, my Saviour, is all things to me, Oh, what a won- derful
2. Je - sus in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov- er - ty,
3. He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fortress, my
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
5. Je - sus in sorrow, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in
Sav- iour is he: Guiding, pro - tect - ing, o'er life's rolling sea,
com - fort or wealth, Sunshine or tem - pest, whatev - er it be,
Strength and my power; Life Ev - er - last - ing, my Day'sman is he,
Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness. Day-star is he,
loss or in gain; Constant Com- pan - ion, where'er I may be,
CHORUS.
Might - y De - liv' - rer— Je - sus for me. Je - sus for me,
He is my safe - ty— Je - sus for me.
Bless - ed Re - deem - er— Je - sus for me.
Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!
Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'rywhere, Je - sus for me.

Copyright, 1883, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 39. There is Nothing to Do but to Come.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. O how ea - sy it is to be saved, If to Je - sus you on - ly will
2. He has said He'll in no wise cast out, The soul that to Je - sus will
3. His for-give-ness will cov - er the past, If to Je - sus you on - ly will
4. Do not struggle for feel-ing or faith, There is noth - ing to do but to
come; He is wait - ing to wel-come you just as you are, And there's
come; On - ly come at His word, and His prom - ise be-lieve, For there's
come; And His love and His grace for the fu - ture pro-vide, Till at
come; He is will - ing to fill you with all you re-quire From the
Chorus.
noth-ing to do but to come.
noth-ing to do but to come.
last to His glo - ry you come.
mo-ment to Je-sus you come.
Oh, there's noth-ing to do but to
come; (only come;) Oh, there's nothing to do but to come; (only come;) He is
rit.
waiting to welcome you just as you are, And there's nothing to do but to come. (only come.)
rit.

Copyright, 1897, by A. B. Simpson.

No. 40. Come to Jesus Now.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Lin - g'ring soul at Mer - cy's gate; Why wilt thou for - ev - er wait?
2. Why, oh, why, will you de - lay? Christ is here to point the way;
3. Lin - g'ring soul, de - lay no more, Haste ere life's brief hour is o'er,
Hast - en ere it be too late, Come to Je - sus now.
You may come, and come to - day, Come to Je - sus now.
Haste ere Mer - cy shut the door, Come to Je - sus now.
Chorus.
Come to Je - sus now, Come to Je - sus now, Think it may be
Come just now, Come just now,
now or nev-er, Ling'ring souls are lost for - ev - er, Come to Je-sus now.
Come just now.

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There is Nothing to Do but to Come. Concluded.

5 It is not the coming that saves,
But the Christ to whose mercy you come.
Then come unto Him, He is waiting for thee,
And there's nothing to do but to come.

6 Oh, how easy it is to be saved!
There is nothing to do but to come;
But how fearful if thou after all should'st be lost,
When there's nothing to do but to come.

No. 41. A Sinner Once Came to the Saviour.

M. A. MAY AGNEW.

1. A sin - ner once came to the Sav - iour, So wea - ry and sin - sick was
2. And ev - er since then to the Sav - iour Poor sin-ners of all kinds have
3. And Je - sus still pi - ties the sin - ner, He'd glad - ly a par - don be -
she, But Je - sus in ten - der - est pi - ty Her Friend and Re -
cried, A wel-come has sweet - ly been giv - en, A par - don has
- stow; No sight to His heart is so pre - cious As these at the
- deem - er would be; He turned not a - way, but to her did say:
ne'er been de - nied; He turns none a - way, but to all would say:
cross bend-ing low; He turns none a - way, but to all would say:
REFRAIN.
1. "Daughter, thy sins be for - giv - en; Rise, go in peace, sin thou no more;
2, 3. "Wand'rer, thy sins be for - giv - en; Rise, go in peace, sin thou no more;
rit.
Daughter, thy sins be for - giv - en; I o - pen to thee mer-cy's door."
Wand'rer, thy sins be for - giv - en; I o - pen to thee mer-cy's door."

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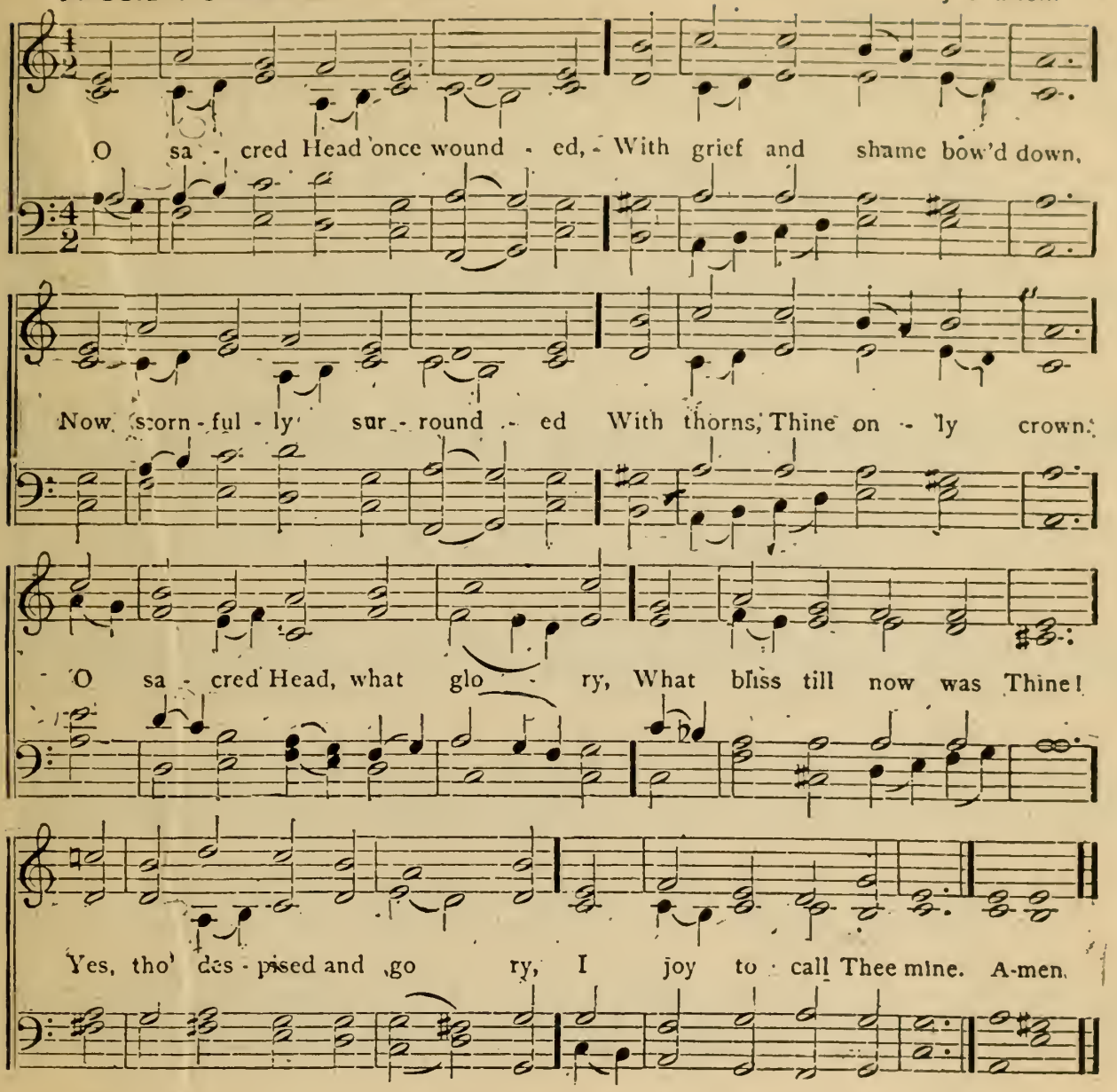
No. 42. O Sacred Head.

PASSION CHORALE. 7s. 6s. J. S. Bach.


O sa - cred Head once wound - ed, With grief and shame bow'd down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown:
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!
Yes, tho' des - pised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A-men.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for Thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And to my succor flying
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

No. 43. I Came to Jesus?

CECILIA. THOMAS J. RAYNER.

Andante dolce.
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me, and rest,
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light:
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter—thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink and live."
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
allegro.
rit.
I came to Je - sus as I was Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv - ing stream:
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
a tempo.
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that Light of Life I'll walk, 'Till trav'- ling days are done.

Copyright, by Thomas J. Rayner.

No. 44. Salvation! Oh, The Joyful Sound.

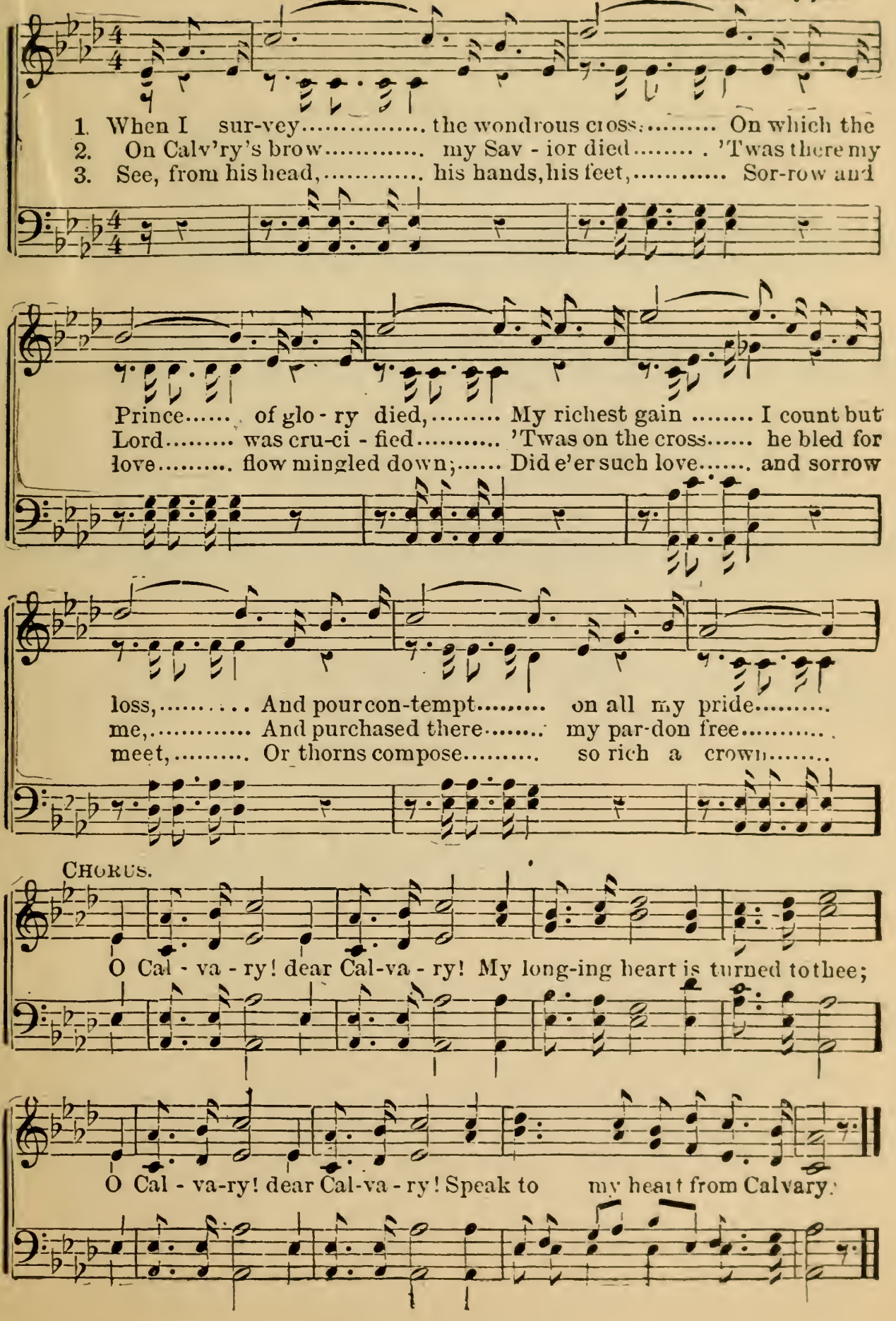
1 Salvation!—oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A soverign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;—
But we rise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

No. 45. Calvary! Dear Calvary.

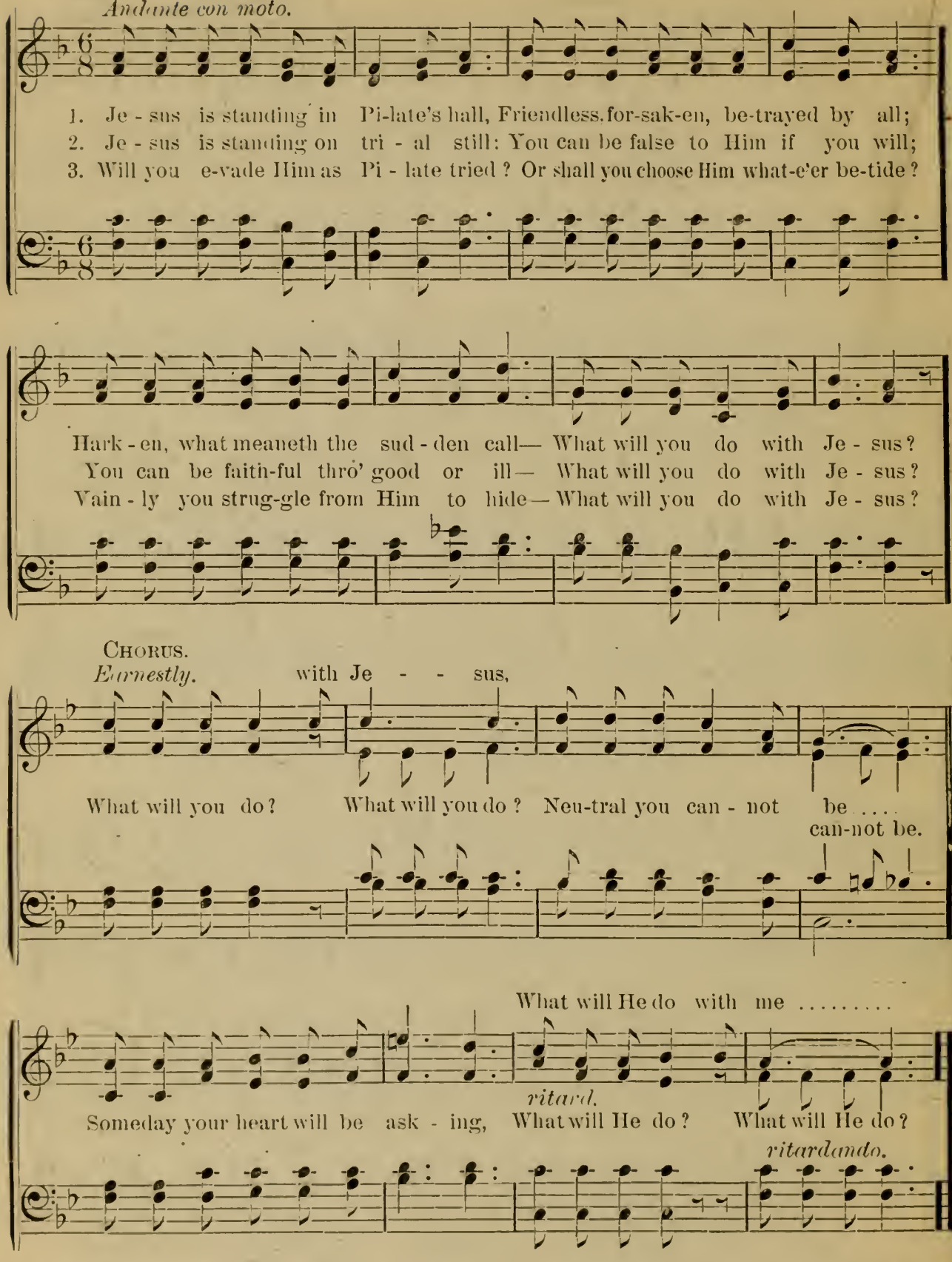
H. R. Palmer. By per.


1. When I sur-vey..... the wondrous cross..... On which the
2. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Sav - ior died..... 'Twas there my
3. See, from his head,..... his hands, his feet,..... Sor-row and
Prince..... of glo - ry died,..... My richest gain ..... I count but
Lord..... was cru-ci - fied..... 'Twas on the cross..... he bled for
love..... flow mingled down;..... Did e'er such love..... and sorrow
loss,..... And pour con-tempt..... on all my pride.....
me,..... And purchased there..... my par-don free.....
meet,..... Or thorns compose..... so rich a crown.....
Chorus.
O Cal - va - ry! dear Cal-va - ry! My long-ing heart is turned to thee;
O Cal - va-ry! dear Cal-va - ry! Speak to my heart from Calvary.

No. 46. What Will You Do With Jesus?

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

Andante con moto.


1. Je - sus is standing in Pi-late's hall, Friendless, for-sak-en, be-trayed by all;
2. Je - sus is standing on tri - al still: You can be false to Him if you will;
3. Will you e-vade Him as Pi - late tried? Or shall you choose Him what-e'er be-tide?
Hark - en, what meaneth the sud - den call— What will you do with Je - sus?
You can be faith-ful thro' good or ill— What will you do with Je - sus?
Vain - ly you strug-gle from Him to hide— What will you do with Je - sus?
Chorus.
Earnestly.
with Je - - sus,
What will you do? What will you do? Neu-tral you can - not be ....
can-not be.
What will He do with me .....
Someday your heart will be ask - ing, What will He do? What will He do?
ritard.
ritardando.

4 Shall you like Peter, your Lord deny?
Or shall you scorn from His foes to fly?
Daring for Jesus to live or die—
What will you do with Jesus?

5 "Jesus, I give Thee my heart to-day;
Jesus, I'll follow Thee all the way.
Gladly obeying Him, will you say—
"This will I do with Jesus."

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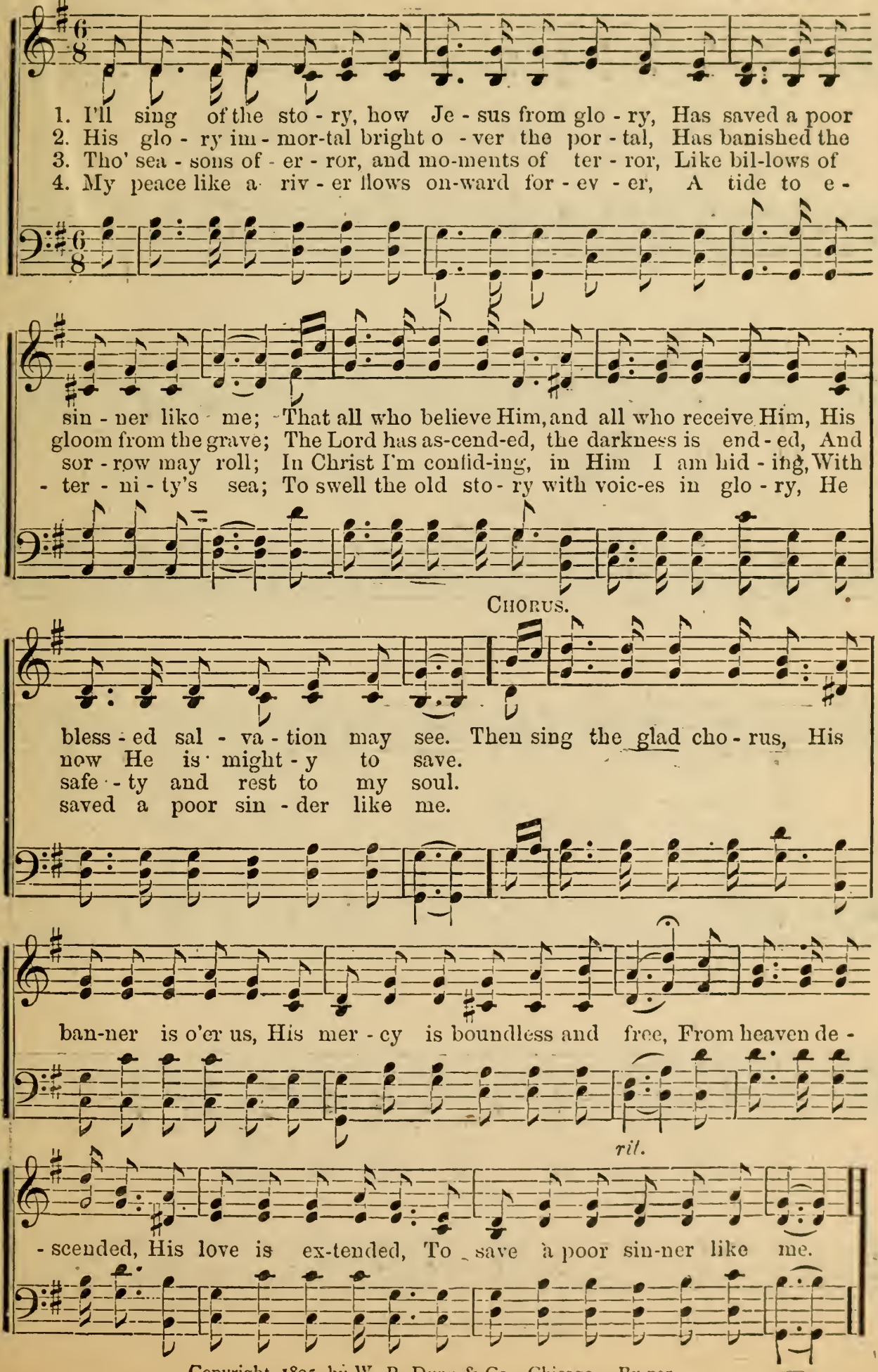
No. 47. To Save a Poor Sinner.

Rev. John O. Foster, A. M. Grace I. Foster.


1. I'll sing of the sto - ry, how Je - sus from glo - ry, Has saved a poor sin - ner like me; That all who believe Him, and all who receive Him, His
2. His glo - ry im - mor-tal bright o - ver the por - tal, Has banished the gloom from the grave; The Lord has as-cend-ed, the darkness is end - ed, And
3. Tho' sea - sons of - er - ror, and mo-ments of ter - ror, Like bil-lows of sor - row may roll; In Christ I'm confid-ing, in Him I am hid - ing, With
4. My peace like a riv - er flows on-ward for - ev - er, A tide to e - ter - ni - ty's sea; To swell the old sto - ry with voic-es in glo - ry, He
Chorus.
bless - ed sal - va - tion may see. Then sing the glad cho - rus, His ban-ner is o'er us, His mer - cy is boundless and free, From heaven de -
now He is might - y to save.
safe - ty and rest to my soul.
saved a poor sin - der like me.
rit.
- scended, His love is ex-tended, To save a poor sin-ner like me.

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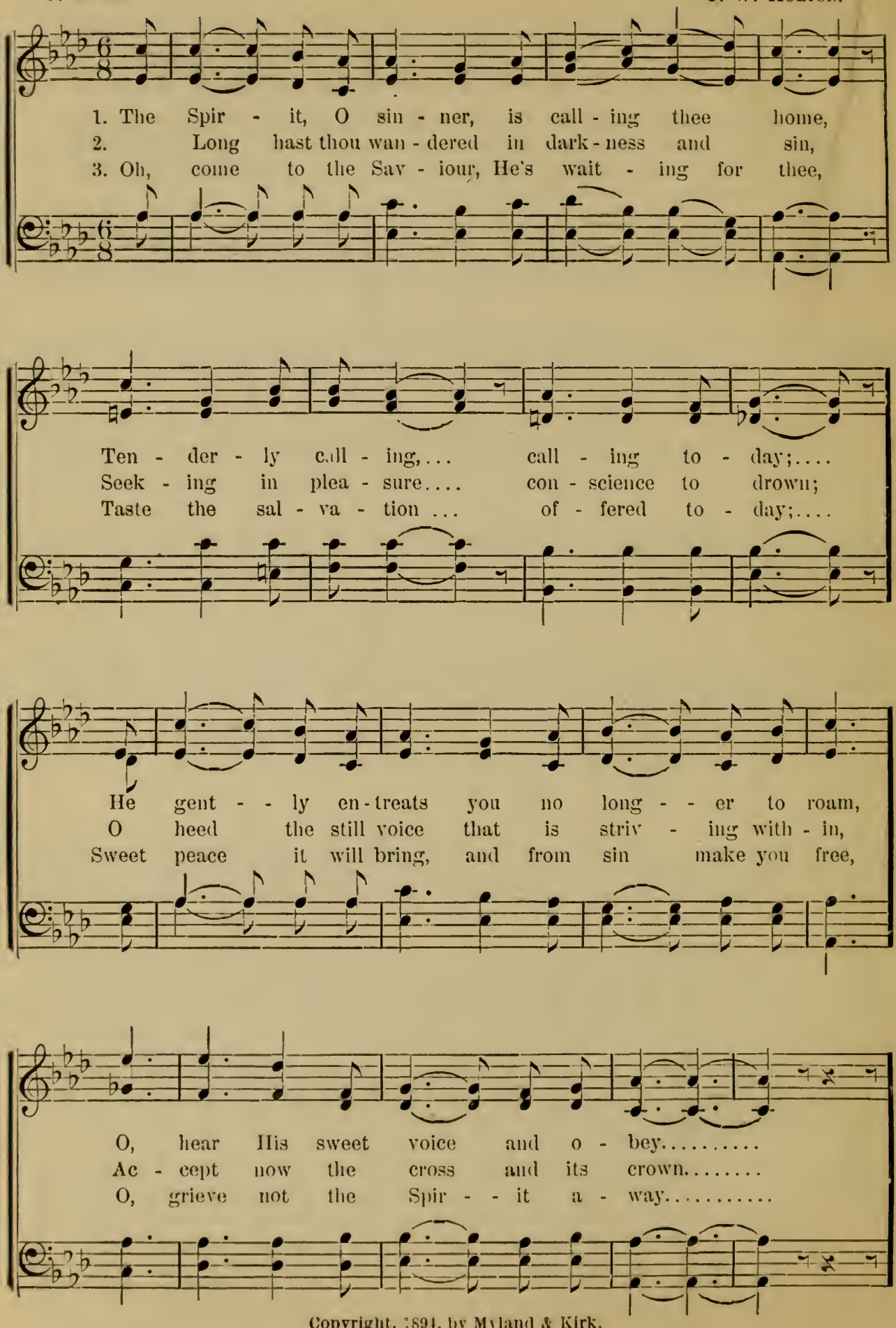
No. 48. Grieve Not the Spirit.

J. W. H. J. W. Holton.


1. The Spir - it, O sin - ner, is call - ing thee home,
2. Long hast thou wan - dered in dark - ness and sin,
3. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, He's wait - ing for thee,
Ten - der - ly call - ing,... call - ing to - day;....
Seek - ing in plea - sure.... con - science to drown;
Taste the sal - va - tion ... of - fered to - day;....
He gent - - ly en - treats you no long - - er to roam,
O heed the still voice that is striv - ing with - in,
Sweet peace it will bring, and from sin make you free,
O, hear His sweet voice and o - bey.....
Ac - cept now the cross and its crown.....
O, grieve not the Spir - - it a - way.....

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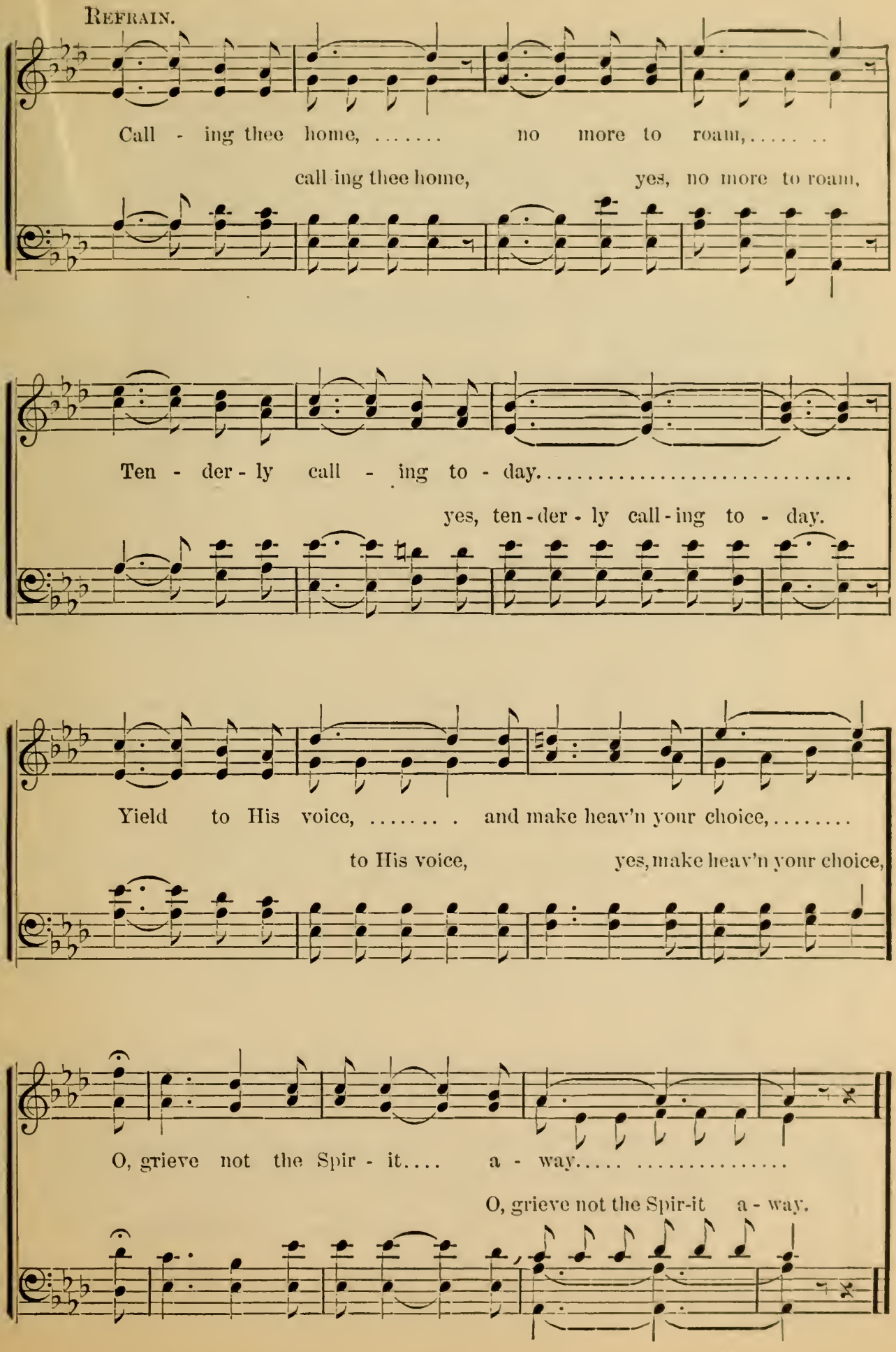
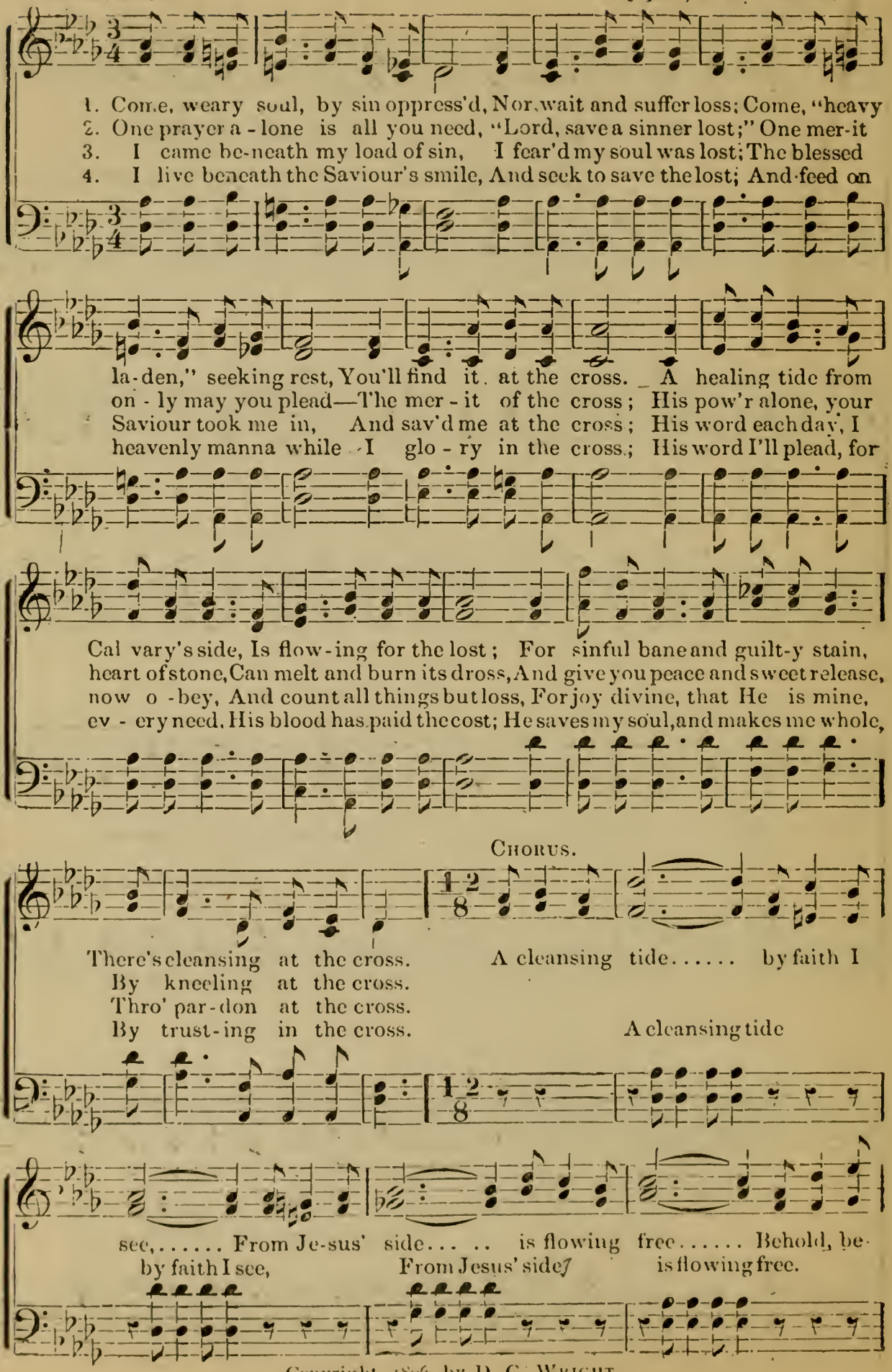
Grieve Not the Spirit. Concluded.


Refrain.
Call - ing thee home, ... no more to roam, ...
call-ing thee home, yes, no more to roam,
Ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.....
yes, ten-der - ly call-ing to - day.
Yield to His voice, ... and make heav'n your choice, ...
to His voice, yes, make heav'n your choice,
O, grieve not the Spir - it.... a - way.....
O, grieve not the Spir-it a - way.

No. 49.

Life at the Cross.

A. M. DEFEL. By per., D. C. WRIGHT.


1. Come, weary soul, by sin oppress'd, Nor wait and suffer loss; Come, "heavy
2. One prayer a-lone is all you need, "Lord, save a sinner lost;" One mer-it
3. I came be-neath my load of sin, I fear'd my soul was lost; The blessed
4. I live beneath the Saviour's smile, And seek to save the lost; And feed on
la-den," seeking rest, You'll find it at the cross. A healing tide from
on-ly may you plead—The mer-it of the cross; His pow'r alone, your
Saviour took me in, And sav'd me at the cross; His word each day, I
heavenly manna while I glo-ry in the cross; His word I'll plead, for
Cal vary's side, Is flow-ing for the lost; For sinful bane and guilt-y stain,
heart of stone, Can melt and burn its dross, And give you peace and sweet release,
now o-bey, And count all things but loss, For joy divine, that He is mine,
ev-ery need, His blood has paid the cost; He saves my soul, and makes me whole,
CHORUS.
There's cleansing at the cross. A cleansing tide..... by faith I
By kneeling at the cross.
Thro' par-don at the cross.
By trust-ing in the cross. A cleansing tide
see,..... From Je-sus' side..... is flowing free..... Behold, be-
by faith I see, From Jesus' side is flowing free.

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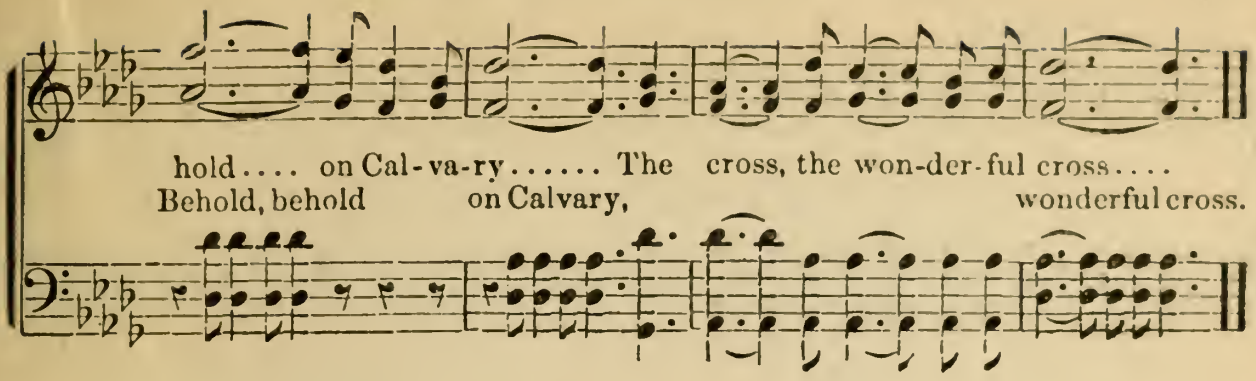
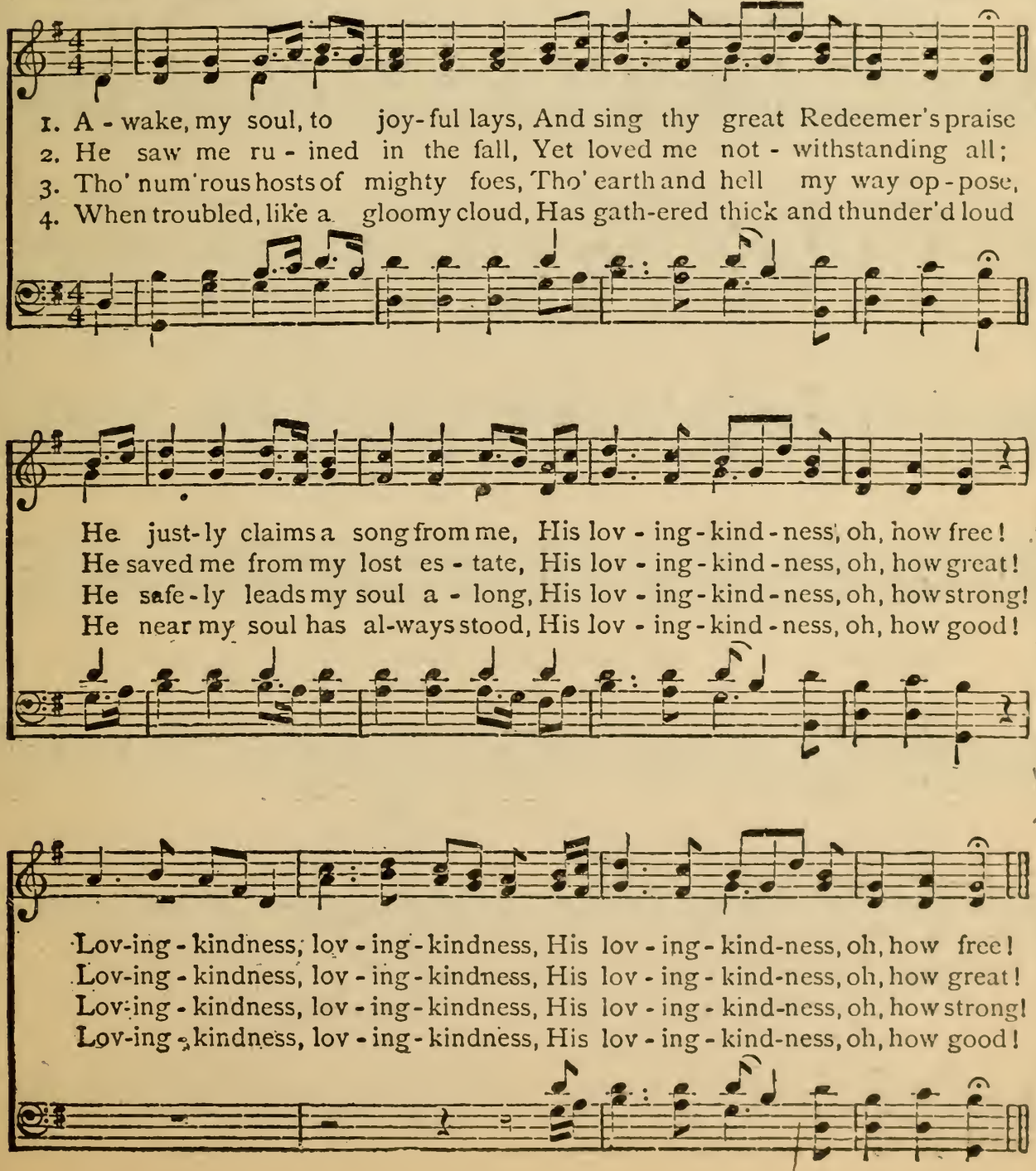
Life at The Cross. Concluded.



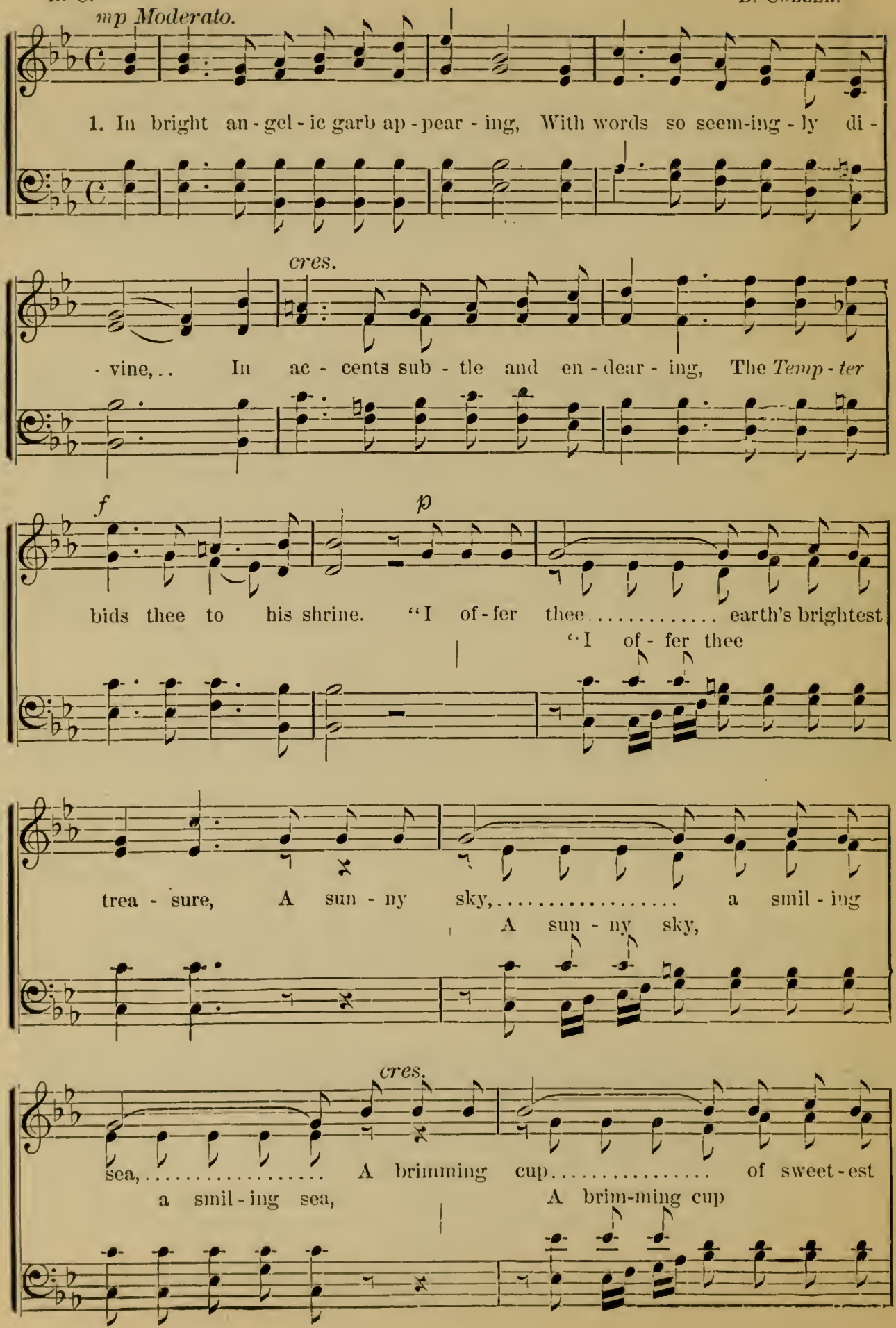
No. 50. Loving Kindness.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Western Melody.


1. A-wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise
2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When troubled, like a gloomy cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thunder'd loud
He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!

No. 51. The Three Bidders for the Soul.

B. C. B. Coller.


mp Moderato.
1. In bright an - gel - ic garb ap - pear - ing, With words so seem-ing - ly di -
cres.
· vine,.. In ac - cents sub - tle and en - dear - ing, The Temp - ter
f
p
bids thee to his shrine. "I of - fer thee..... earth's brightest
"I of - fer thee
trea - sure, A sun - ny sky,..... a smil - ing
A sun - ny sky,
cres.
sea,..... A brimming cup..... of sweet - est
a smil - ing sea, A brim-ming cup

The Three Bidders for the Soul. Concluded.

mf
rit.
plea - sure, If thou wilt fall..... and wor - ship me."
f CHORUS. a tempo.
Choose ye to - day, 'tis the Spir - it's plead - ing voice; Choose ye to -
- day, make the Sav - iour now your choice; Je - sus a - lone can your
crav-ing heart re - joice, Choose ye to - day ere the Spir - it pass a - way.

2 The *World* with manifold attractions,
Is also bidding for thy soul;
"O give me now thy heart's affections,
I'll bring thee to thy cherished goal.
Is wealth and glory thy ambition?
Is it to fame thou dost aspire?
If thou wilt close with my condition,
I'll give thee all thy heart's desire."

3 One Bidder more thy choice is waiting,
He yearns, He claims thee as His own!
"Child of My heart, why hesitating?
For thee I left the Father's throne.
For thee I trod the path of anguish,
For thee endured the crown of thorn,
Thro' death and darkness I did languish
To bring to thee a brighter dawn."

4 Thou bleeding Lamb, Thy love has broken
This stony heart, my choice is made;
The deed is done, Thy Blood the token,
My all is on Thine altar laid;
The *Tempter's* snare, the *World's* alluring
Shall never draw me from Thy side,
Henceforth for Thee the worst enduring,
I'll dwell beneath Thy riven side.

No. 52. Jesus Is Tenderly Pleading.

A. S. ANNA SIMPSON.

TENOR. *Very effective if played by Violin or Cornet.*

SOPRANO.
1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly plead-ing to - day, O wea - ry sin - ner why
2. Je - sus has knocked and so oft been de - nied, See, He stands waiting with
turn you a - way? Great is His of - fer, ac - cept it I pray,
sword-pierc-ed side, Oft He has striv - en tho' you have de - fied;
CHORUS.
Now it is yours, pre-cious soul, don't de - lay.
Wait not, dear soul, let Him in to a - bide.
List, how He knocks,
hear while He pleads, O - pen ere it is too late .....
O - pen He stands at the gate..... Wait-ing to hear,

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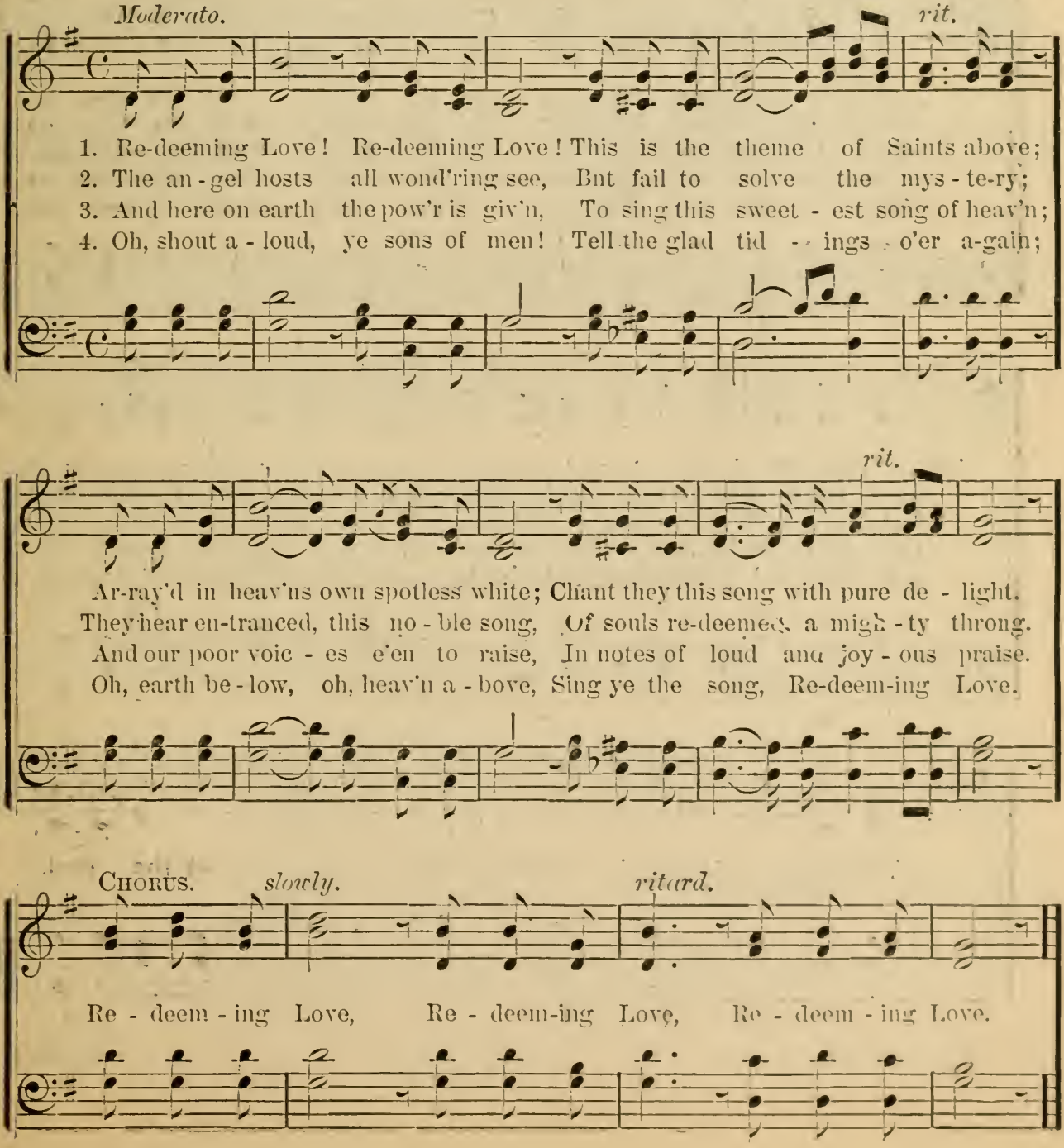
Jesus Is Tenderly Pleading. Concluded.

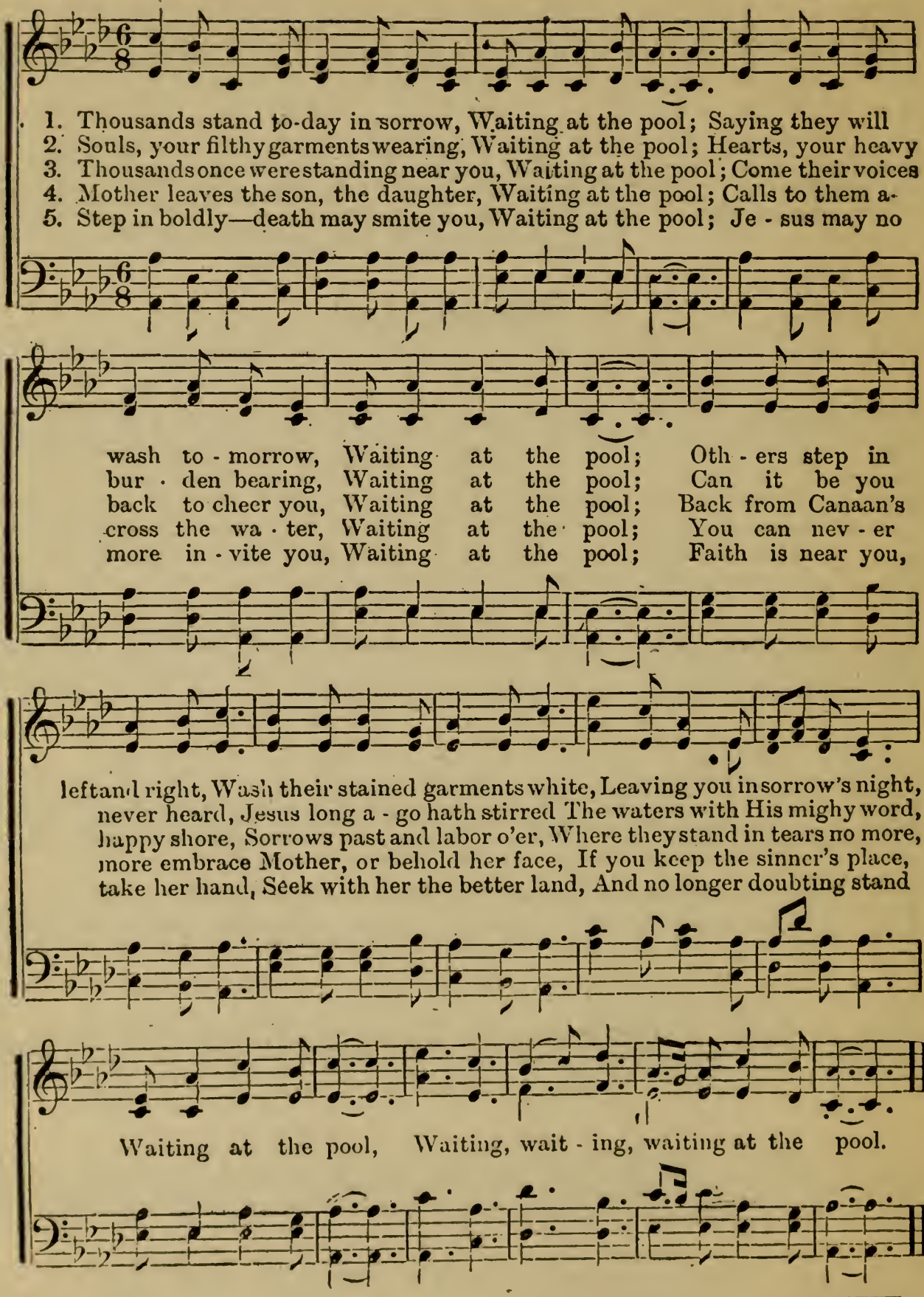
No. 53. Redeeming Love.

J. A. C. Judge Thos. E. Lowe.


Moderato.
rit.
1. Re-deeming Love! Re-deeming Love! This is the theme of Saints above;
2. The an - gel hosts all wond'ring see, Bnt fail to solve the mys - te-ry;
3. And here on earth the pow'r is giv'n, To sing this sweet - est song of heav'n;
4. Oh, shout a - loud, ye sons of men! Tell the glad tid - ings o'er a-gain;
rit.
Ar-ray'd in heav'ns own spotless white; Chant they this song with pure de - light.
They hear en-tranced, this no - ble song, Of souls re-deemed, a migh - ty throng.
And our poor voic - es e'en to raise, In notes of loud and joy - ous praise.
Oh, earth be - low, oh, heav'n a - bove, Sing ye the song, Re-deem-ing Love.
Chorus.
slowly.
ritard.
Re - deem - ing Love, Re - deem-ing Love, Re - deem - ing Love.

No. 54. Waiting at the Pool.

Rev. A. J. Hough. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. Thousands stand to-day in sorrow, Waiting at the pool; Saying they will
2. Souls, your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heavy
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices
4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a-
5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je - sus may no
wash to - morrow, Waiting at the pool; Oth - ers step in
bur - den bearing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you
back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Canaan's
cross the wa - ter, Waiting at the pool; You can nev - er
more in - vite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you,
left and right, Wash their stained garments white, Leaving you in sorrow's night,
never heard, Jesus long a - go hath stirred The waters with His mighy word,
happy shore, Sorrows past and labor o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,
more embrace Mother, or behold her face, If you keep the sinner's place,
take her hand, Seek with her the better land, And no longer doubting stand
Waiting at the pool, Waiting, wait - ing, waiting at the pool.

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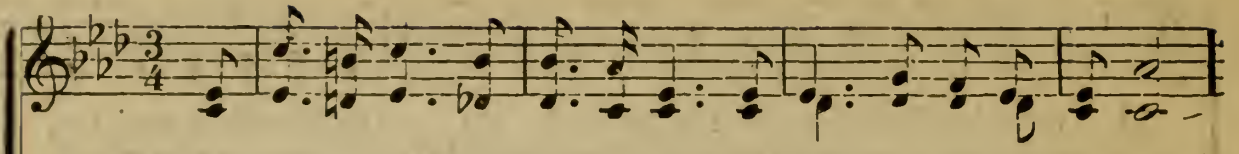
No. 55. Yesterday, To-Day and To-Morrow.

J. E. L. — Rev. J. E. Lancelet.

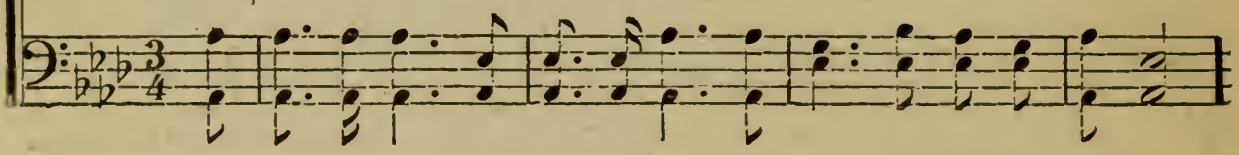
1. Yesterday I wander'd in the paths of sin, Danger all around me,
2. To-day I'm standing asking, oh, what shall I do? Sorrow overwhelms me,
3. To-morrow I'm dreading, for my foes will assail, E - vil passions in me,
Death straight before me; Yesterday the world crazed my soul with its din,—
Cal - vary constrains me; To-day I'm halting here with forgiveness in view,
Temp - ters all about me; To-morrow I'm sure all my own strength will fail,
CHORUS.
Mercy sang her sweet notes in vain.
Mercy sings her sweet notes again. Oh! hear her calling, O - ver and o - ver,
Mercy thou 'alt not sing in vain.
Oh! hear her calling, Lis - ten! be still! I can - not bear to re -
sist a - ny longer, Speak once a - gain and I'll hearken,— I will.

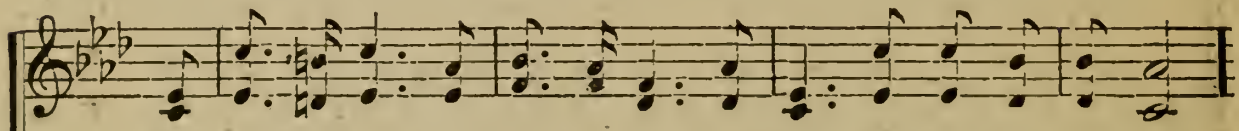
No. 56. He Set the Joy-Bells Ringing.

E. E. Hewitt. By per., Jno. R Sweney.

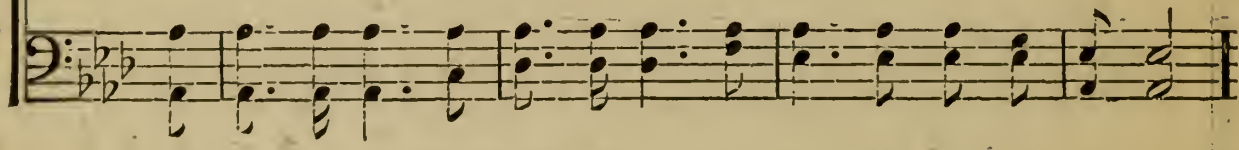


1. Oh, bless the Lord, he cleansed my soul, And filled my lips with singing;
2. He placed my feet up - on the Rock, The on - ly sure foundation;
3. His promise is for "all the days," His love for me is car- ing;
4. Then let me tell the hap- py news To oth - er souls around me;
5. His love is call - ing, seeking still, Come, ev- 'ry burden bringing;

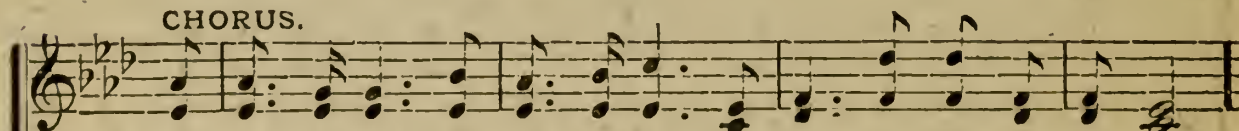




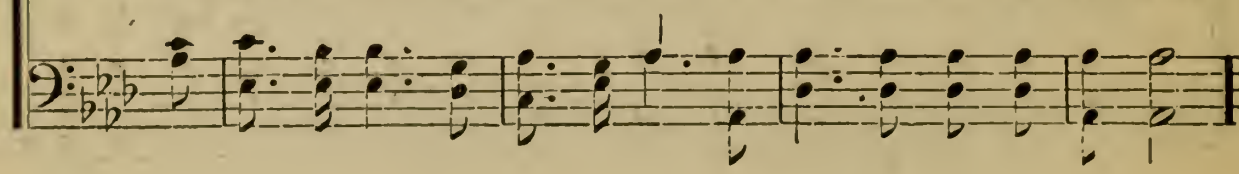
He came in my poor, sin- ful heart, And set the joy-bells ringing.
He shows me wonders of his grace, The blessings of sal - va - tion.
While in the "Father's House" above, A mansion he's pre- par- ing.
I'm safe within the blessed fold, For Je - sus came and found me.
The touch of Christ within your heart Will set the joy-bells ringing.

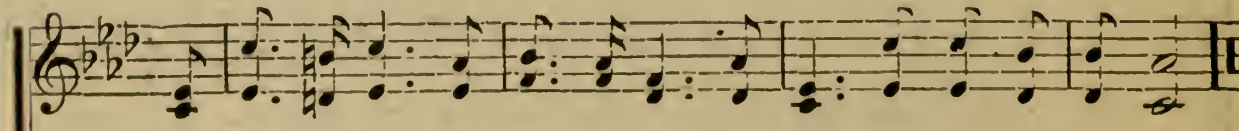


CHORUS.

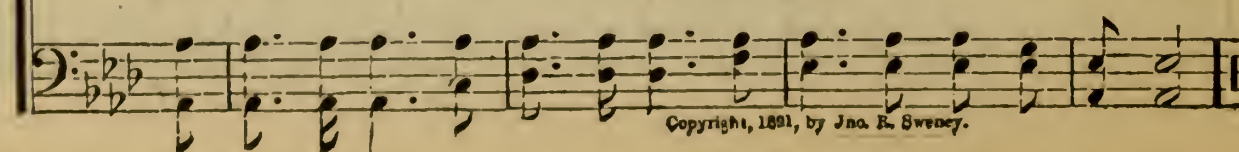


Oh, praise the Lord, he first loved me, I feel new life up- springing;





He came in my poor, sin- ful heart, And set the joy-bells ringing.



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No. 57. O, I Never Can Forget.

E. A. H. By per., Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Oh, I nev-er can for-get, For it lin-gers with me yet,
When the bur-den rolled a-way, And my night was tur'nd to day,
2. I re-mem-ber it so well, And my grief I can not tell,
But I turned un-to the Lord, And by trusting in His Word
CHORUS.
The sweet joy when my sins were for-giv'n;
Earth seemed almost transformed in-to heav'n.
When con-vic-tion first came to my soul;
I was saved and made conscious-ly whole.
It was down at the
feet of the bless-ed, bless-ed Lord That the bur-den from my heart
rolled a-way,..... It was there I first be-lieved And His
wondrous grace received, And my sins were washed away, happy day!

3.

Now my heart is full of song,
Hallelujahs thrill my tongue,
For His love and His goodness I know;
How can I but praise His name,
And His matchless love proclaim, [snow.
Who has washed me as white as the

4.

Brother, burdened with your sin,
Do you long for peace within?
Come to Jesus, your Savior and friend;
Unto Him your sins confess,
He will pardon, save, and bless,
And of sorrow and sin make an end.

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No. 58. Come to Jesus.

L. S. LOUISE SHEPARD.

1. Come to Je - sus, heart - sick broth - er, Come to - day. Come to-day,
2. Ev - 'ry sin - spot He is tak - ing All a - way, All a-way;
3. Bless - ed Je - sus, I will trust Thee, Though Thou slay, Though Thou slay;
4. Hearts are strung with chords of pleas - ure, On them play, On them play,
He will nev - er cast thee from Him, Ne'er say nay. Ne'er say nay;
Walk - ing in His ho - ly foot - steps Day by day, Day by day;
Mould and fash - ion all my be - ing Like the clay, Like the clay;
Breath of God, di - vin - est meas - ure, Some sweet lay, Some sweet lay;
Broth - er, all thy vain en - deav - or, Doth it pay? Doth it pay?
Cast ing all thy care up - on Him, He doth say, He doth say,
Let me through these days of test - ing Watch and pray, Watch and pray,
Hard - est toil and heav - y la - bor Seem like play, Seem like play,
Come to Him, He will up - hold thee, Yes, al - way. Yes, al - way.
"I am car - ing al - ways for thee, Ev - 'ry day, Ev - 'ry day."
And to all Thy prov - ing ans - wer, Al - ways, Yea. Al - ways, Yea.
Cloud - ed skies and drea - ry pros - pects Like a ray. Like a ray.

5 Heavenly strength and health are given
As my day,
No assault of fierce temptation
Can waylay;
Every sickness, He will take it
All away,
He, His strength in hours of weakness
Will display.

6 Oh! the coming of the Saviour—
Soon He may,
And my heart is turning ever
Up that way.
Never could these throbbing heart-strings
E'er betray;
For He's soon and swiftly coming,
Some sweet day.

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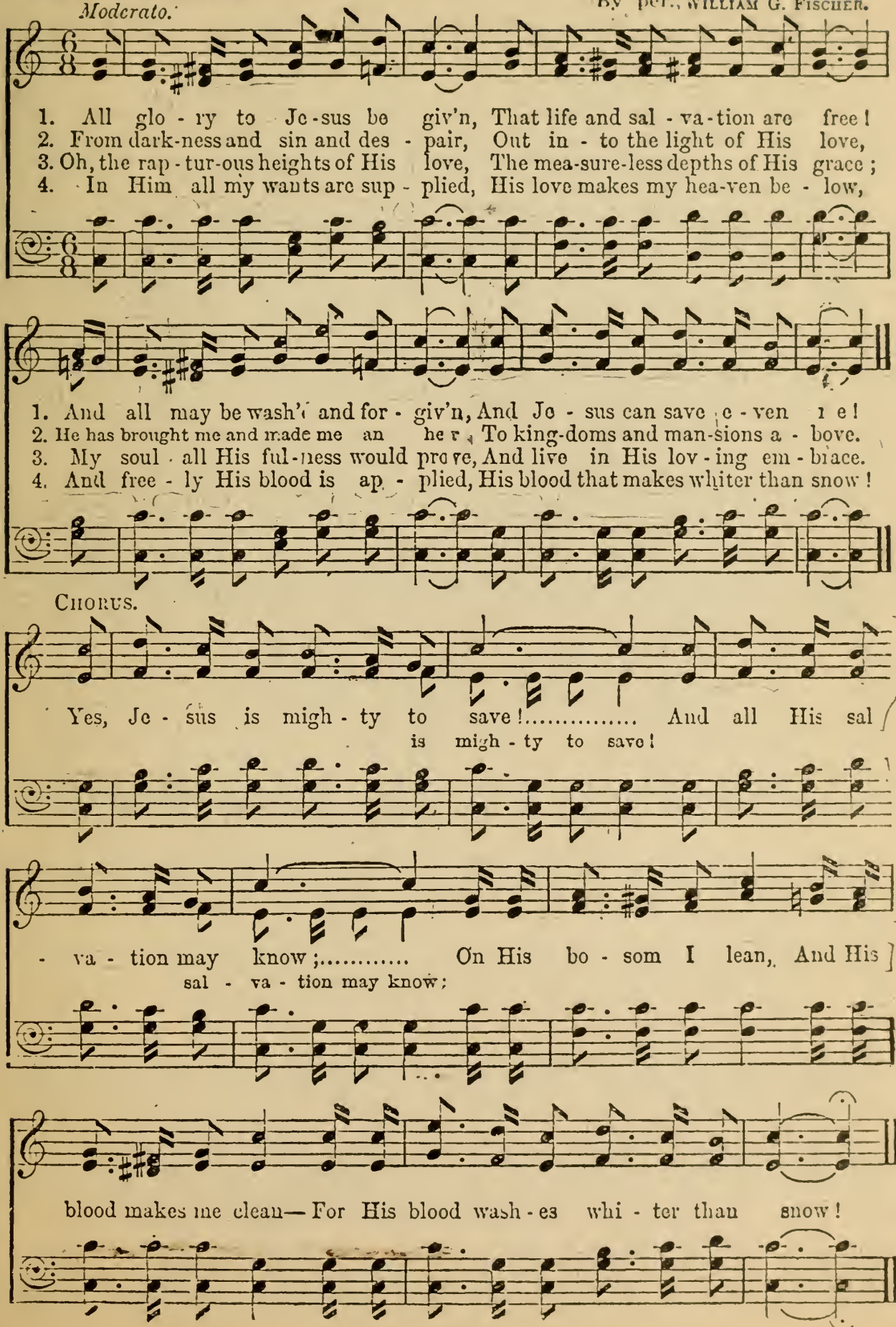
No. 59. Jesus is Mighty to Save.

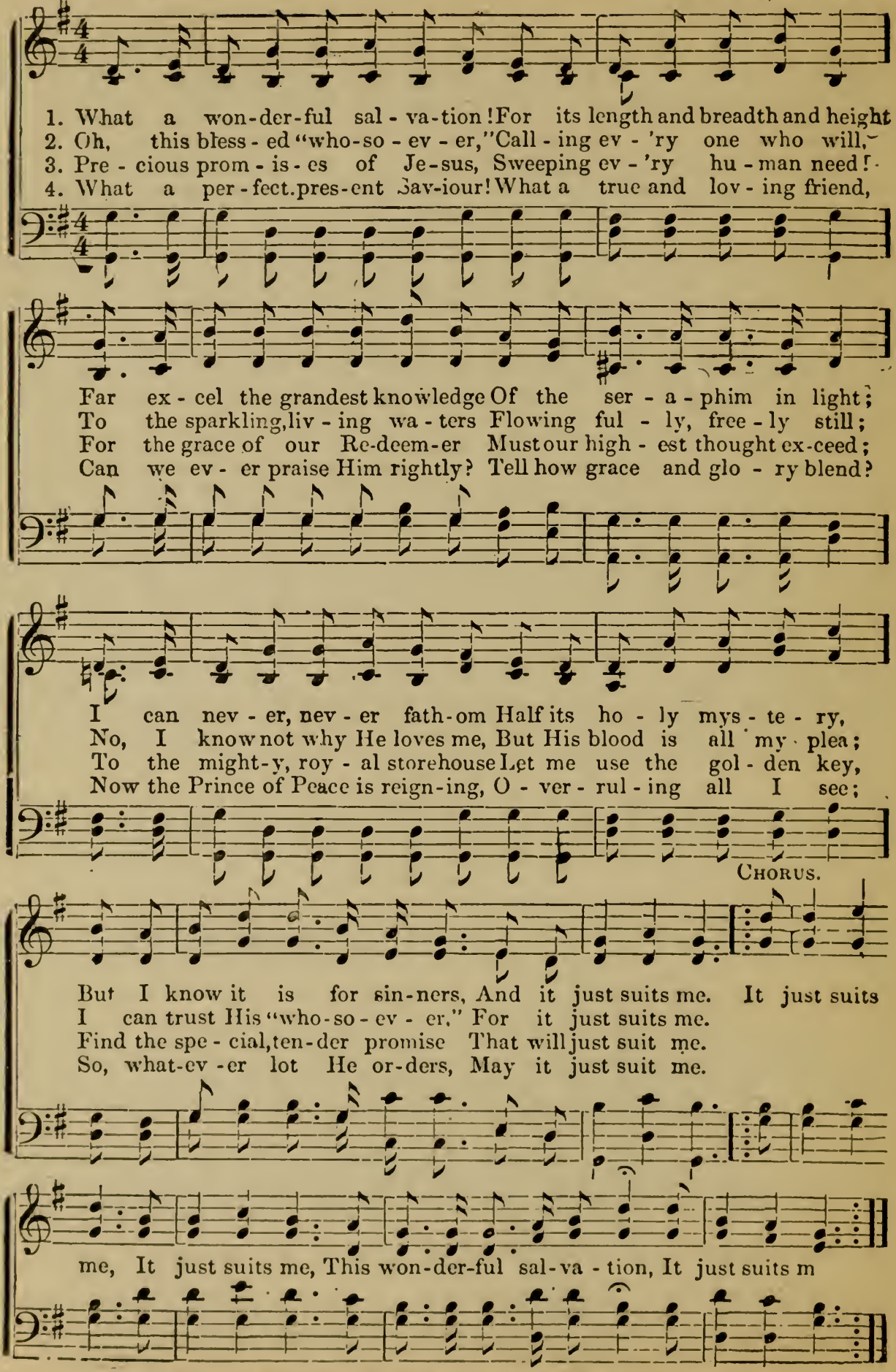
MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER. By per., WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

Moderato.


1. All glo - ry to Je-sus be giv'n, That life and sal - va-tion are free!
2. From dark-ness and sin and des - pair, Out in - to the light of His love,
3. Oh, the rap - tur-ous heights of His love, The mea-sure-less depths of His grace;
4. In Him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my hea-ven be - low,
1. And all may be wash'd and for - giv'n, And Je - sus can save e - ven me!
2. He has brought me and made me an heir To king-doms and man-sions a - bove.
3. My soul all His ful-ness would prove, And live in His lov - ing em - brace.
4. And free - ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow!
CHORUS.
Yes, Je - sus is migh - ty to save!..... And all His sal
is migh - ty to save!
- va - tion may know;..... On His bo - som I lean, And His
sal - va - tion may know;
blood makes me clean— For His blood wash - es whi - ter than snow!

No. 60. It Just Suits Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this bless-ed "who-so-ev-er," Call-ing ev-'ry one who will,
3. Pre-cious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Sweeping ev-'ry hu-man need!
4. What a per-fect pres-ent Sav-iour! What a true and lov-ing friend,
Far ex-cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser-a-phim in light;
To the sparkling, liv-ing wa-ters Flowing ful-ly, free-ly still;
For the grace of our Re-deem-er Must our high-est thought ex-ceed;
Can we ev-er praise Him rightly? Tell how grace and glo-ry blend?
I can nev-er, nev-er fath-om Half its ho-ly mys-te-ry,
No, I know not why He loves me, But His blood is all my plea;
To the might-y, roy-al storehouse Let me use the gol-den key,
Now the Prince of Peace is reign-ing, O-ver-rul-ing all I see;
Chorus.
But I know it is for sin-ners, And it just suits me. It just suits
I can trust His "who-so-ev-er," For it just suits me.
Find the spe-cial, ten-der promise That will just suit me.
So, what-ev-er lot He or-ders, May it just suit me.
me, It just suits me, This won-der-ful sal-va-tion, It just suits m

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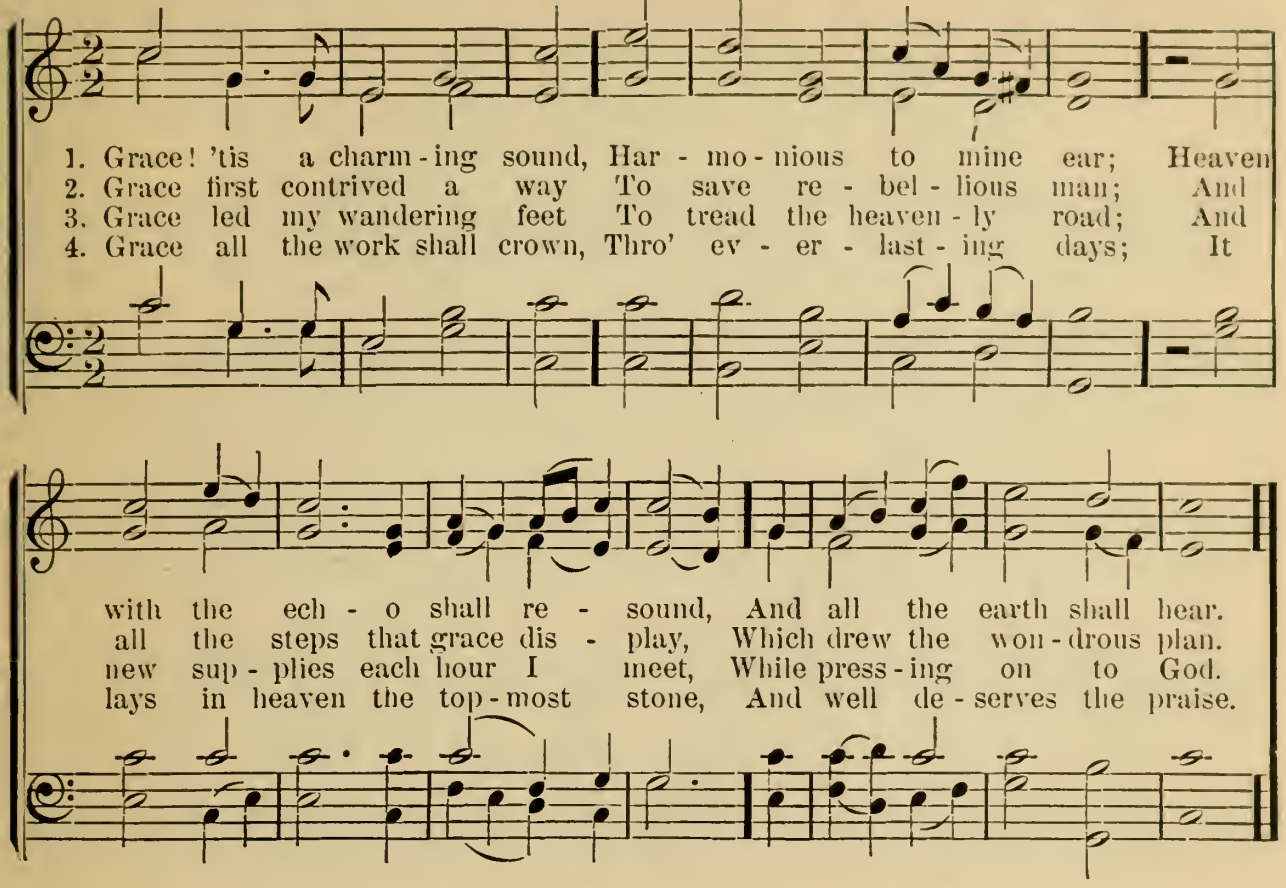
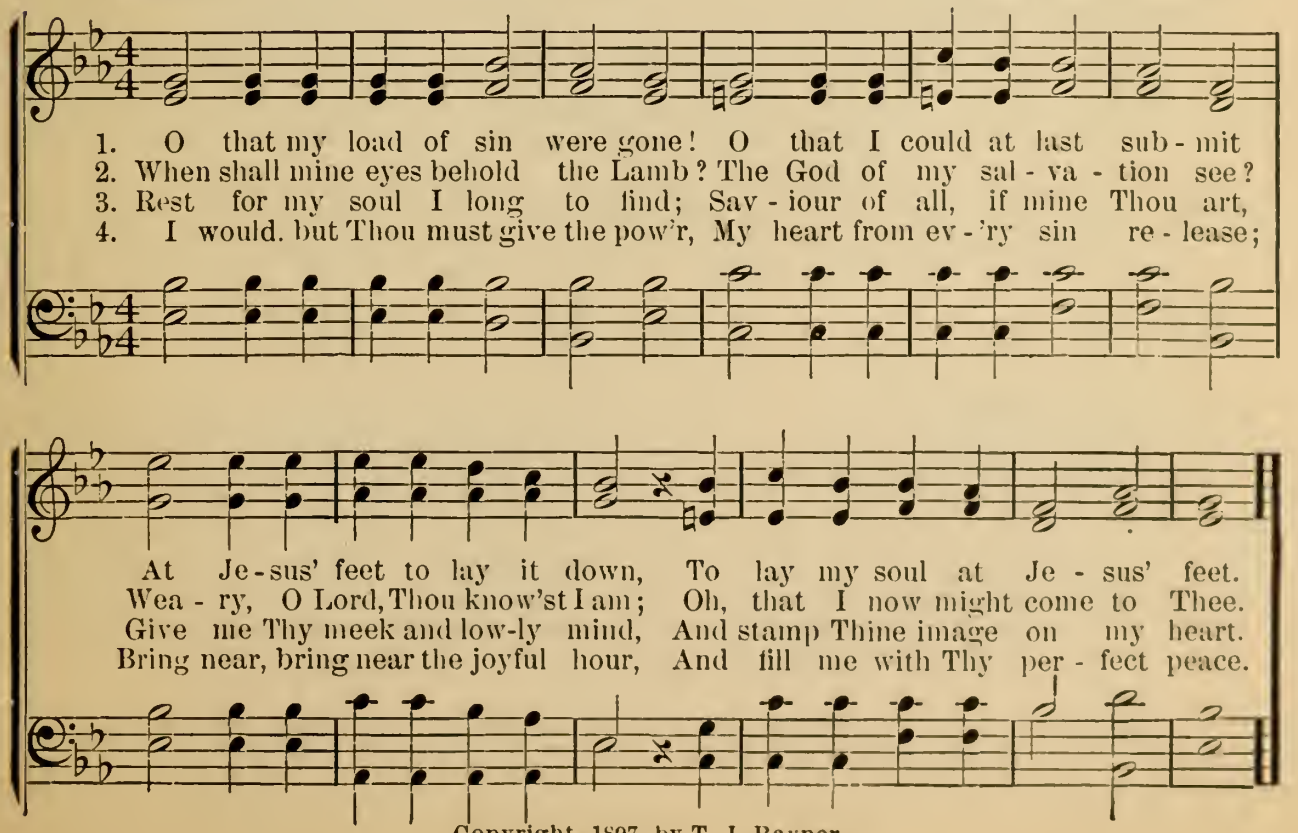
No. 61. Grace! 'tis a Charming Sound.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. SILVER STREET. S. M. ISAAC SMITH.


1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to mine ear; Heaven
2. Grace first contrived a way To save re-bel-lious man; And
3. Grace led my wandering feet To tread the heaven-ly road; And
4. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev-er-last-ing days; It
with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
all the steps that grace dis-play, Which drew the won-drous plan.
new sup-plies each hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
lays in heaven the top-most stone, And well de-serves the praise.

No. 62. O that my Load of Sin were Gone.

C. WESLEY. L. M. THOMAS J. RAYNER.


1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub-mit
2. When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb? The God of my sal-va-tion see?
3. Rest for my soul I long to find; Sav-iour of all, if mine Thou art,
4. I would, but Thou must give the pow'r, My heart from ev-'ry sin re-lease;
At Je-sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet.
Wea-ry, O Lord, Thou know'st I am; Oh, that I now might come to Thee.
Give me Thy meek and low-ly mind, And stamp Thine image on my heart.
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour, And fill me with Thy per-fect peace.

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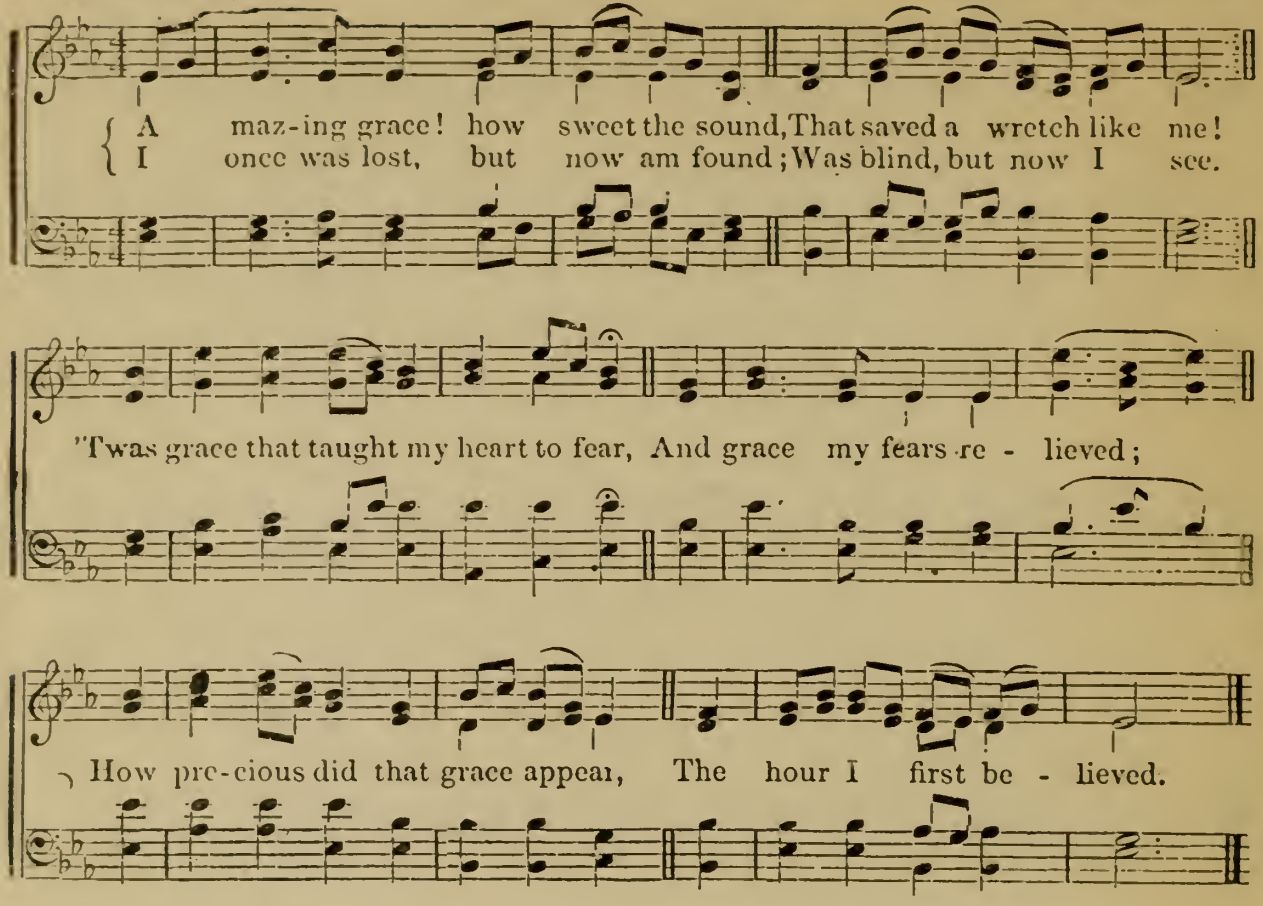
No. 63. Amazing Grace.

C. M. D. Jeremiah Ingalls, 1804. Arr. H., 1883.


A maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
How pre-cious did that grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved.

Through many dangers toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

JOHN NEWTON, AB., 1779.

No. 64. I Saw One.

I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

Alas, I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!

A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

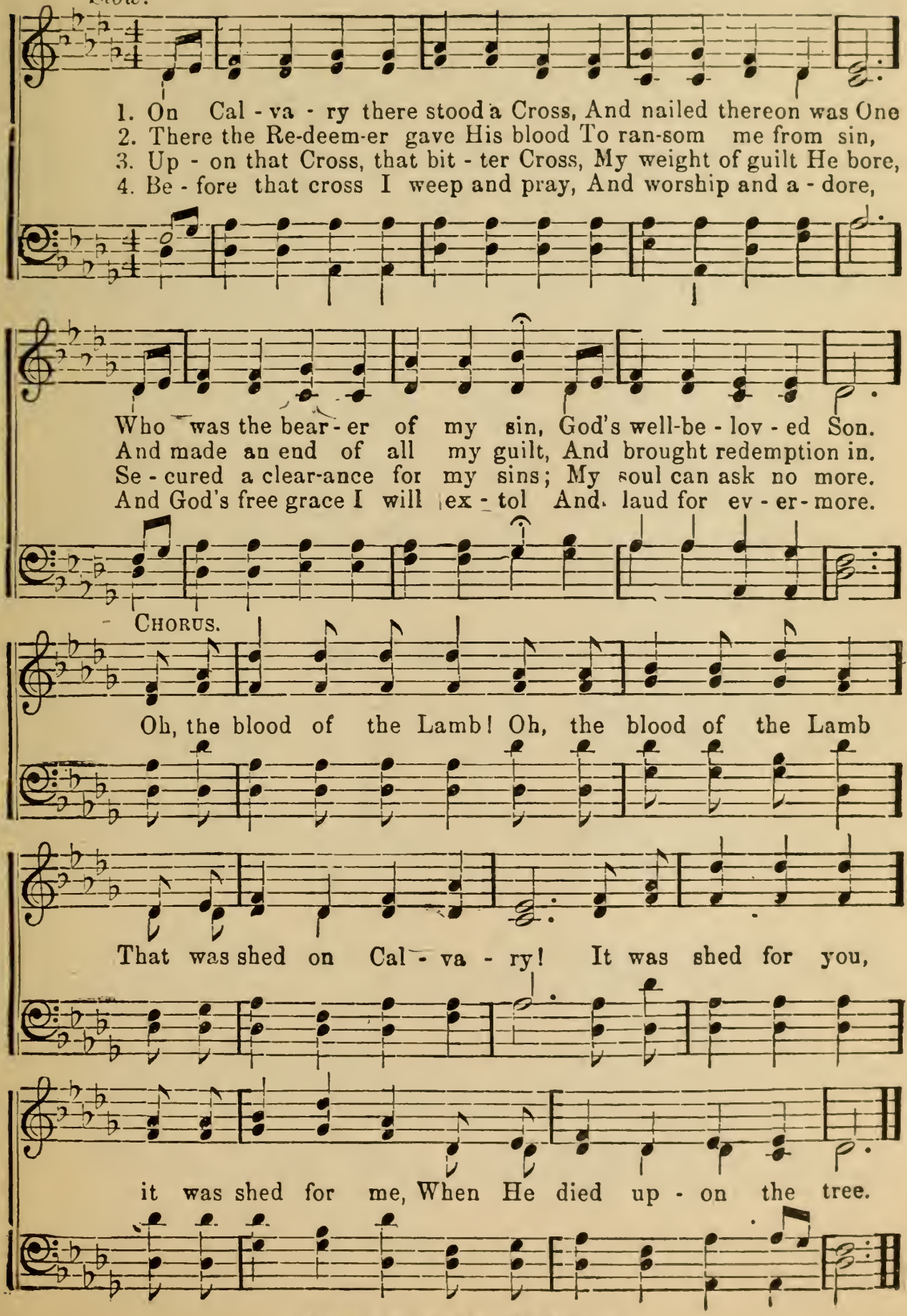
Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackened hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

JOHN NEWTON, AB., 1779.

No. 65. On Calvary there Stood a Cross.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. By per. Rev. J. H. WELCH.

Slow.


1. On Cal - va - ry there stood a Cross, And nailed thereon was One
2. There the Re-deem-er gave His blood To ran-som me from sin,
3. Up - on that Cross, that bit - ter Cross, My weight of guilt He bore,
4. Be - fore that cross I weep and pray, And worship and a - dore,
Who was the bear - er of my sin, God's well-be - lov - ed Son.
And made an end of all my guilt, And brought redemption in.
Se - cured a clear-ance for my sins; My soul can ask no more.
And God's free grace I will ex - tol And laud for ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
Oh, the blood of the Lamb! Oh, the blood of the Lamb
That was shed on Cal - va - ry! It was shed for you,
it was shed for me, When He died up - on the tree.

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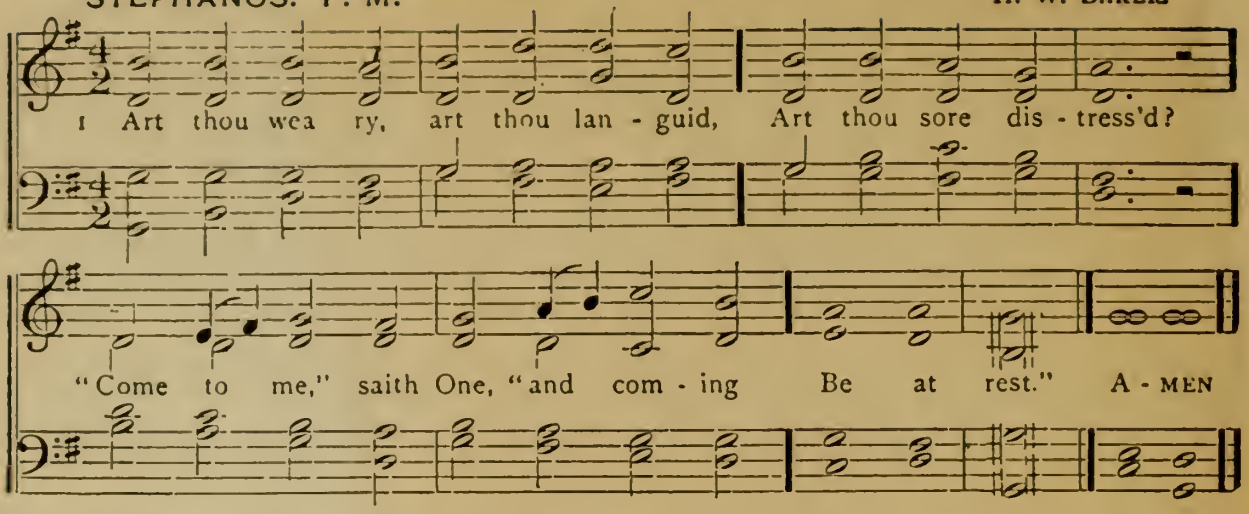
No. 66. Art Thou Weary.

STEPHANOS. P. M. H. W. BAKER.



Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?—
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?—
"Yea, a crown, a very surety;
But of thorns."

If I find Him if I follow,
What His guerdon here?—
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?—
"Sorrow banished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?—
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?—
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

No. 67. Come, Saith Jesus.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:

Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, AB., 1825.

No. 70.

8s & 8s.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me. Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.

Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
When Thy comest, call for me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

Pass me not, this lost one bringing,
Satan's slave Thy child shall be,
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

No. 71.

H. M.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound. *Chorus.*

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood,
Throughout the world proclaim. *Cho.*

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad. *Cho.*

Ye who have sold for nought,
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love. *Cho.*

WESLEY, 1750.

No. 72.

L. M.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1841.

No. 73.

7s, 6L.

From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come,

"Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come,

"Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.

No. 74.

L. M.

Oh, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light.
Poor sinner harden not thy heart;
Thou wouldst be saved— why not to-night?

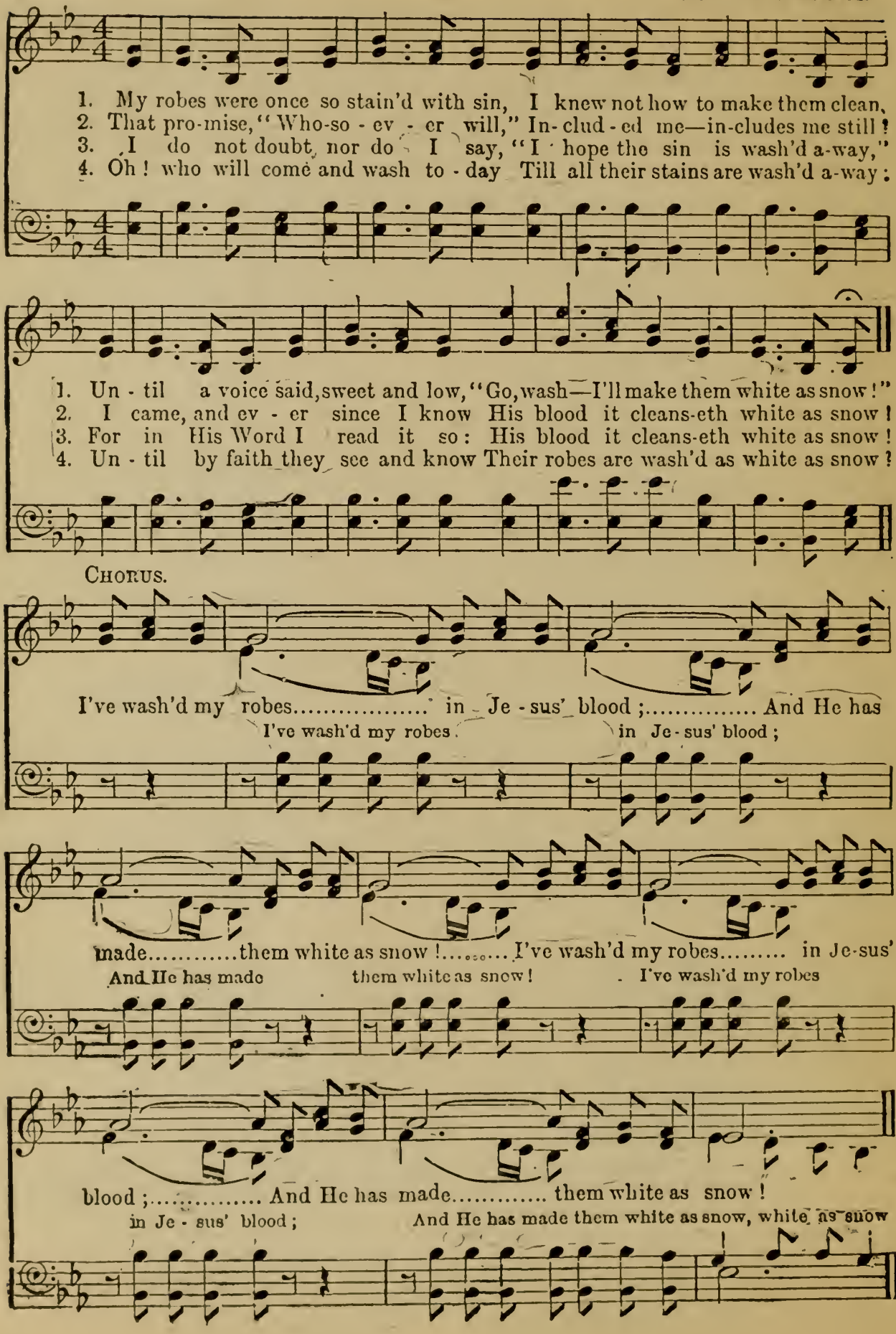
Tomorrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight.
This is the time; oh, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved— why not to-night?

Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will.
Thou wouldst be saved— why not to-night?

ELIZABETH HOLMES REED, 1842.

No. 75. I've Washed My Robes.

E. O. E. By per., E. O. Excell.


1. My robes were once so stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean,
2. That pro-mise, "Who-so - ev - er will," In- clud - ed me—in-cludes me still!
3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, "I hope the sin is wash'd a-way,"
4. Oh! who will come and wash to - day Till all their stains are wash'd a-way:
1. Un - til a voice said, sweet and low, "Go, wash—I'll make them white as snow!"
2. I came, and ev - er since I know His blood it cleans-eth white as snow!
3. For in His Word I read it so: His blood it cleans-eth white as snow!
4. Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow!
Chorus.
I've wash'd my robes..... in Je - sus' blood;..... And He has
I've wash'd my robes in Je - sus' blood;
made.....them white as snow!..... I've wash'd my robes..... in Je-sus'
And He has made them white as snow! I've wash'd my robes
blood;..... And He has made..... them white as snow!
in Je - sus' blood; And He has made them white as snow, white as snow

No. 76. Step by Step.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. 'Tis so sweet to walk with Je - sus, Step by step and day by day;
2. 'Tis so safe to walk with Je - sus, Lean-ing hard up - on His arm,
3. Step by step I'll walk with Je - sus, Just a mo-ment at a time,
Step-ping in His ve - ry footprints Walk-ing with Him all the way.
Following close - ly where He leads us, None can hurt and naught can harm.
Heights I have not wings to soar to Step by step my feet can climb.
Chorus.
Step by step, Step by step, I would walk with Je - sus,
Walk with Je - sus,
All the day, all the way, Keep - ing step with Je - sus.

4 All the way I'll walk with Jesus,
Thro' the sunshine, thro' the gloom,
Tho' His blood-marked steps may lead me,
To the garden, to the tomb.

5 Here a while we walk with Jesus,
But the time will not be long
Till the night shall change to morning,
And the sorrow into song.

6 Then, with all who walked with Jesus,
We shall walk with Him in white,
While He turns our grief to gladness,
And our darkness into light.

7 Jesus, keep me closer—closer,
Step by step, day by day:
Stepping in Thy very footprints,
Walking with Thee all the way.

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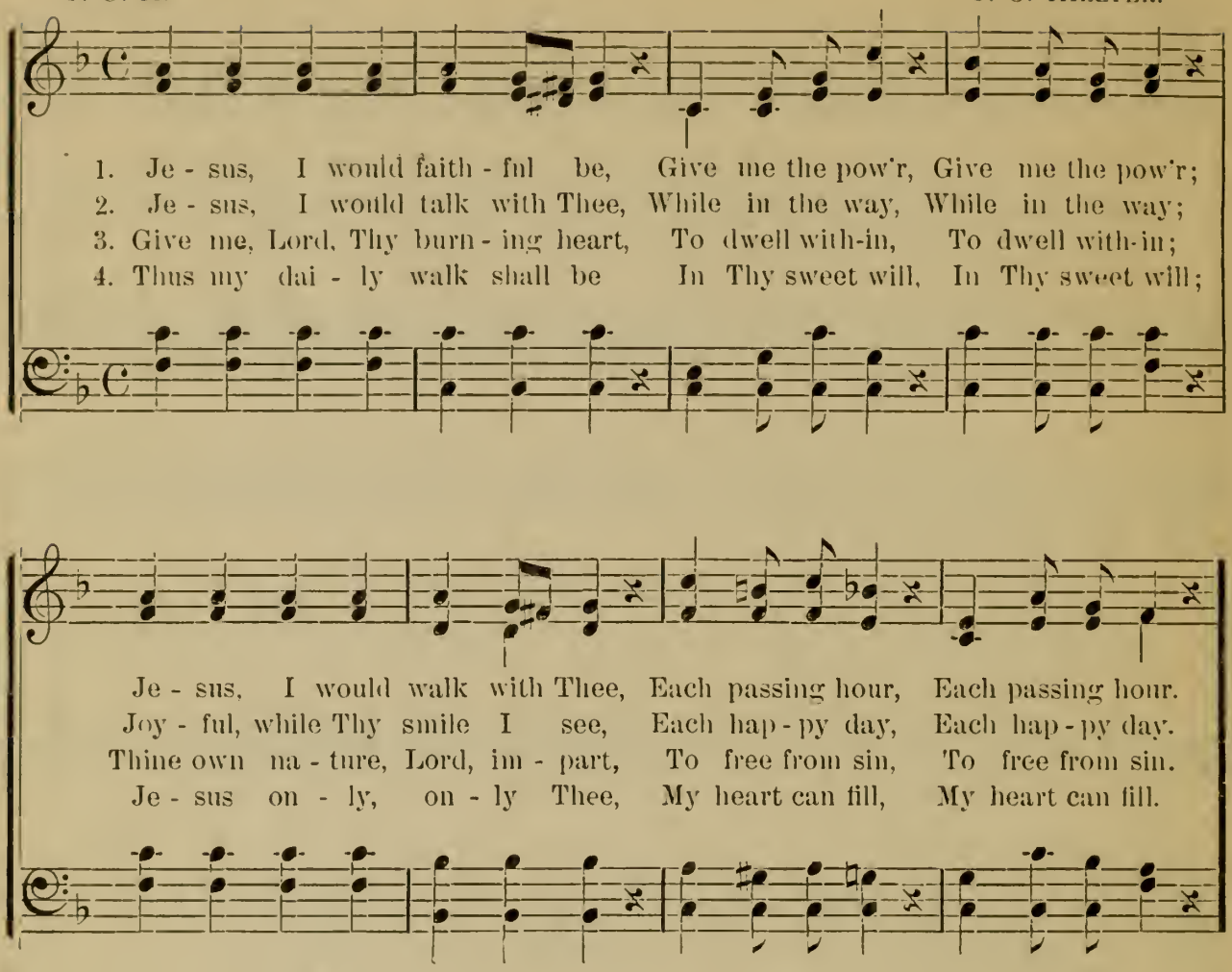
No. 77. Jesus, I Would Faithful Be.

J. O. H. J. O. Hillyer.


1. Je - sus, I would faith - ful be, Give me the pow'r, Give me the pow'r;
2. Je - sus, I would talk with Thee, While in the way, While in the way;
3. Give me, Lord, Thy burn - ing heart, To dwell with-in, To dwell with-in;
4. Thus my dai - ly walk shall be In Thy sweet will, In Thy sweet will;
Je - sus, I would walk with Thee, Each passing hour, Each passing hour.
Joy - ful, while Thy smile I see, Each hap - py day, Each hap - py day.
Thine own na - ture, Lord, im - part, To free from sin, To free from sin.
Je - sus on - ly, on - ly Thee, My heart can fill, My heart can fill.

Chorus.

By permission.

No. 78. Not I, but Christ.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. Miss. L. Shepard.

1. There is a foe whose hid-den pow'r The Chris-tian well may fear,
2. There is, like A-nak's sons of old, A race of gi - ants still:
3. Oh, save me from self will, dear Lord, Which claims Thy sa - cred throne;
More sub - tle far than in - bred sin, And to the heart more dear.
Self - glo - ry - ing, self - con - fi - dence, Self - seek-ing and self - will.
Oh! let my will be lost in Thine, And let Thy will be done.
It is the pow'r of self - ish - ness, It is the wil - ful I,
Still must these haught-y An - a - kims By Ca-leb's sword be slain.
Oh, keep me from self - con - fi - dence, And self - suf - fi - cien - cy;
And ere my Lord can live in me, My ver - y self must die.
Ere Hebron's heights of heav'n - ly love, Our conqu'ring feet can gain.
Let me exchange my strength for Thine, And lean a - lone on Thee.

4 Oh, save me from self-seeking, Lord,
Let me not be my own;
A living sacrifice I come,
Lord, keep me Thine alone.
From proud vain glory save me, Lord,
From pride of praise and fame;
To Christ be all the honor given,
The glory to His name.

5 Oh, Jesus, slay the self in me
By Thy consuming breath;
Show me Thy heart, Thy wounds, Thy shame
And love my soul to death.
When the Sechinah flame came down,
E'en Moses could not stay;
So let Thy glory fill me now,
And self forever slay.

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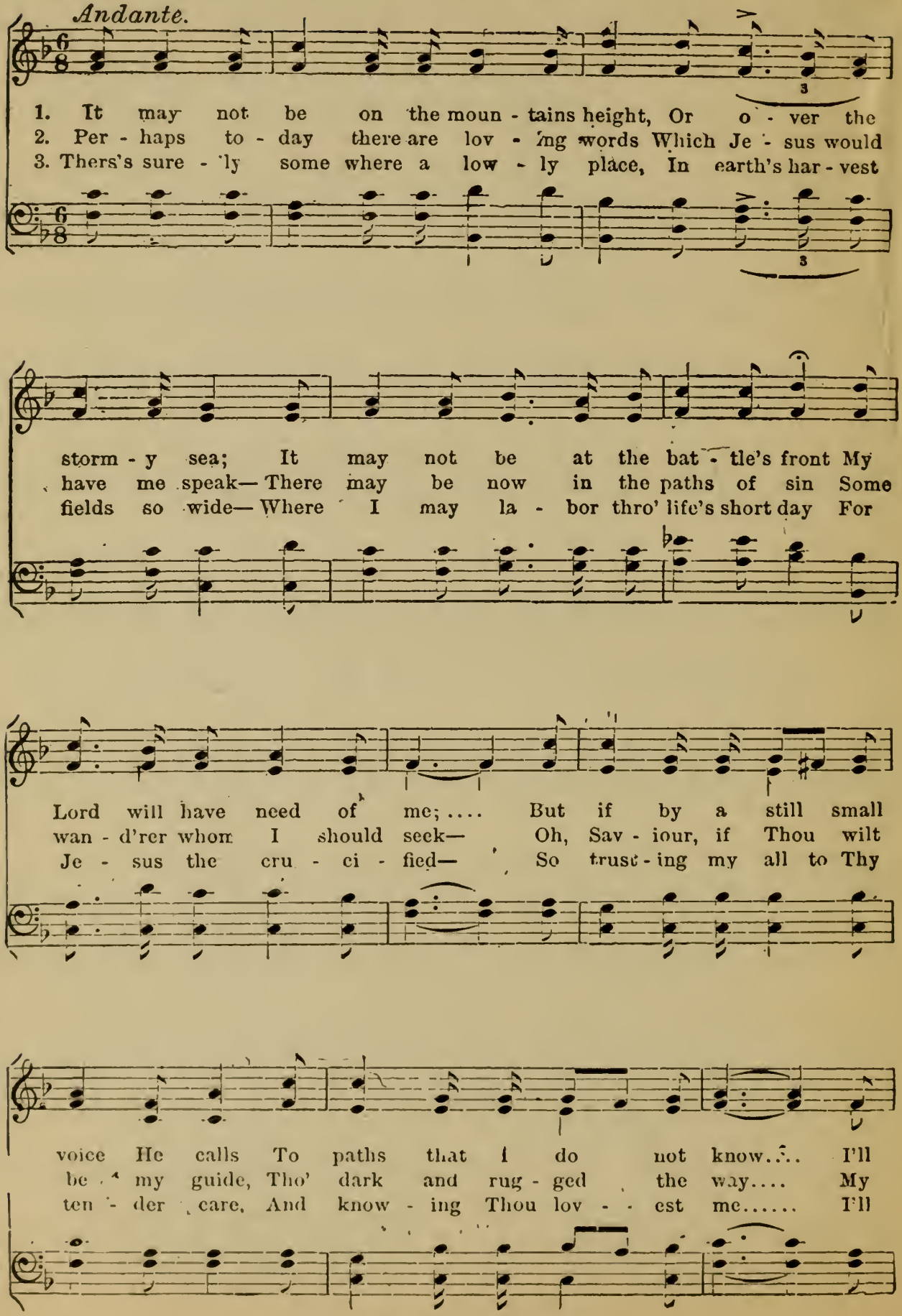
No. 79. Consecration.

MARY BROWN. By per., CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.


Andante.
1. It may not be on the moun - tains height, Or o - ver the
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would
3. Thers's sure - ly some where a low - ly place, In earth's har - vest
storm - y sea; It may not be at the bat - tle's front My
have me speak— There may be now in the paths of sin Some
fields so wide— Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For
Lord will have need of me; .... But if by a still small
wan - d'rer whom I should seek— Oh, Sav - iour, if Thou wilt
Je - sus the cru - ci - fied— So trust - ing my all to Thy
voice He calls To paths that I do not know.... I'll
be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way.... My
ten - der care, And know - ing Thou lov - est me..... I'll

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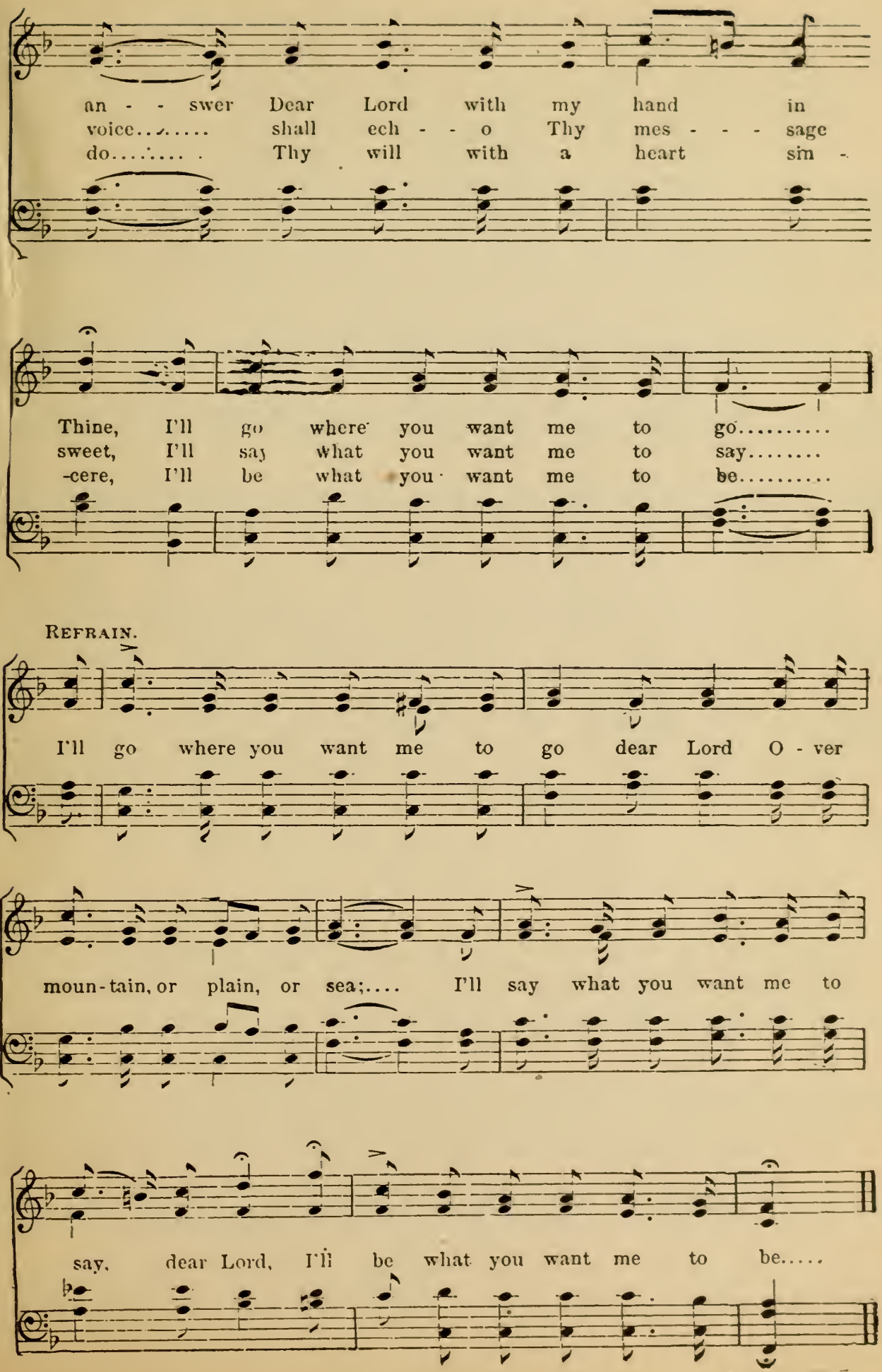
Consecration. Concluded.


an - - swer Dear Lord with my hand in
voice..... shall ech - - o Thy mes - - - sage
do..... Thy will with a heart sin -
Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.....
sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.....
-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.....
REFRAIN.
I'll go where you want me to go dear Lord O - ver
moun-tain, or plain, or sea;.... I'll say what you want me to
say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.....

No. 80. Search Me, O God.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Search me, O God, search me and know my heart, Try me and
2. Thou art the same to - day and yes - ter - day, O make Thy
3. Give me the heart that naught can change nor chill, The love that
4. Take my poor heart and on - ly let me love The things that
prove me in the hid - den part; Cleanse me and make me ho - ly,
life in me the same al - way, Take from my heart the things that
loves unchang'd thro' good or ill, The joy that thro' all tri - als
al - ways shall a - bid - ing prove; Bind all my heart - strings to the
as Thou art, And lead me in the way ev - er - last - ing.
pass a - way; Lead, lead me in the way ev - er - last - ing.
tri-umphs still, And lead me in the way ev - er - last - ing.
world a - bove, And lead me in the way ev - er - last - ing.
CHORUS.
Lead me, lead me, lead me in the way ev - er - last - ing;
Sav - iour, lead me,
Lead me, Sav-iour,
Keep me from the things that with - er and de - cay; Give to me the things that
can - not pass a - way, And lead me in the way ev - er - last - ing.

5 Help me to lay my treasures up on high;
Teach me to seek my future in the sky;
Give me my portion yonder by and by,
And lead me in the way everlasting.

6 Oh, let my work abide the testing day
That shall consume the stubble and the hay;
Oh, build my house upon the rock, I pray,
And lead me in the way everlasting.

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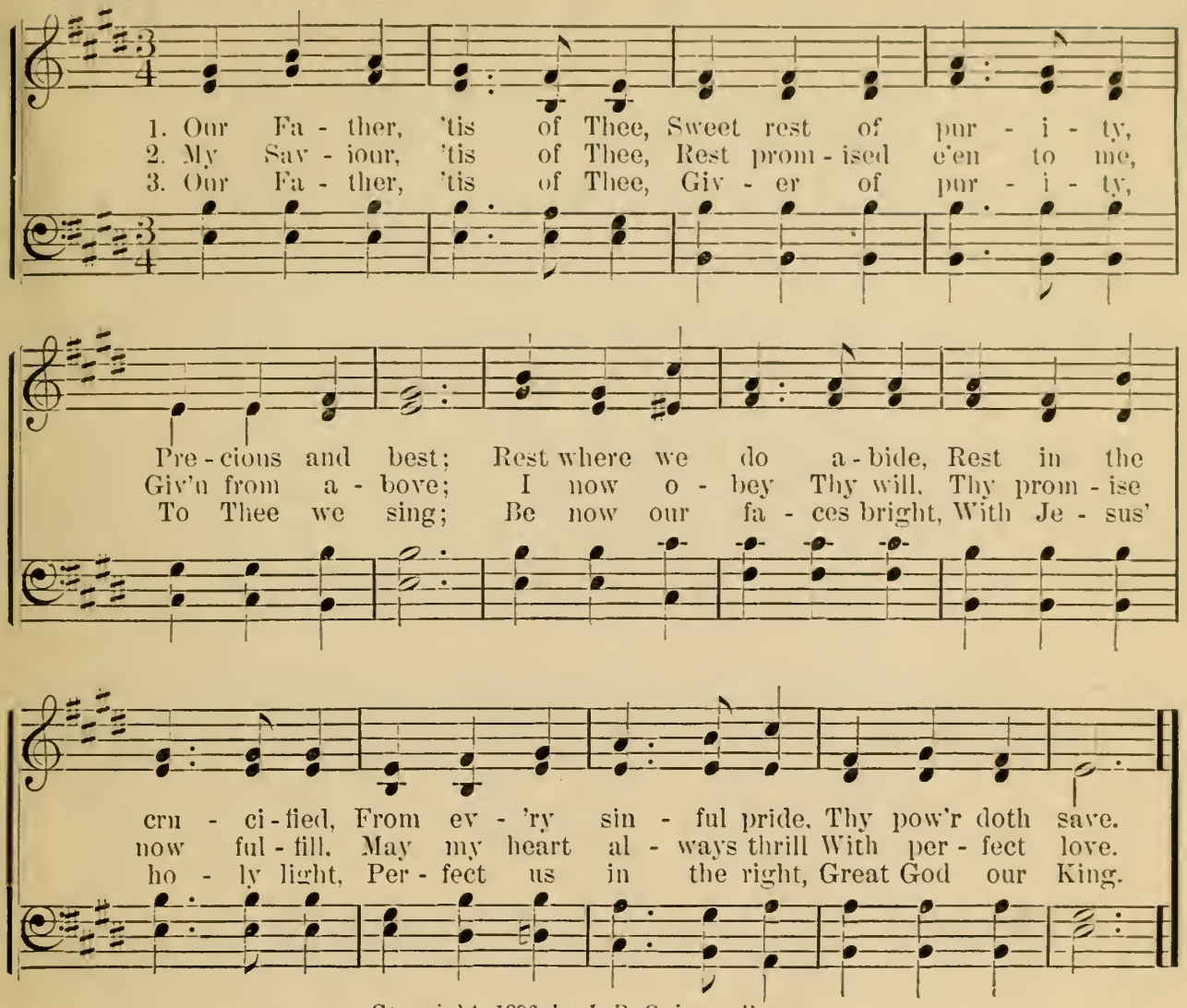
No. 81. Sweet Rest of Purity.

"There remaineth therefore a rest unto the people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.

J. B. Gunn. From S. F. Smith.


1. Our Fa - ther, 'tis of Thee, Sweet rest of pur - i - ty,
2. My Sav - iour, 'tis of Thee, Rest prom - ised e'en to me,
3. Our Fa - ther, 'tis of Thee, Giv - er of pur - i - ty,
Pre - cious and best; Rest where we do a - bide, Rest in the
Giv'n from a - bove; I now o - bey Thy will, Thy prom - ise
To Thee we sing; Be now our fa - ces bright, With Je - sus'
cru - ci - fied, From ev - 'ry sin - ful pride, Thy pow'r doth save.
now ful - fill. May my heart al - ways thrill With per - fect love.
ho - ly light, Per - fect us in the right, Great God our King.

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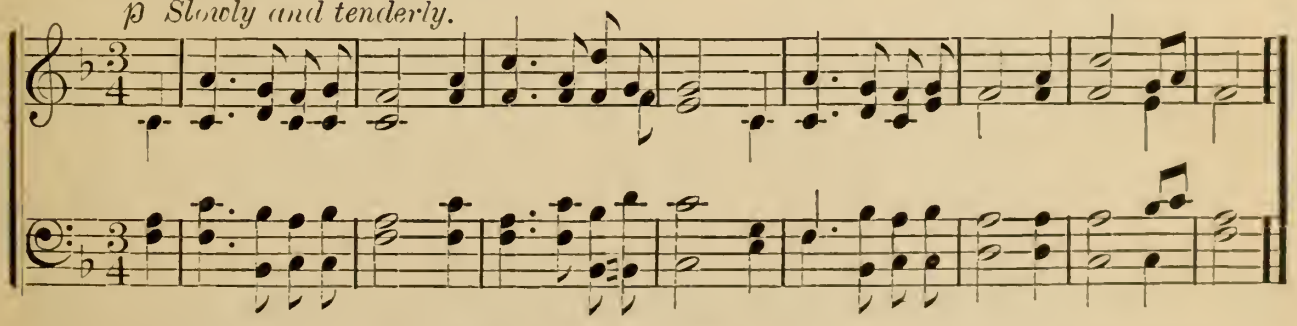
No. 82. I am Thine Own, O Christ!

Mrs. H. Bradley. Rev. A. A. Wright.

p Slowly and tenderly.



1 I am Thine own, O Christ;
Henceforth entirely Thine;
And life from this glad hour,
New life is mine.

2 No earthly joy can lure
My quiet soul from Thee;
This deep delight, so pure,
Is heaven to me.

3 My joyful song of praise
In sweet content I sing;
To Thee the note I raise,
My King! my King!

4 I cannot tell the art
By which such bliss is given;
I know Thou hast my heart,
And I—have heaven.

5 O peace,—O holy rest,
O balmy breath of love;
O heart, divinest, best,—
Thy depth I prove.

6 I ask this gift of Thee—
A life all lily-fair.
And fragrant as the place,
Where seraphs are.

No. 83. I Am Entering In.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. I have come with my guilt to the al - tar of blood, In the
2. In my blood sprink-led robes I can stand with - out dread, When the
3. I have passed thro' the vail to the sa - cred a - bode, Where His
cres - - -
la - ver of cleans-ing. I'm washed from my sin: And now, to the
lamps of the Lord o'er the Cher - u - bim shine; I'm feast - ing my
glo - ry, the Sav - iour re - veals to His own; And now in the
- - cen - - do.
in - ner-most pres-ence of God To the Ho - ly of Ho - lies, I am
soul on the heav-en - ly bread, I am breath-ing the o - dors of
in - ner-most pres-ence of God, I am dwell - ing for - ev - er, with
Chorus.
en - ter - ing in.
in - cense di - vine.
Je - sus a - lone.
I am en - ter - ing in, I am en - ter - ing
in, To the Ho - ly of Ho - lies, I am en - ter - ing in.

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No. 84. Dwelling in Canaan.

Rev. D. W. Myland. Jas. M. Kirk.

1. I was so wea - ry, sad and sore distressed, By un - be - lief and
ma - ny fears op-pressed; Yet longed to reach the "promised land of rest,"
2. Wait-ing, I heard the Spir - it sweet - ly say, Yield self, and all to
Christ thy Lord to - day; He'll cleanse and keep you in the ho - ly way,
3. I've yield - ed all un - to His bless - ed will, And He my wait - ing
heart just now doth fill; Now Je - sus comes to reign with - in my soul,
4. The Jordan's cross'd and I have en-tered in, The land of rest from
self and in - bred sin; Now in fair Ca - naan ev - er-more I sing,
Chorus.
O - ver in the promised land of Ca - naan. O - ver in the land,
Dwell-ing in the promised land of Ca - naan.
Dwell-ing in the promised land of Ca - naan. Dwell - ing in the land,
Dwell-ing in the promised land of Ca - naan.
1.
2.
o - ver in the land, O - ver in the promised land of Ca - naan; Ca - naan.
dwelling in the land, Dwelling in the promised land of Ca - naan; Ca - naan.

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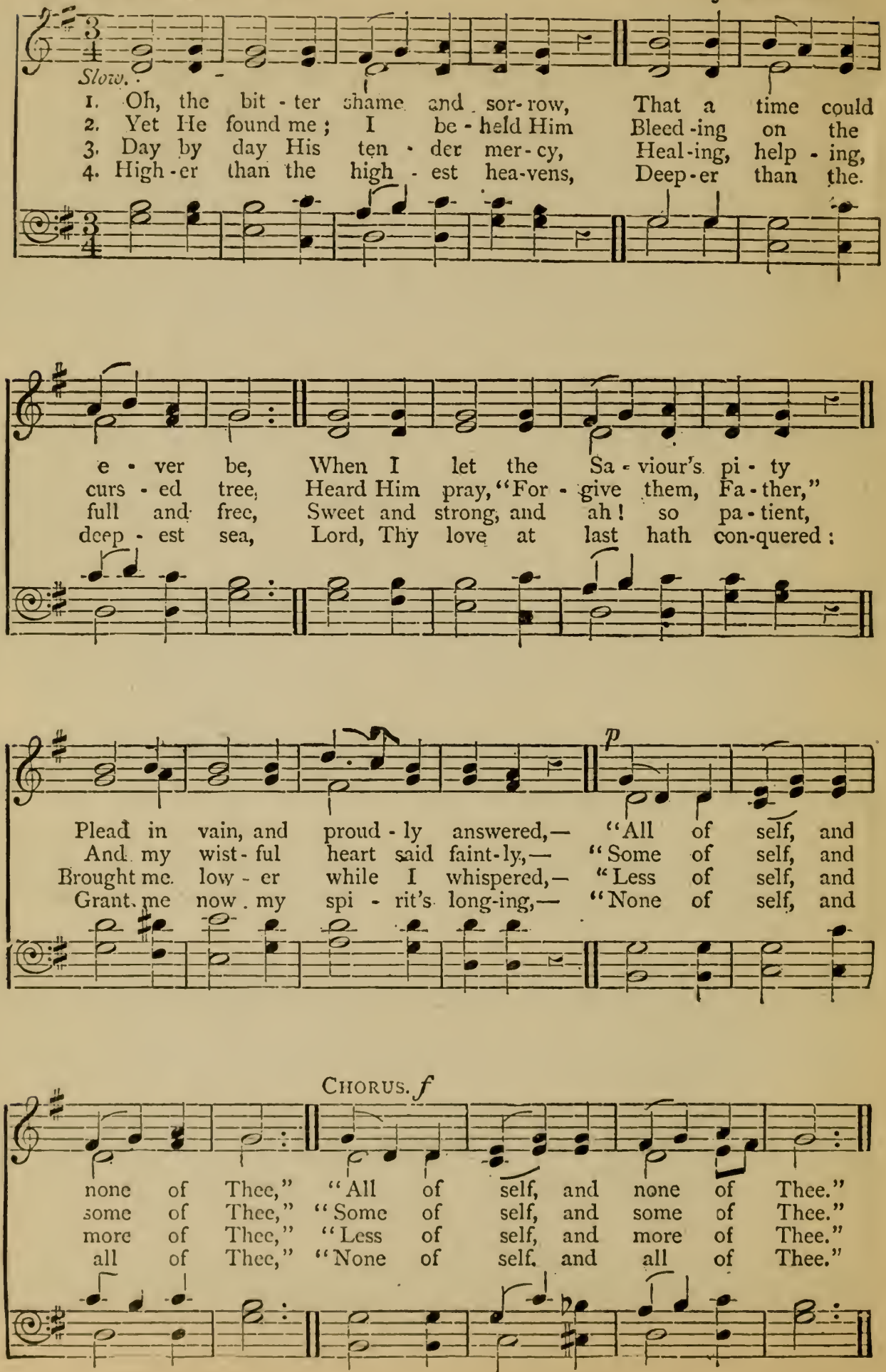
No. 85. None of Self and All of Thee.

PASTEUR THEOD. MONOD. J. MOUNTAIN.

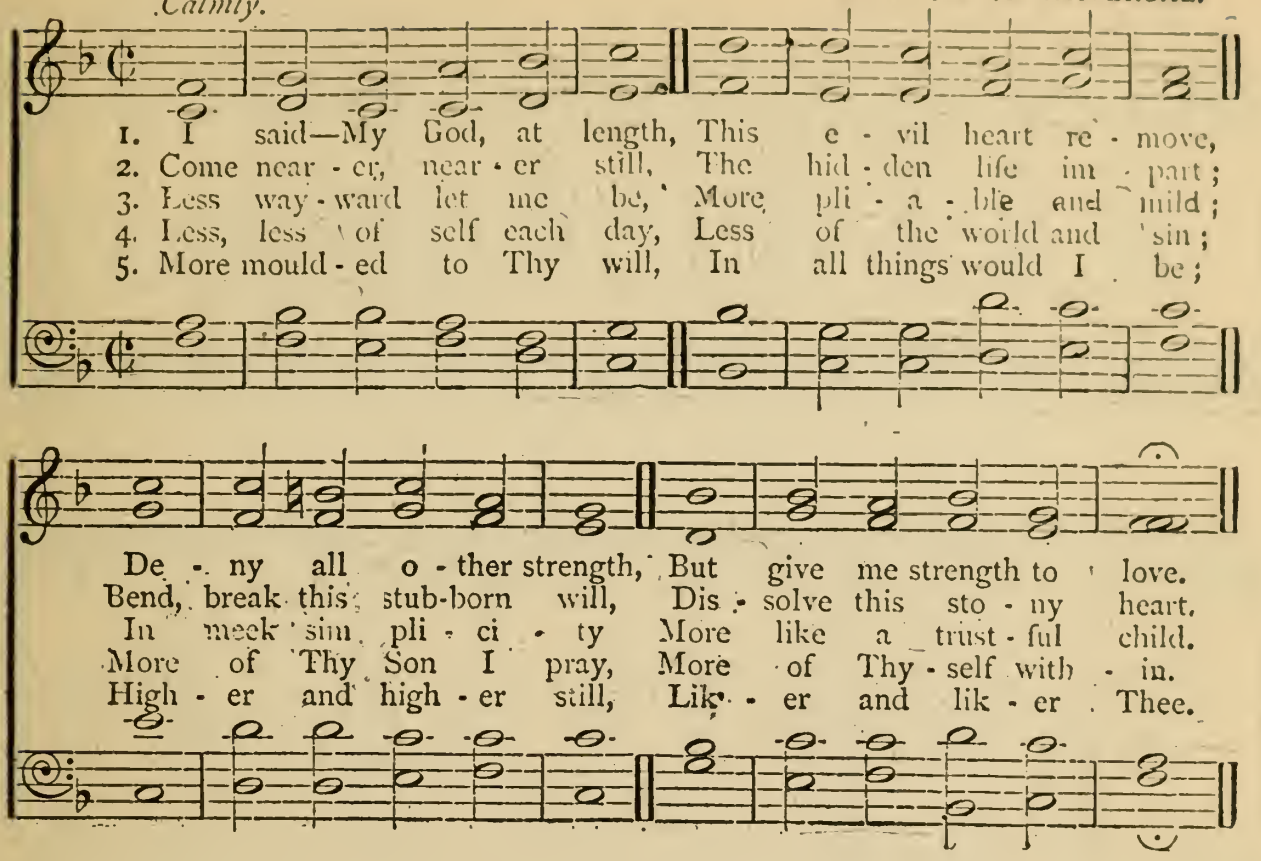

Slow.
1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could
2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed - ing on the
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing,
4. High - er than the high - est hea - vens, Deep - er than the
e - ver be, When I let the Sa - viour's pi - ty
curs - ed tree, Heard Him pray, "For - give them, Fa - ther,"
full and free, Sweet and strong, and ah! so pa - tient,
deep - est sea, Lord, Thy love at last hath con - quered:
Plead in vain, and proud - ly answered,— "All of self, and
And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly,— "Some of self, and
Brought me low - er while I whispered,— "Less of self, and
Grant me now my spi - rit's long - ing,— "None of self, and
p
CHORUS. f
none of Thee," "All of self, and none of Thee."
some of Thee," "Some of self, and some of Thee."
more of Thee," "Less of self, and more of Thee."
all of Thee," "None of self, and all of Thee."

No. 86. Give Me Strength.

DR. H. BONAR.

Calmly.

REV. CANON HAVERGAL.

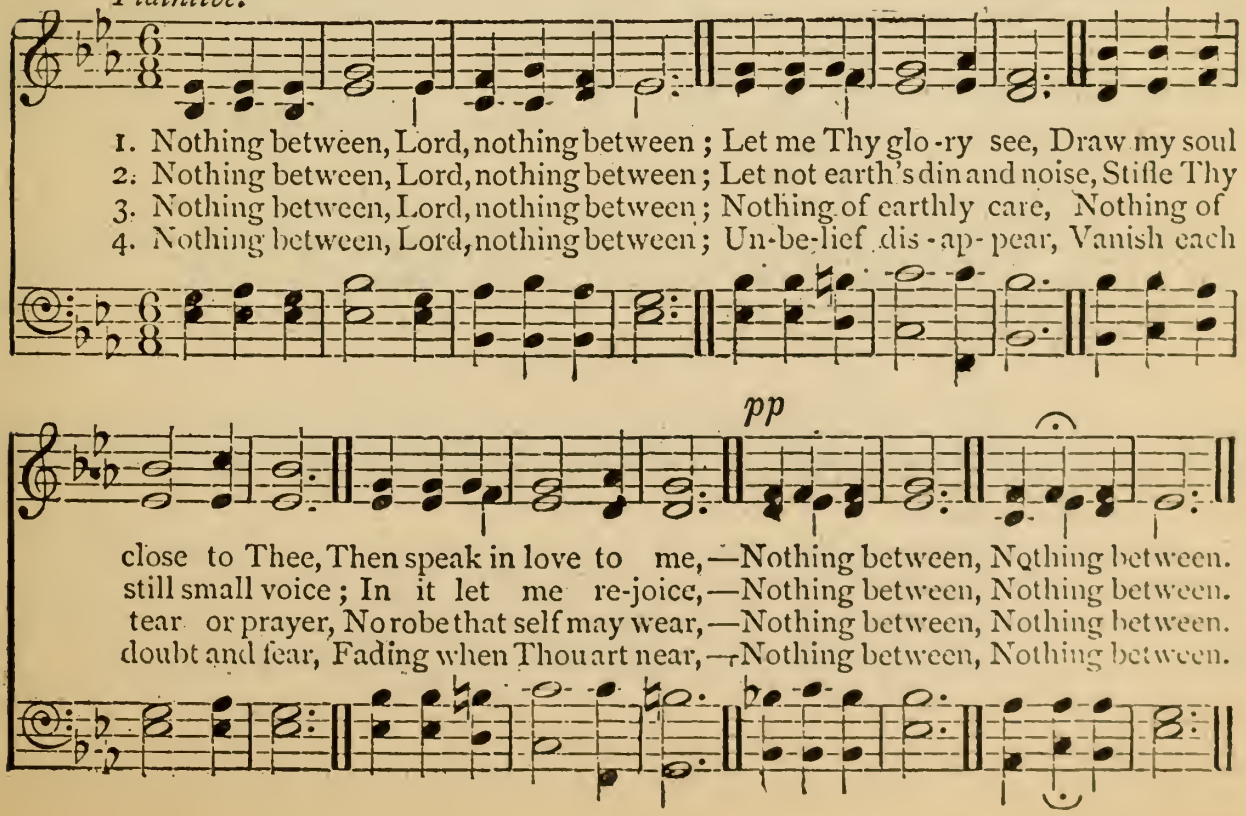

1. I said—My God, at length, This e - vil heart re - move,
2. Come near - er, near - er still, The hid - den life im - part;
3. Less way - ward let me be, More pli - a - ble and mild;
4. Less, less of self each day, Less of the world and sin;
5. More mould - ed to Thy will, In all things would I be;
De - ny all o - ther strength, But give me strength to love.
Bend, break this stub-born will, Dis - solve this sto - ny heart.
In meek sim pli - ci - ty More like a trust - ful child.
More of Thy Son I pray, More of Thy - self with - in.
High - er and high - er still, Lik - er and lik - er Thee.

No. 87. Nothing Between.

E. H. H.

Plaintive.

J. MOUNTAIN.


1. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between; Let me Thy glo - ry see, Draw my soul
2. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between; Let not earth's din and noise, Stifle Thy
3. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between; Nothing of earthly care, Nothing of
4. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between; Un-be-lief dis - ap - pear, Vanish each
pp
close to Thee, Then speak in love to me,—Nothing between, Nothing between.
still small voice; In it let me re-joice,—Nothing between, Nothing between.
tear or prayer, No robe that self may wear,—Nothing between, Nothing between.
doubt and fear, Fading when Thou art near,—Nothing between, Nothing between.

No. 88. Lie Low.

ANON.

Mel. MRS. D. M. KERR.
Arr. JAS. M. KIRK.

1. Lie low, O heart at Je - sus, feet, For then all bit - ter
2. Lie low, O heart at Je - sus, feet, Then thou canst ev - 'ry
3. Lie still, O heart, up - on His breast, And prove the peace of
4. Lie still, O heart, up - on His breast, For He can work if
things are sweet, Then thou canst know the heart of God, Canst
tem - pest meet, Canst hear His whis - pered, "Peace be still," And
ut - ter rest, Then un - be - lief will find no place, And
thou wilt rest, The jour - ney is too great for thee; Un -

CHORUS.

use the staff and kiss the rod.
love as well as learn His will.
fear die out be - fore His face.
- less the Lord thy shel - ter be.
Lie low, lie still, lie low,
oh heart, at Je - sus feet, For then all bit - ter things are sweet.

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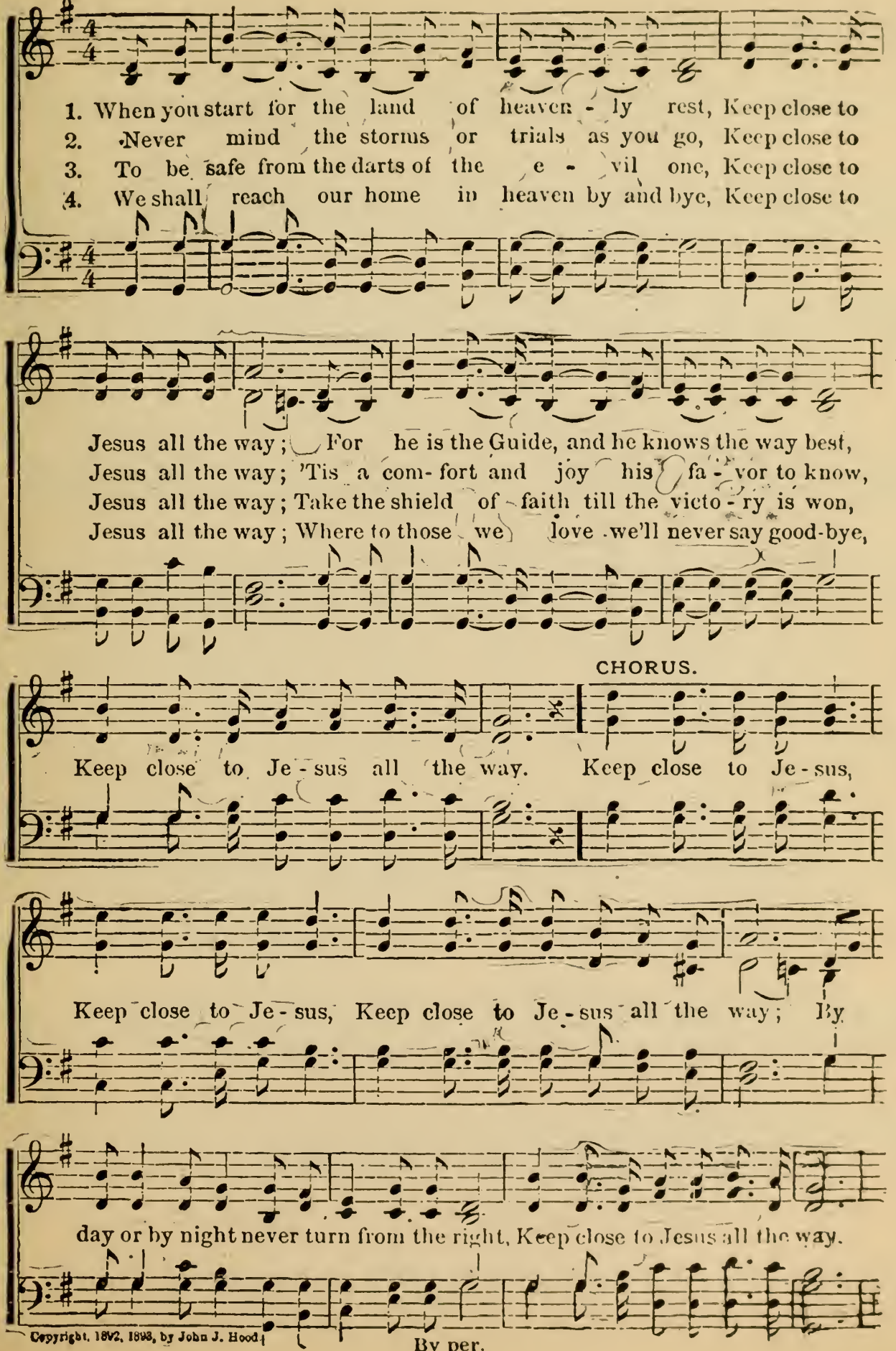
No. 89.

Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L.

JOHN LANE.


1. When you start for the land of heaven - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Never mind the storms or trials as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and bye, Keep close to
Jesus all the way; For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best,
Jesus all the way; 'Tis a com- fort and joy his fa - vor to know,
Jesus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the victo - ry is won,
Jesus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,
CHORUS.
Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,
Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By
day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

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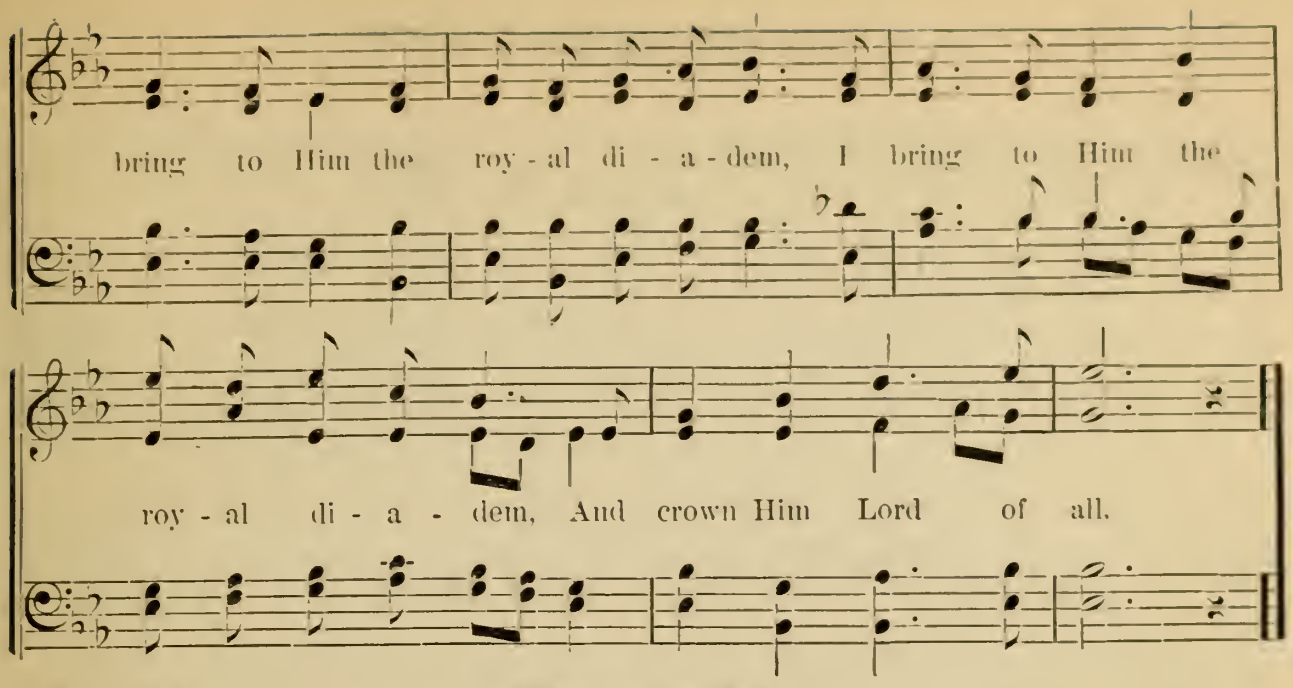
By per.

No. 90 Say, is it All For Jesus?

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

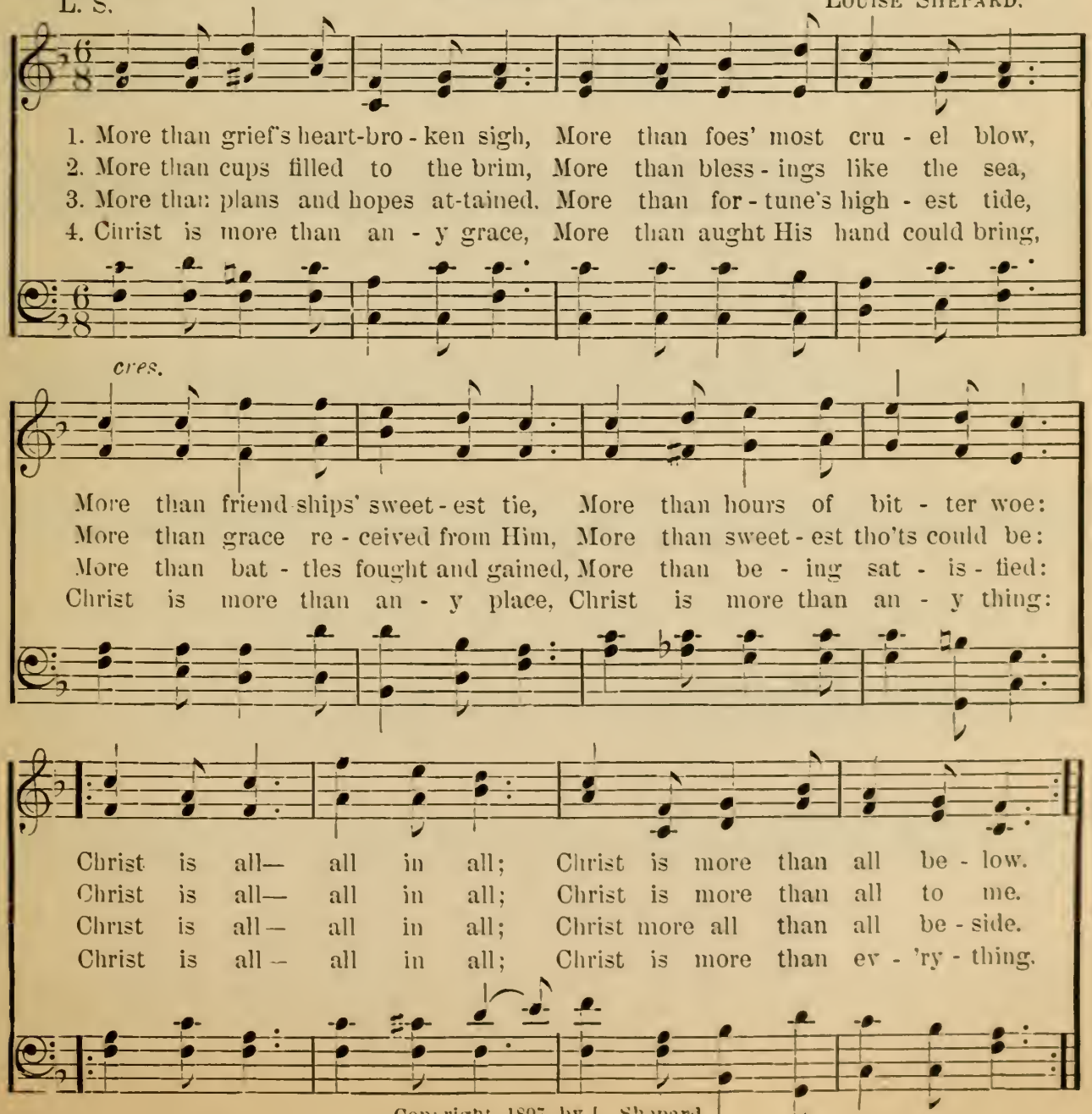
1. Say, is it all for Je - sus? As you so oft - en sing?
2. Has He your heart's af - fec - tions, Your be-ing's ransomed pow'rs?
3. Are you ab-sorbed in Je - sus, And dead to all be - side?
Is He your roy - al Mas - ter? Is He your heart's true King?
Your tho'ts and ways and do - ings, Your days and all your hours?
Is all your be - ing cen - tered, On Christ the Cru - ci - fied?
Is it a well learned les - son, Whose ac-cents light-ly fall? Or
Do you per-form His bid - ding? Do you run in His ways? Do
Is He your soul's Be - lov - ed, Your glo-rious King of Kings? Do
is it all for Je - sus? Is He your all in all?
you see Je - sus on - ly? Do you show forth His praise?
you be - hold His glo - ry, And rest be - neath His wings?
Chorus.
Yes, it is all for Je - sus, Low at His feet I fall; I

Copyrl, ht, 1897, by A. B. Simpson.



No. 91. Christ is All.

L. S. LOUISE SHEPARD.


1. More than grief's heart-bro - ken sigh, More than foes' most cru - el blow,
2. More than cups filled to the brim, More than bless - ings like the sea,
3. More than plans and hopes at-tained. More than for - tune's high - est tide,
4. Christ is more than an - y grace, More than aught His hand could bring,
cres.
More than friend ships' sweet - est tie, More than hours of bit - ter woe:
More than grace re - ceived from Him, More than sweet - est tho'ts could be:
More than bat - tles fought and gained, More than be - ing sat - is - fied:
Christ is more than an - y place, Christ is more than an - y thing:
Christ is all— all in all; Christ is more than all be - low.
Christ is all— all in all; Christ is more than all to me.
Christ is all— all in all; Christ more all than all be - side.
Christ is all— all in all; Christ is more than ev - 'ry - thing.

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No. 92. I have Given Myself Away.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. I have given my-self a-way to Je - sus, Who gave Him-self for me;
2. I have given my-self a-way to Je - sus, And I am all His own;
3. I have given my-self a-way to Je - sus, And oh, the rest it brings;
I am His to do whate'er He bids me, To be what He wants me to be;
There is no re-serve in my sur-ren - der, There's naught that I count as my own;
I am free from ev - 'ry anx-ious wor - ry A-bout all the less - er things;
'Twas so ea - sy to make a full surren - der, Because I.... love Him so;
I have given to Him my heart's affec-tions, And all my be-ing's powers,
He has ta - ken my life in-to His keeping, He has giv-en Himself to me;
'Tis so sweet to do whate'er He bids me, To go where He wants me to go.
For my life is laid up-on the al - tar, My tal-ents, my means and my hours.
He is liv - ing for me o - ver yon - der, And I should be liv - ing as He.
CHORUS.
Won't you give..... your-self to Je - - - - sus, Who
Won't you give, give your-self to Him,

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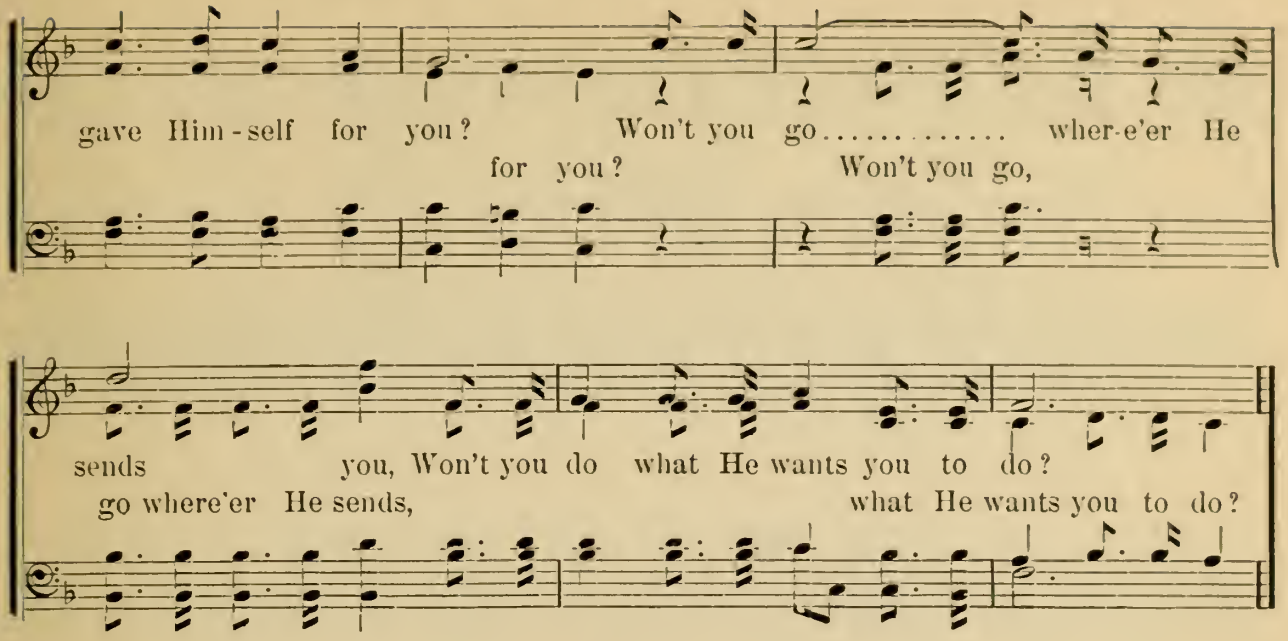
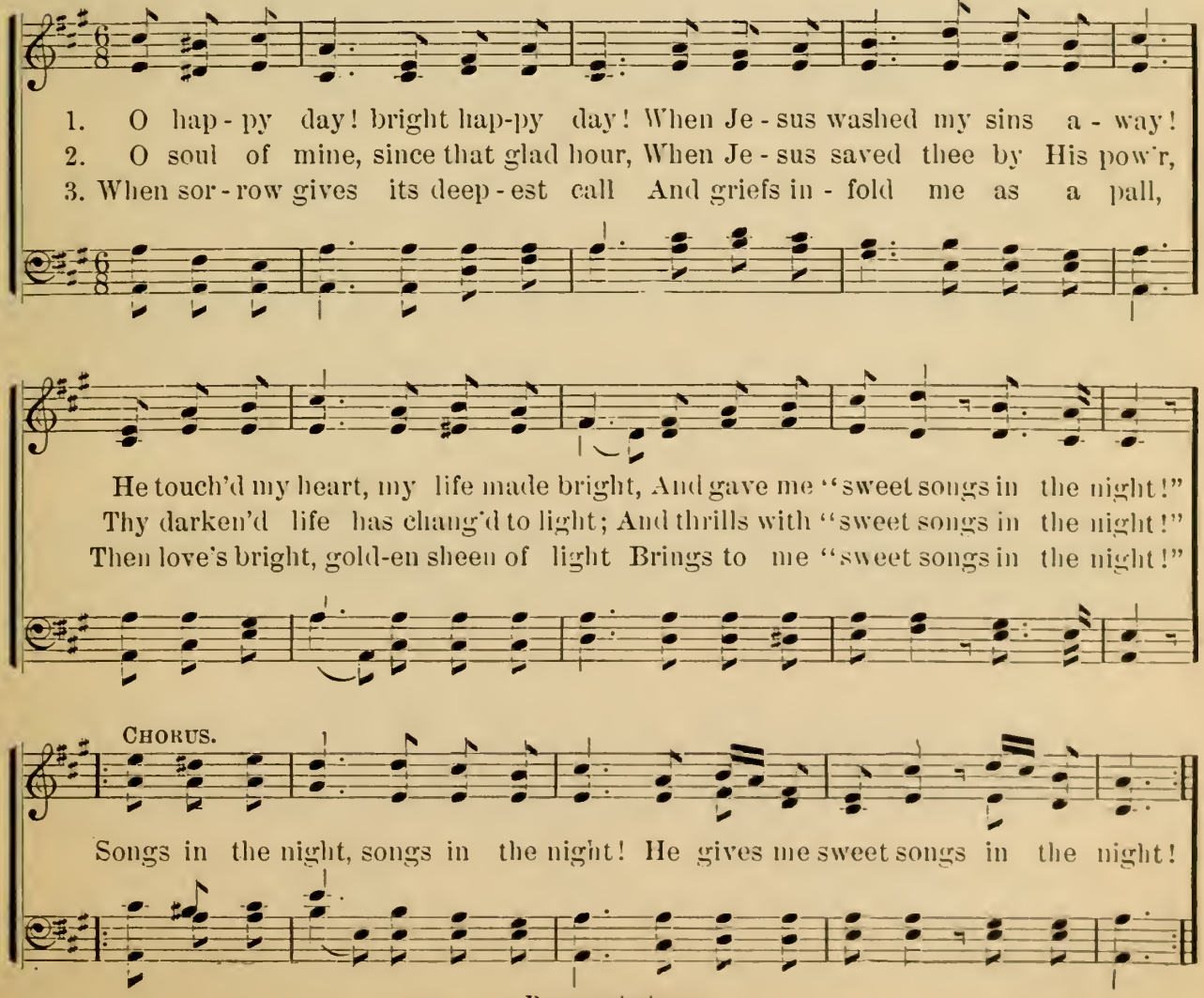
I have Given Myself Away. Concluded.


gave Him-self for you? Won't you go..... wher-e'er He
for you? Won't you go,
sends you, Won't you do what He wants you to do?
go where'er He sends, what He wants you to do?

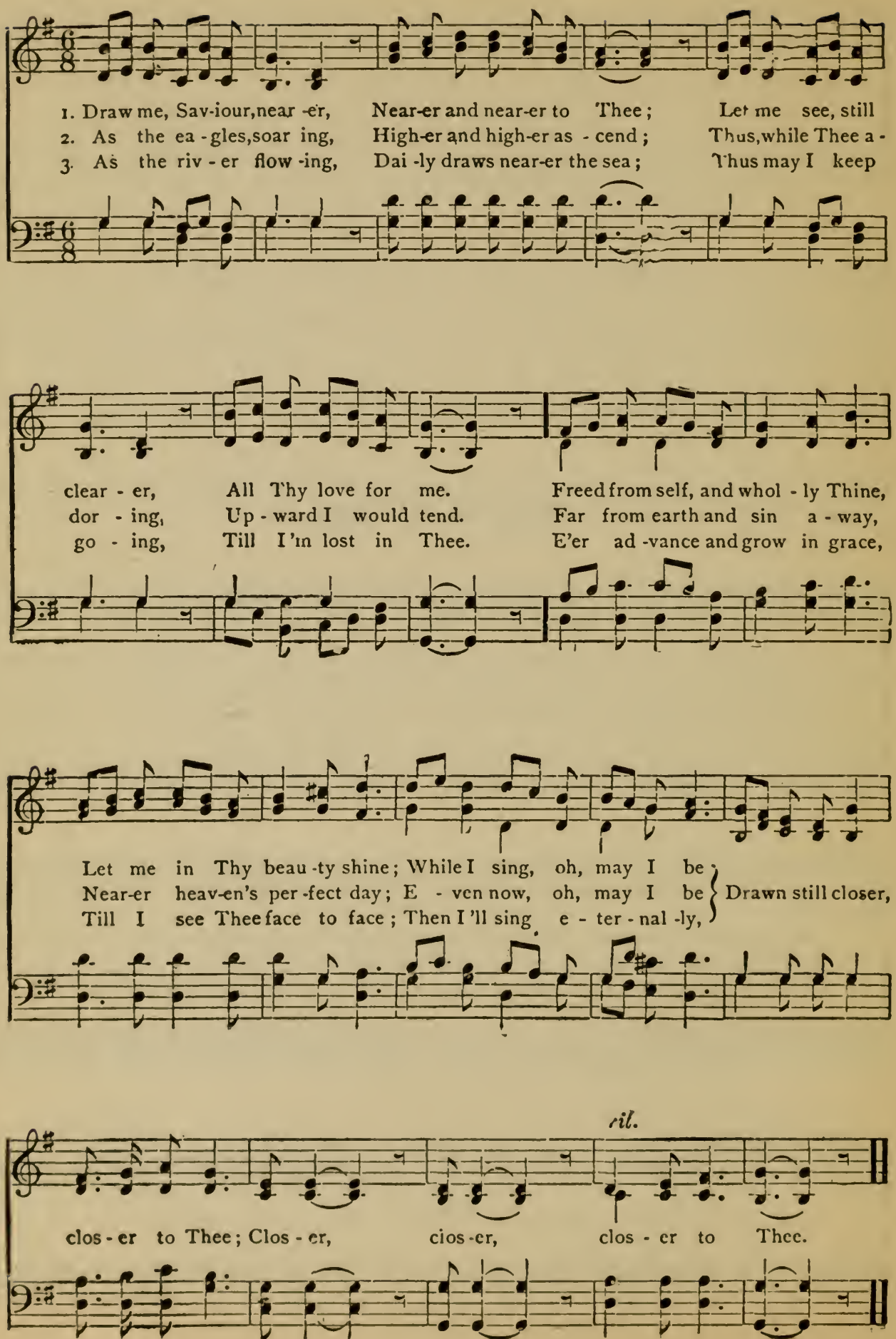
No. 93. Songs in the Night.

J. O. H. J. O. Hillyer.


1. O hap-py day! bright hap-py day! When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!
2. O soul of mine, since that glad hour, When Je-sus saved thee by His pow'r,
3. When sor-row gives its deep-est call And griefs in-fold me as a pall,
He touch'd my heart, my life made bright, And gave me "sweet songs in the night!"
Thy darken'd life has chang'd to light; And thrills with "sweet songs in the night!"
Then love's bright, gold-en sheen of light Brings to me "sweet songs in the night!"
Chorus.
Songs in the night, songs in the night! He gives me sweet songs in the night!

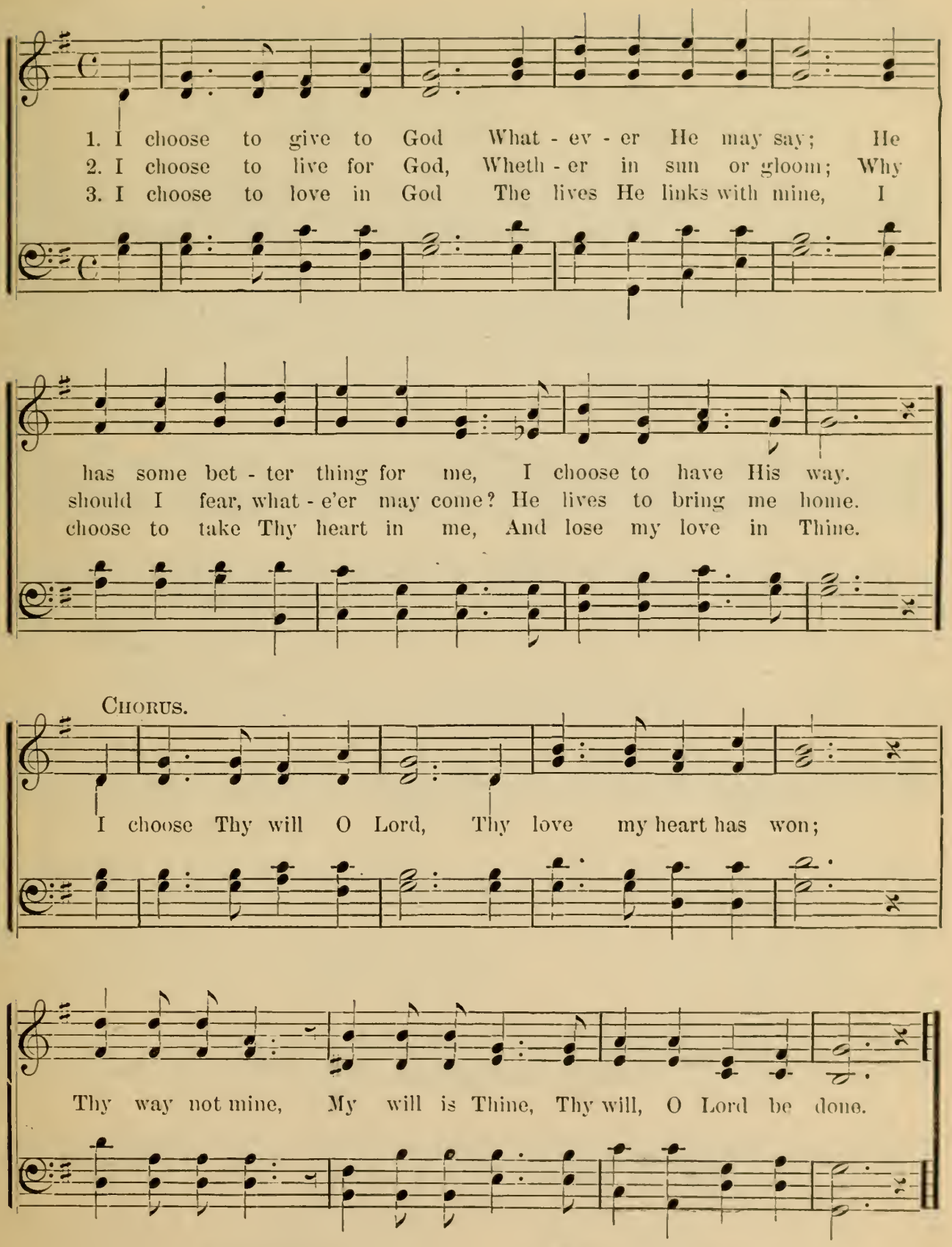
By permission.

No. 94. Draw Me, Saviour.


1. Draw me, Sav-iour, near -er, Near-er and near-er to Thee; Let me see, still
2. As the ea -gles, soar ing, High-er and high-er as - cend; Thus, while Thee a -
3. As the riv - er flow -ing, Dai -ly draws near-er the sea; Thus may I keep
clear - er, All Thy love for me. Freed from self, and whol - ly Thine,
dor - ing, Up - ward I would tend. Far from earth and sin a - way,
go - ing, Till I'm lost in Thee. E'er ad -vance and grow in grace,
Let me in Thy beau -ty shine; While I sing, oh, may I be -
Near-er heav-en's per -fect day; E - ven now, oh, may I be
Till I see Thee face to face; Then I'll sing e - ter - nal -ly,
Drawn still closer,
ril.
clos - er to Thee; Clos - er, clos -er, clos - er to Thee.

No. 95. My Choice.

L. S. LOUISE SHEPARD.


1. I choose to give to God What - ev - er He may say; He
has some bet - ter thing for me, I choose to have His way.
2. I choose to live for God, Wheth - er in sun or gloom; Why
should I fear, what - e'er may come? He lives to bring me home.
3. I choose to love in God The lives He links with mine, I
choose to take Thy heart in me, And lose my love in Thine.
CHORUS.
I choose Thy will O Lord, Thy love my heart has won;
Thy way not mine, My will is Thine, Thy will, O Lord be done.

4 I choose to work for God;
Doing each little thing
As unto Him, while evermore
I hear His answer ring;

5 "Well done, beloved child;
Choosing My will for thine;
I choose to come and work in Thee
And count thy interest Mine."

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No. 96. O Lamb of God.

M. A. MAY AGNEW.

1. I've giv - en all ..... I have to Je - - sus, I could not
2. He sought me when..... I wan-dered blind - - ly In paths of
3. Oh, hap - py choice! ..... O bless - ed Sav - - iour, What gladness
dare ..... to say Him nay ..... Between my heart..... and earth's fair
world - - li - ness and pride, ... He won me by..... His matchless
fills ..... my heart to - day,..... Thy love and grace ..... outpoured up -
vis - - ion I see His cross..... and hear Him say,.....
beau - - ty, This wondrous Je - - sus cru - ci - fied .....
- on me Is more than heart..... or lips can say,.....
"For thee I suf - - fered pain and sor - - row, For thee I
And as I list - - ened to His sto - - ry Of tears and
There's peace in dark - - est storm or sor - - row, And joy com -
died ..... in ag - o - ny."..... No pow'r on earth..... can woo me
shame ... and ag - o - ny ..... I turn'd me from ..... the world for
- plete; ... Thy love so free .... Has charm'd my soul; ..... 'tis mine for -

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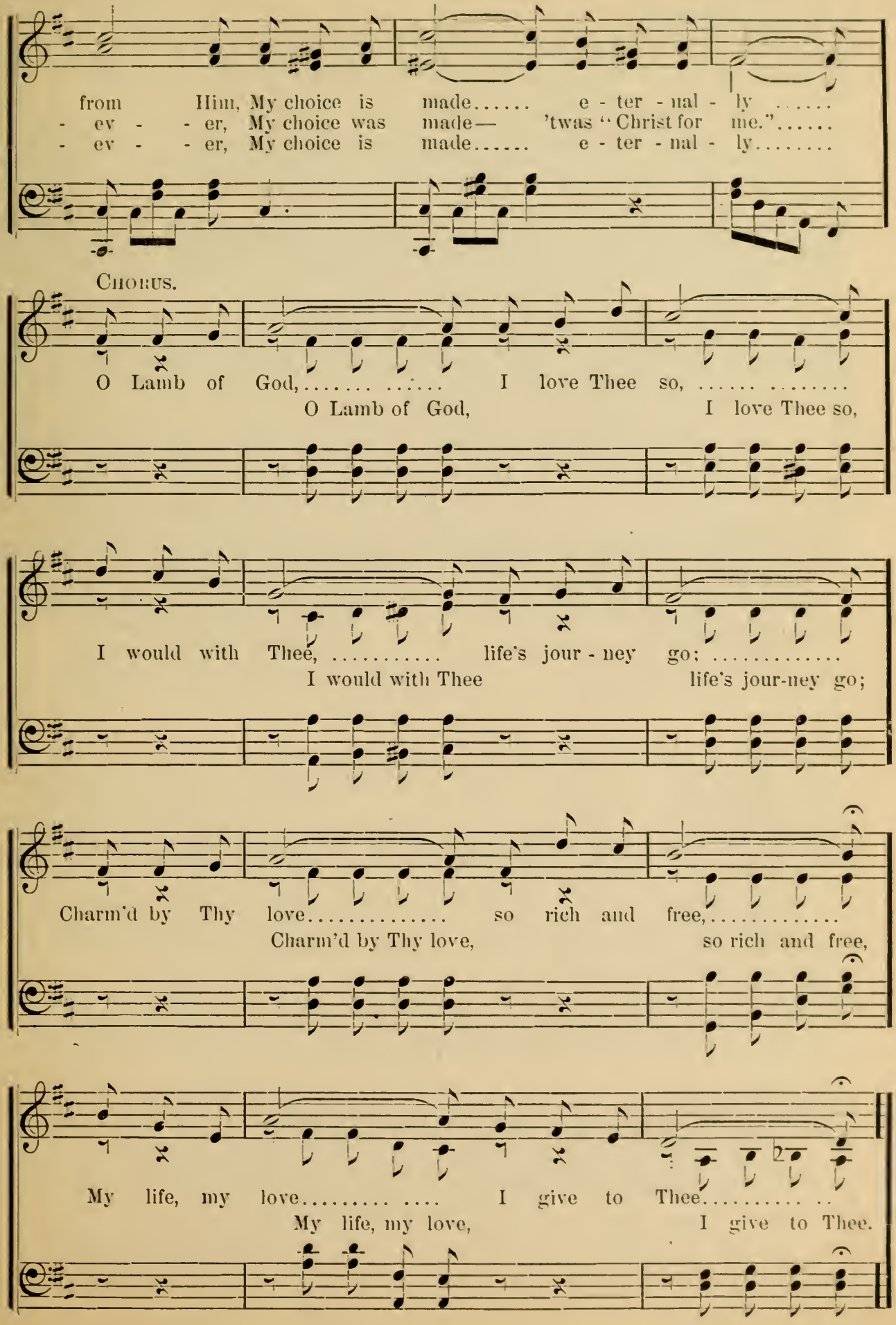
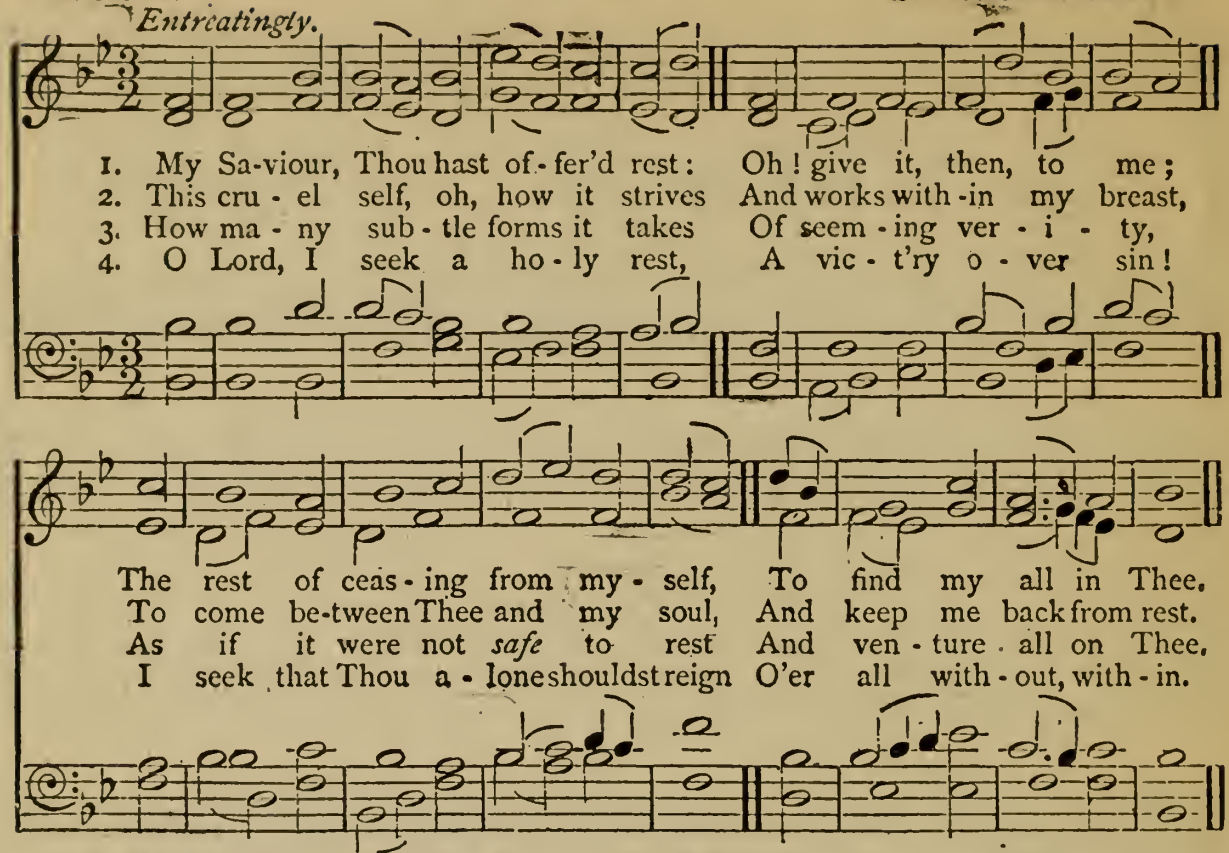
O Lamb of God. Concluded.


from Him, My choice is made..... e - ter - nal - ly .....
- ev - - er, My choice was made— 'twas "Christ for me."....
- ev - - er, My choice is made..... e - ter - nal - ly.....
Chorus.
O Lamb of God,..... I love Thee so, ...
O Lamb of God, I love Thee so,
I would with Thee, ... life's jour - ney go; .....
I would with Thee life's jour-ney go;
Charm'd by Thy love..... so rich and free,.....
Charm'd by Thy love, so rich and free,
My life, my love..... I give to Thee.....
My life, my love, I give to Thee.

No. 97. O, Give Me Rest from Self.

E. H. H. SIR GEORGE SMART.

Entreatingly.


1. My Sa-viour, Thou hast of-fer'd rest: Oh! give it, then, to me;
2. This cru-el self, oh, how it strives And works with-in my breast,
3. How ma-ny sub-tle forms it takes Of seem-ing ver-i-ty,
4. O Lord, I seek a ho-ly rest, A vic-t'ry o-ver sin!
The rest of ceas-ing from my-self, To find my all in Thee.
To come be-tween Thee and my soul, And keep me back from rest.
As if it were not *safe* to rest And ven-ture all on Thee.
I seek that Thou a-lone shouldst reign O'er all with-out, with-in.

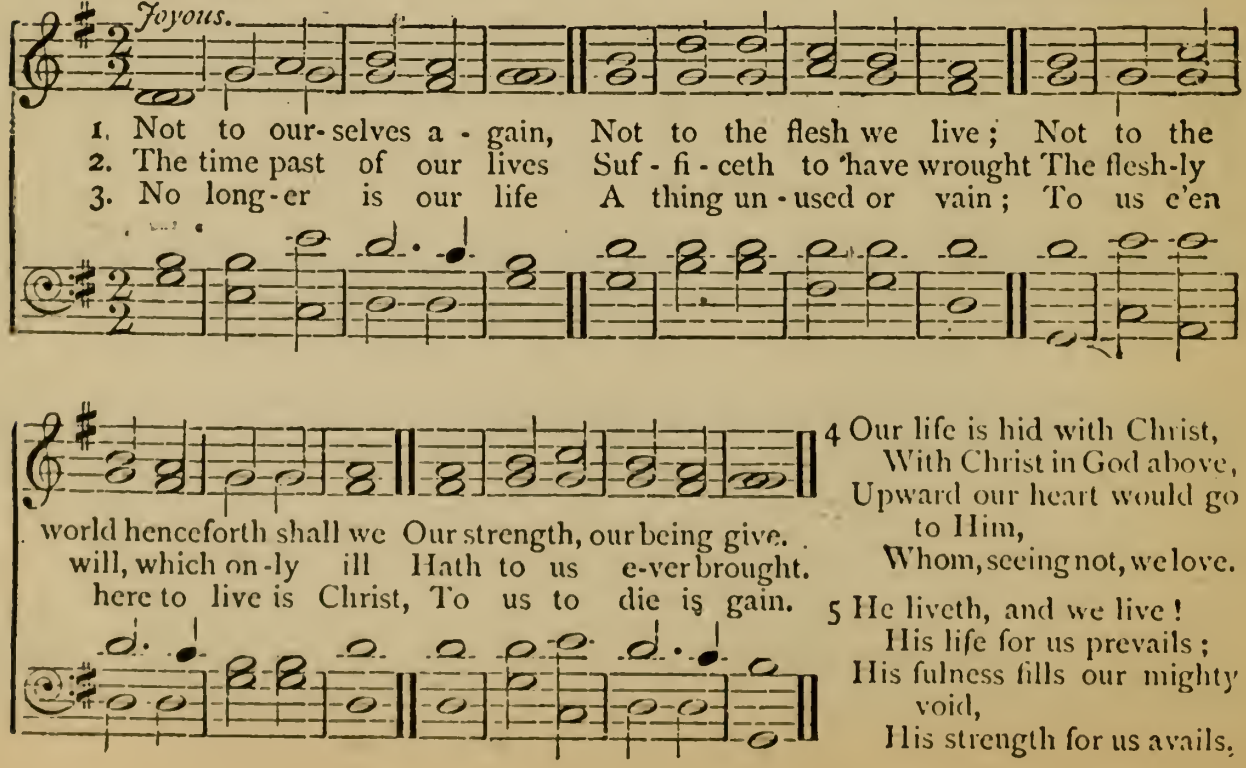
5 In Thy strong hand I lay me down,
So shall the work be done:
For who can work so wondrously
As the Almighty One?

6 Work on, then, Lord, till on my soul
Eternal light shall break,
And, in Thy likeness perfected,
I "satisfied" shall wake.

No. 98. Not to Ourselves We Live.

DR. H. BONAR. PETER ABELARD.

Joyous.

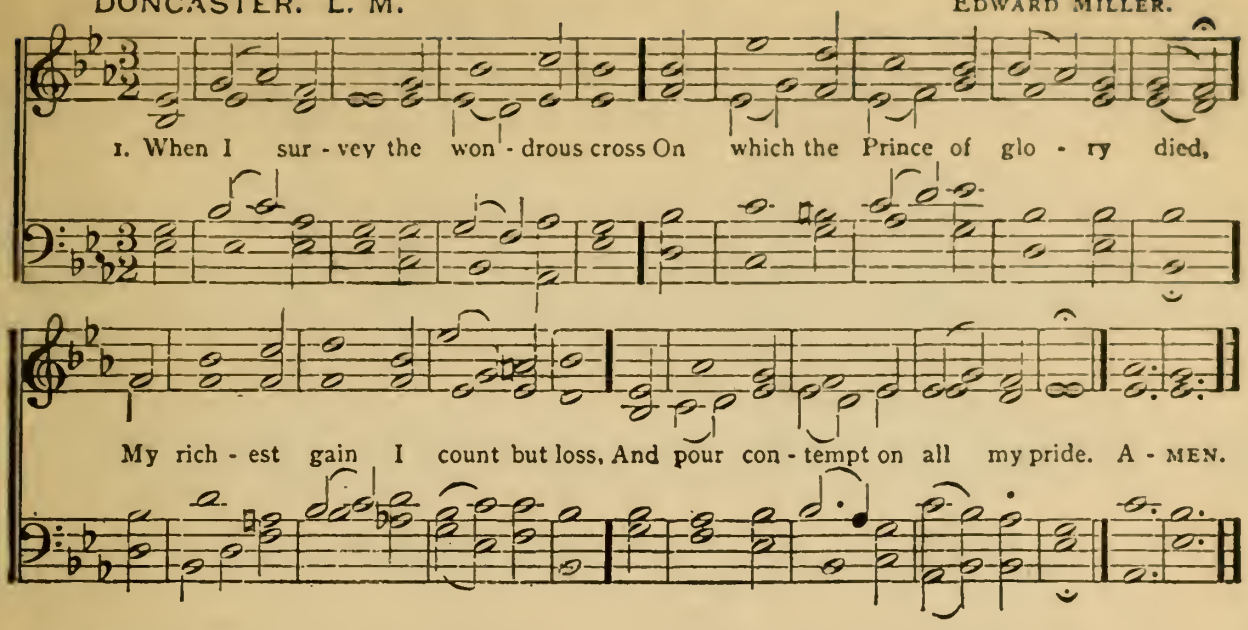

1. Not to our-selves a-gain, Not to the flesh we live; Not to the
2. The time past of our lives Suf-fi-ceth to have wrought The flesh-ly
3. No long-er is our life A thing un-used or vain; To us e'en
world henceforth shall we Our strength, our being give.
will, which on-ly ill Hath to us e-ver brought.
here to live is Christ, To us to die is gain.

4 Our life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above,
Upward our heart would go to Him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.

5 He liveth, and we live!
His life for us prevails;
His fulness fills our mighty void,
His strength for us avails.

No. 99. When I Survey.

DONCASTER. L. M. EDWARD MILLER.


1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride. A - MEN.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood,

3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

No. 100. Stand Up.

L. M.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the Gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy, [gone.
Where thy great Captain Saviour's

What though thine inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.
And glittering robes for conquerors

There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

ISAAC WATTS, AB., 1709.

No. 101. Never Further.

7s.

Never further than Thy cross;
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Gazing thus our sins we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus—
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

Till amid the Hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

MRS. CHARLES.

No. 102. I Seek Not to Follow.

MAY AGNEW. Arr. by MAY AGNEW.

1. I seek not to fol - low the ways of the world, I
2. Thro' all the chang - ing scenes of life, Thro'
crave no lon - ger its joys to be - hold, Since Christ my Sav - iour has
dark - est hours and bit - ter - est strife, My Sav - iour near me His
giv - en to me, His own full sal - va - tion so per - fect and free; No
watch doth keep; He car - ries me thro' when the wa - ters are deep, How
long - er a slave, I'm a child of the King, With glad - ness of
could I for - get Him or turn a - way? He's the joy of my
heart I praise Him and sing, No long - er doubt - ing His
life, and the Sun of my day, With - out His Spir - it how

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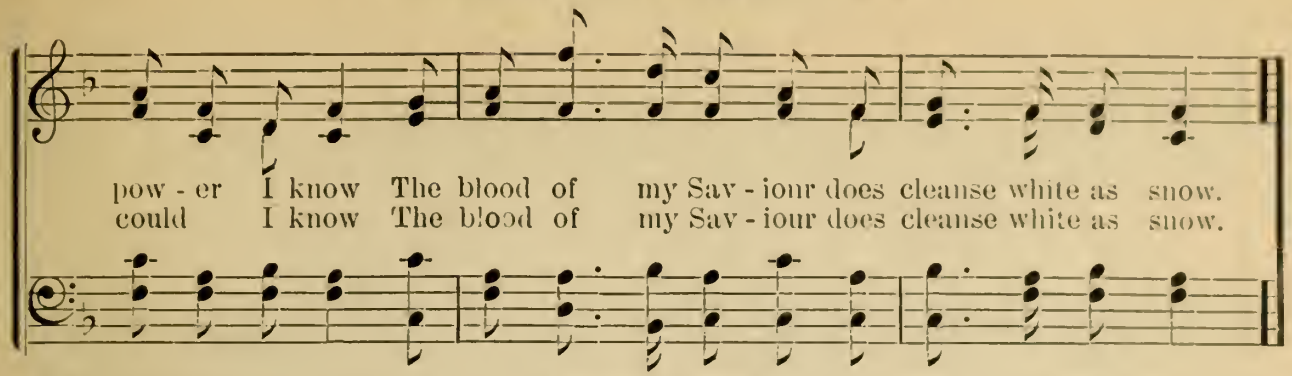
I Seek Not to Follow. Concluded.


pow - er I know The blood of my Sav - iour does cleanse white as snow.
could I know The blood of my Sav - iour does cleanse white as snow.

3 When fiercely the tempter my spirit assails,
And over me darkly life's waters roll;
His presence sweetly assures me of rest,
And sorrow is banished. His love fills my soul.

Sweet haven of refuge, for earth's weary ones,
To Thee for my souls needs, unfailing I go,
And herald with gladness the mercy I know,
"The blood of my Saviour does cleanse white as snow.

No. 103. O Lord in Me Thy Mighty Power Exert.

ANNA SIMPSON.

1. O Lord, in me Thy might-y pow'r ex - ert, En - light - en,
2. I want to bring poor sin - ners to Thy throne, I want to
3. I want a meek, a gen - tle, qui - et frame, A heart that
4. I want to do what - ev - er God re - quires; I want my
com - fort, sanc - ti - fy my heart; Sweet - en my tem - per,
love and hon - or Christ a - lone; I want to feel the
glows with love to Je - sus' name; I want a liv - ing
heart to burn with pure de - sires: I want to be what
and sub-due my will, Make me like Je-sus—with Thy Spir - it fill.
Spir-it's in-ward pow'r, And stand prepared for death's e - vent - ful hour.
sac - ri - fice to be To Him who died a sac - ri - fice for me.
Christ my Lord com-mands, And leave my-self, my all, in His blest hands.

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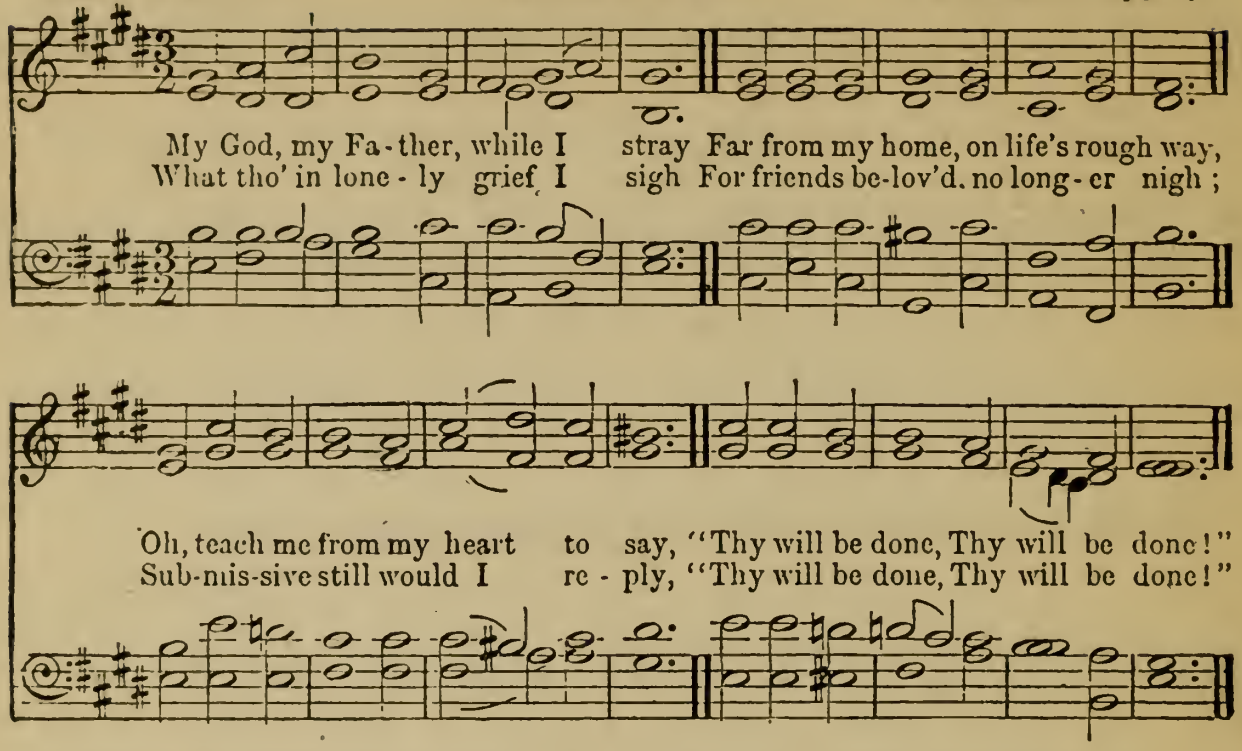
No. 104. "Thy will Be Done."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (ERDINGTON. S.S.S.4.) A. E. GRIFFITHS (*by per.*).


My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,
What tho' in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends be-lov'd, no long-er nigh;
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done!"
Sub-mis-sive still would I re-ply, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done!"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
"Thy will be done!"

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

No. 105.

11s & 10s.

"Let us go forth!" a leave the world behind us, [way;
And meet the perils of the pilgrim
Where Jesus walked let mocking scoffers find us, [us stay.
Still hastening onward, as they bid

"Let us go forth!" and tell the same sweet story, [became;
How Christ for us a helpless babe
Point to the dying Lamb, the Lord of glory, [Jesus' name.
Strong in the might that lives in

"Let us go forth!" The pilgrim and the stranger [must tread;
Owns not the earth his weary foot
God's sinless Son, once pillowed in the manger, [head.
Had not below whereon to rest his

"Let us go forth!" Where Jesus walked before us, [ing breath;
Unmoved by praise or censure's fleet-
God's eye of love is fondly watching o'er us, [neath.
The arms eternal stretching under-

No. 106.

7s & 6s.

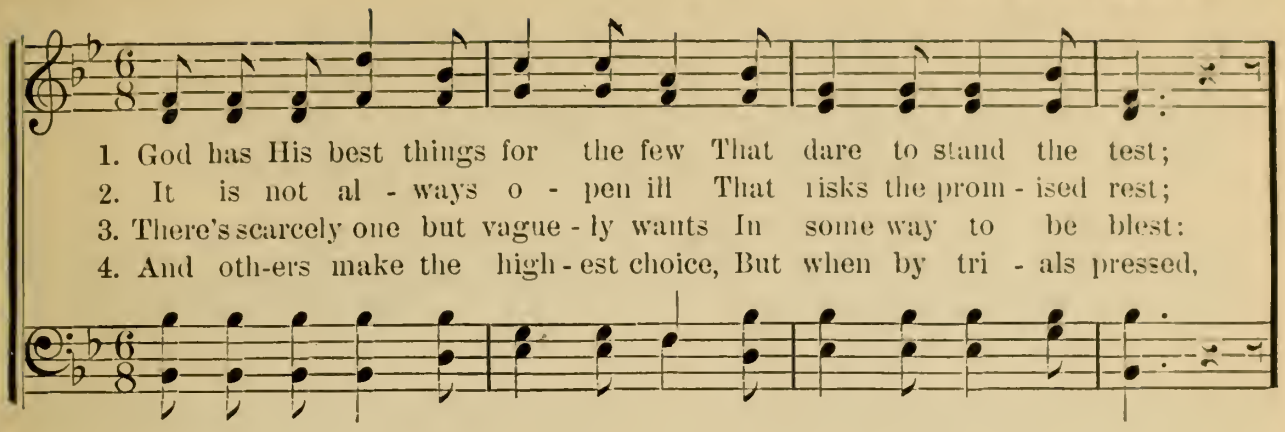
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

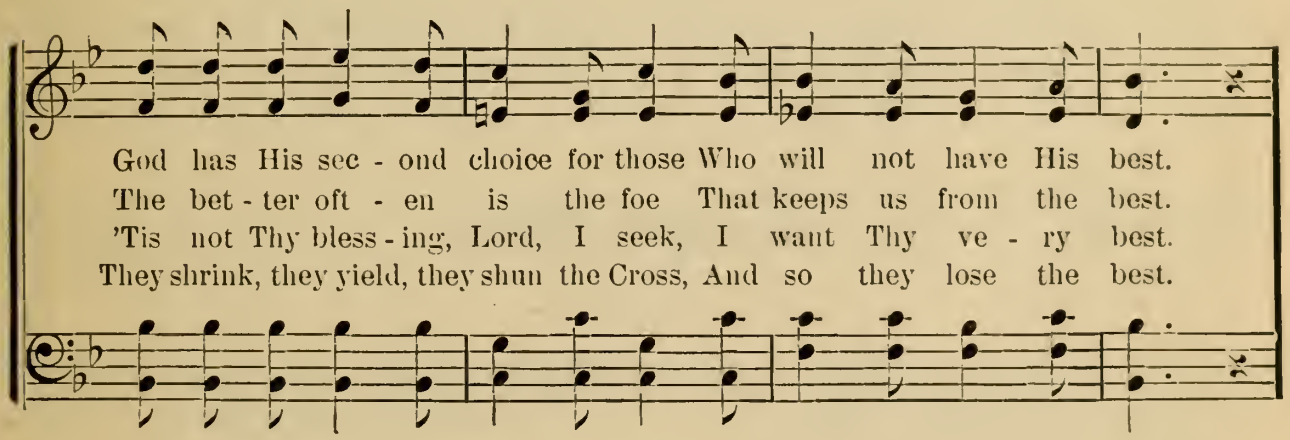
Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

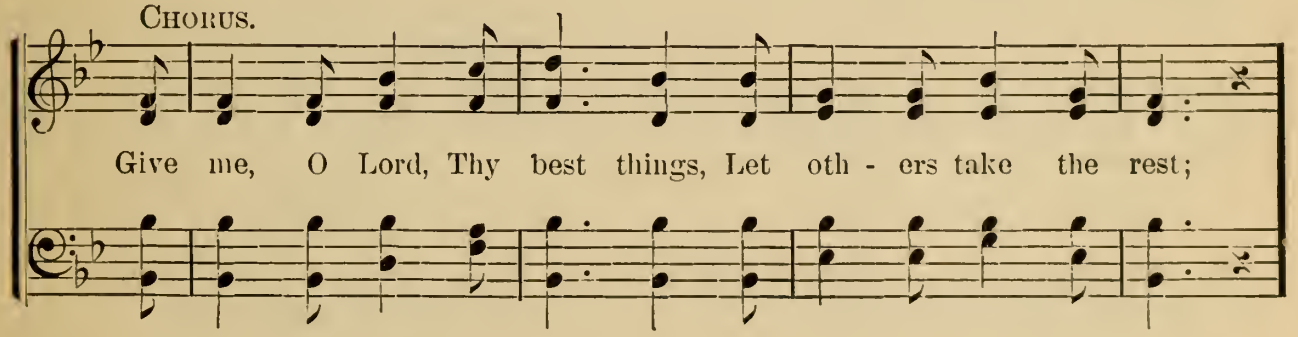
ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742.

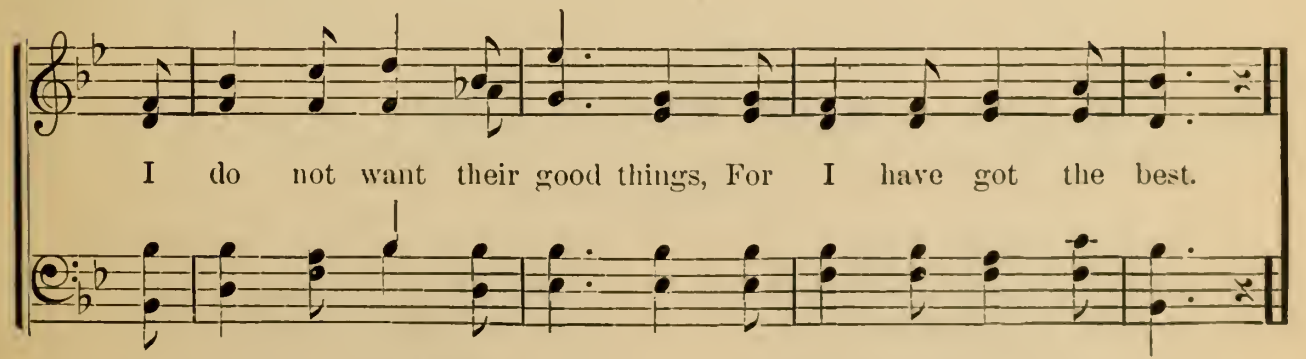
No. 107. God's Best.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. God has His best things for the few That dare to stand the test;
2. It is not al - ways o - pen ill That risks the prom - ised rest;
3. There's scarcely one but vague - ly wants In some way to be blest:
4. And oth-ers make the high - est choice, But when by tri - als pressed,


God has His sec - ond choice for those Who will not have His best.
The bet - ter oft - en is the foe That keeps us from the best.
'Tis not Thy bless - ing, Lord, I seek, I want Thy ve - ry best.
They shrink, they yield, they shun the Cross, And so they lose the best.





5 I want, in this short life of mine,
As much as can be pressed,
Of service true for God and man;
Help me to be my best.

6 I want, among the victor throng,
To have my name confessed;
And hear my Master say at last,
"Well done, you did your best."

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No. 108. There is a Name I Love to Hear.

C. M.

There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile,
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this 'little while,"
Through desert, waste and wild.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust and not to fear.

Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thory road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

REV. F. WHITFIELD.

No. 109. O, Jesus Christ.

C. M.

O, Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.

Each day, let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light;
Thy life my death efface.

In Thy bright beams, which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
O, make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy name.

Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move;
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

REV. J. C. LAVATER

No. 110. In the Cross of Christ.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

No. 111. Trust and Rest.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Trust and rest in Christ for-ev-er, Lean Thy head up-on His breast;
2. Trust and rest for full sal-va-tion, Till the land is all possessed,
3. Trust and rest in Christ for heal-ing, You who are with pain oppressed;
Noth-ing from His love can sev-er Those who ful-ly trust and rest.
God will seal your con-se-cra-tion As you simp-ly trust and rest.
Do not wait for sign or feel-ing, Claim His prom-ise, trust and rest.
Chorus.
Trust and rest, trust and rest, Lean thy head up-on His breast, God is working
rit.
for the best; O, how hap-py, O, how blest, They who ful-ly trust and rest.

4 Trust and rest in hours of sorrow
Every wrong shall be redressed
In some happy bright to-morrow;
If you only trust and rest.

5 Trust and rest when all around thee
Puts thy faith to sorest test;
Let no fear or foe confound thee,
Wait for God and trust and rest.

6 Trust and rest with heart abiding,
Like a birdling in its nest,
Underneath His feathers hiding,
Fold thy wings and trust and rest.

7 Trust and rest till gentle fingers
Fold thy hands across thy breast,
While the echo softly lingers
Everlasting trust and rest.

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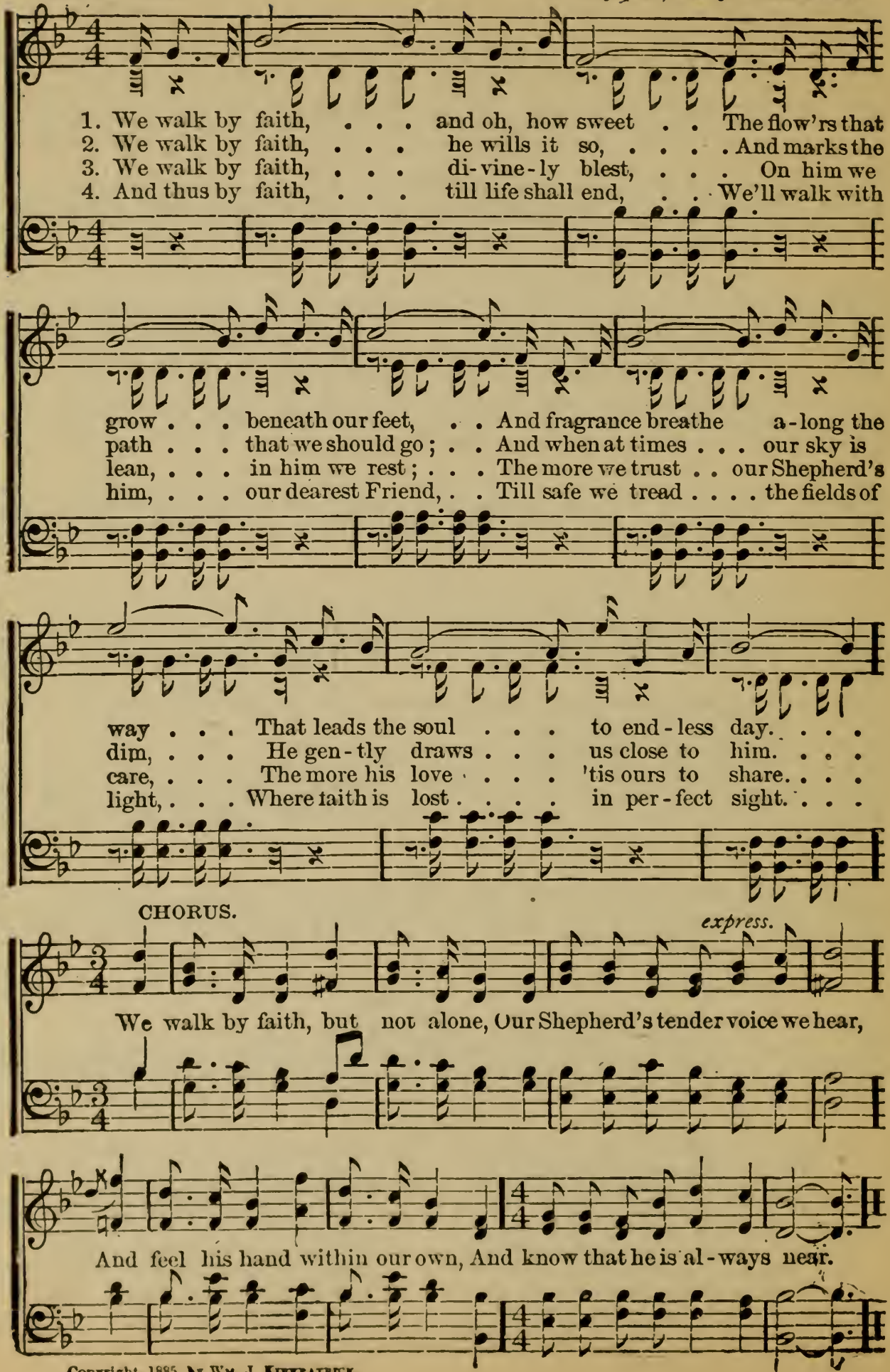
No. 112. We Walk By Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY. By per., WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. We walk by faith, . . . and oh, how sweet . . The flow'rs that
2. We walk by faith, . . . he wills it so, ... And marks the
3. We walk by faith, . . . di-vine-ly blest, . . . On him we
4. And thus by faith, . . . till life shall end, . . We'll walk with
grow . . . beneath our feet, . . And fragrance breathe a-long the
path . . . that we should go; . . And when at times . . . our sky is
lean, . . . in him we rest; . . . The more we trust . . our Shepherd's
him, . . . our dearest Friend, . . Till safe we tread . . . . the fields of
way . . . That leads the soul . . . to end-less day. . . .
dim, . . . He gen-tly draws . . . us close to him. . . .
care, . . . The more his love . . . . 'tis ours to share. . . .
light, . . . Where faith is lost . . . . in per-fect sight. . . .
CHORUS.
express.
We walk by faith, but not alone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,
And feel his hand within our own, And know that he is al-ways near.

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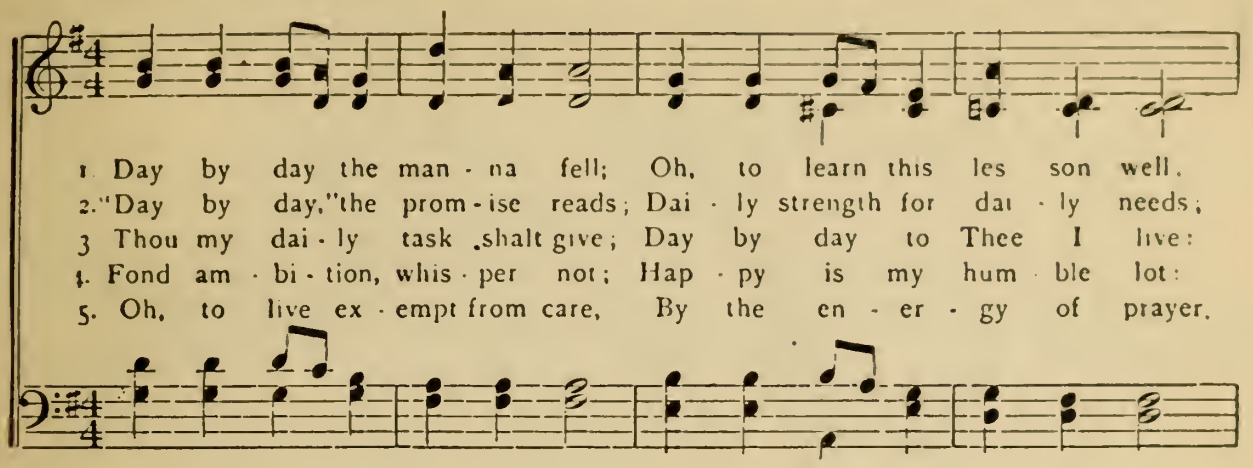
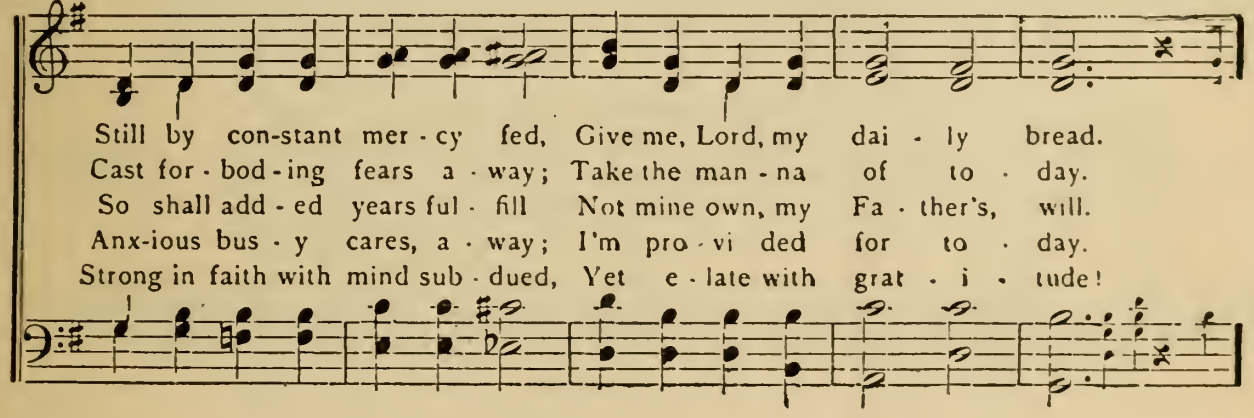
No. 113. Day By Day.

JOSIAH CONDER. 1837. MRS. ABBY CLARK-FORD


1. Day by day the man - na fell; Oh, to learn this les son well.
2. "Day by day," the prom - ise reads; Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs;
3. Thou my dai - ly task shalt give; Day by day to Thee I live:
4. Fond am - bi - tion, whis - per not; Hap - py is my hum - ble lot:
5. Oh, to live ex - empt from care, By the en - er - gy of prayer.

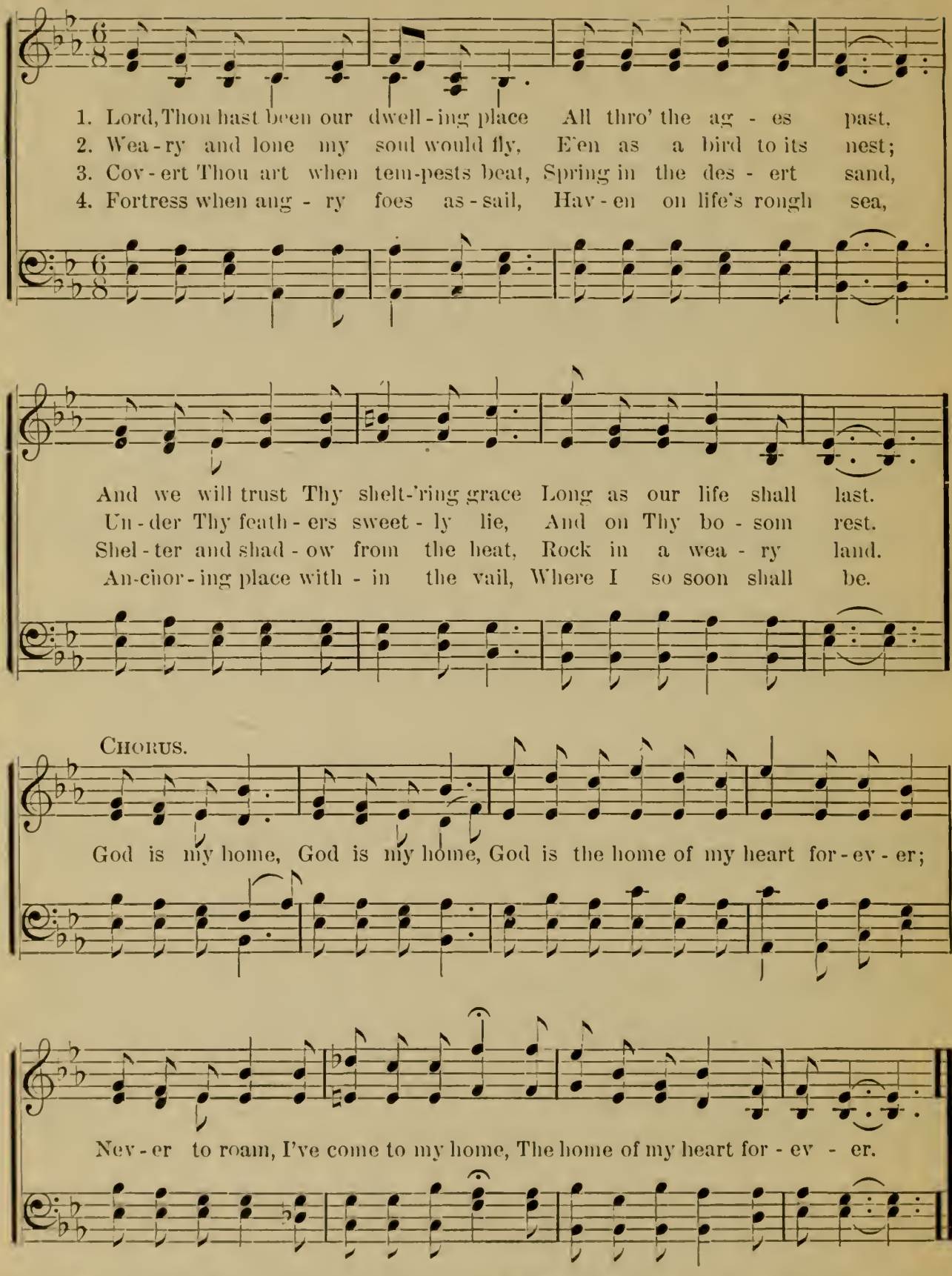

Still by con-stant mer - cy fed, Give me, Lord, my dai - ly bread.
Cast for - bod - ing fears a - way; Take the man - na of to - day.
So shall add - ed years ful - fill Not mine own, my Fa - ther's, will.
Anx-ious bus - y cares, a - way; I'm pro - vi ded for to - day.
Strong in faith with mind sub - dued, Yet e - late with grat - i - tude!

CHORUS.
Day by day He feeds me, Hour by hour He leads me,
He feeds, He feeds, me, He leads, He leads me,
Ev - 'ry day, all the way To the Fa - ther - land.

Copyright by Coronation Hymnal, 1894.
By per.

No. 114. God Is My Home.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwell-ing place All thro' the ag - es past,
2. Wea-ry and lone my soul would fly, E'en as a bird to its nest;
3. Cov-ert Thou art when tem-pests beat, Spring in the des - ert sand,
4. Fortress when ang - ry foes as-sail, Hav-en on life's rough sea,
And we will trust Thy shelt-'ring grace Long as our life shall last.
Un-der Thy feath-ers sweet-ly lie, And on Thy bo-som rest.
Shel-ter and shad-ow from the heat, Rock in a wea-ry land.
An-chor-ing place with-in the vail, Where I so soon shall be.
Chorus.
God is my home, God is my home, God is the home of my heart for-ev-er;
Nev-er to roam, I've come to my home, The home of my heart for-ev-er.

5 Weary and tempest-tossed no more,
All of my wanderings past,
Doubting and strife and grief are o'er,
And I am home at last.

6 Wandering one, why wilt thou roam,
Far from thy Father's face?
Prodigal child, come home, come home,
God is thy dwelling place.

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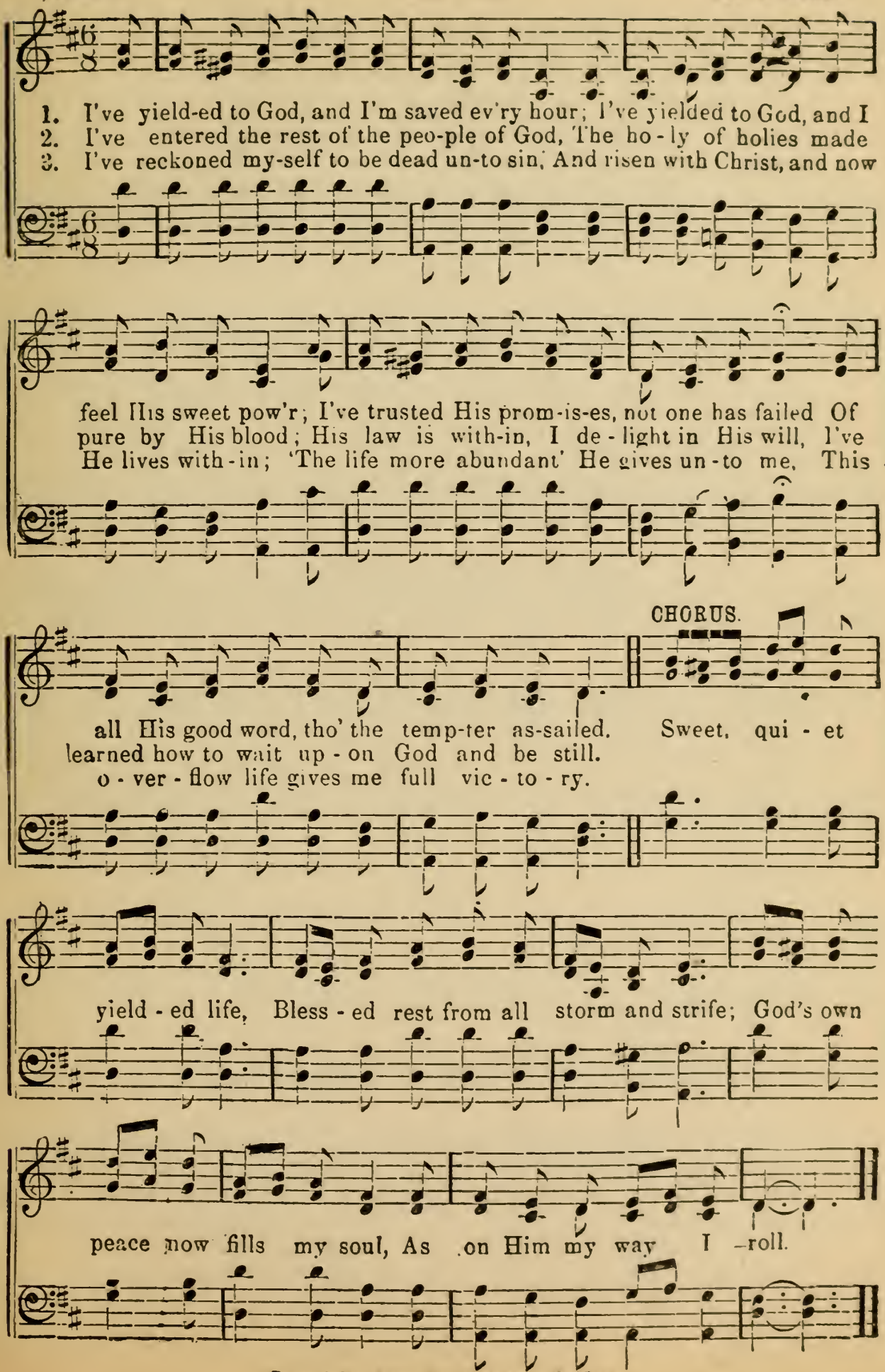
No. 115. Yielded to God.

(J. M. K. Rom. 6 : 13. Jas. M. Kirk.


1. I've yield-ed to God, and I'm saved ev'ry hour; I've yielded to God, and I
2. I've entered the rest of the peo-ple of God, The ho-ly of holies made
3. I've reckoned my-self to be dead un-to sin, And risen with Christ, and now
feel His sweet pow'r; I've trusted His prom-is-es, not one has failed Of
pure by His blood; His law is with-in, I de-light in His will, I've
He lives with-in; 'The life more abundant' He gives un-to me, This
CHORUS.
all His good word, tho' the temp-ter as-sailed. Sweet, qui-et
learned how to wait up-on God and be still.
o-ver-flow life gives me full vic-to-ry.
yield-ed life, Bless-ed rest from all storm and strife; God's own
peace now fills my soul, As on Him my way I roll.

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No. 116. Only Wait.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Oft there comes a gen - tle whis - per o'er me steal - ing, When my
2. When I can - not un - der-stand my Fa-ther's lead - ing, And it
3. When the prom - ise seems to lin - ger, long de - lay - ing, And I
4. When I see the wick - ed pros - per in their sin - ning, And the
tri - als and my bur-dens seem too great; Like the sweet-voiced bells of
seems to be but hard and cru - el fate, Still I hear that gen - tle
trem - ble, lest, per-haps, it comes too late. Still I hear that sweet-voiced
righteous pressed by many a cru - el strait, I re - mem-ber this is
eve-ning soft - ly pe..l - ing, It is say-ing to my spir - it—On - ly wait.
whis-per ev - er plead - ing, God is work-ing, God is faithful—On - ly wait.
an - gel ev - er say - ing, Tho' it tar - ry, it is coming—On - ly wait.
on - ly the be - gin - ning, And I whis-per to my spir - it – On - ly wait.
Chorus.
On - ly wait, on - ly wait; God is
On - ly wait, on - ly wait;
working—trust, and on - ly wait; Wait, and ev-'ry cloud will
wait, on - ly wait,

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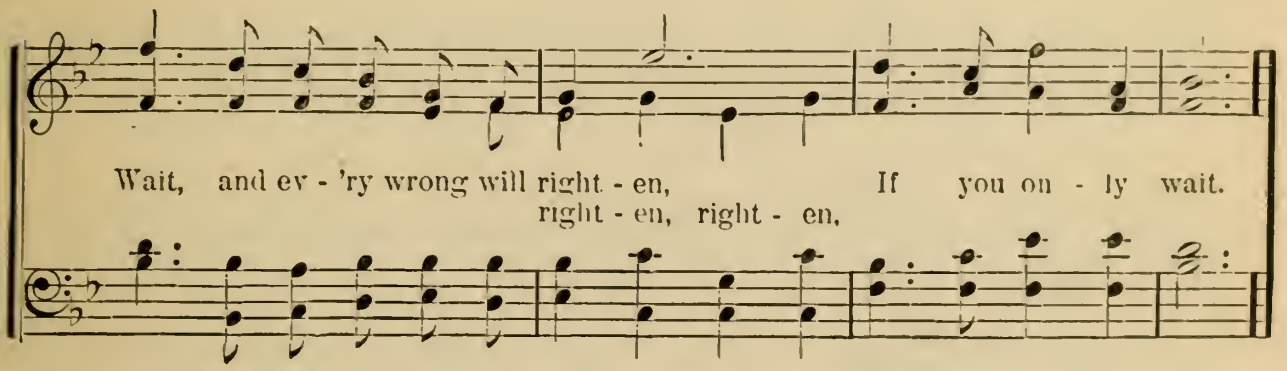
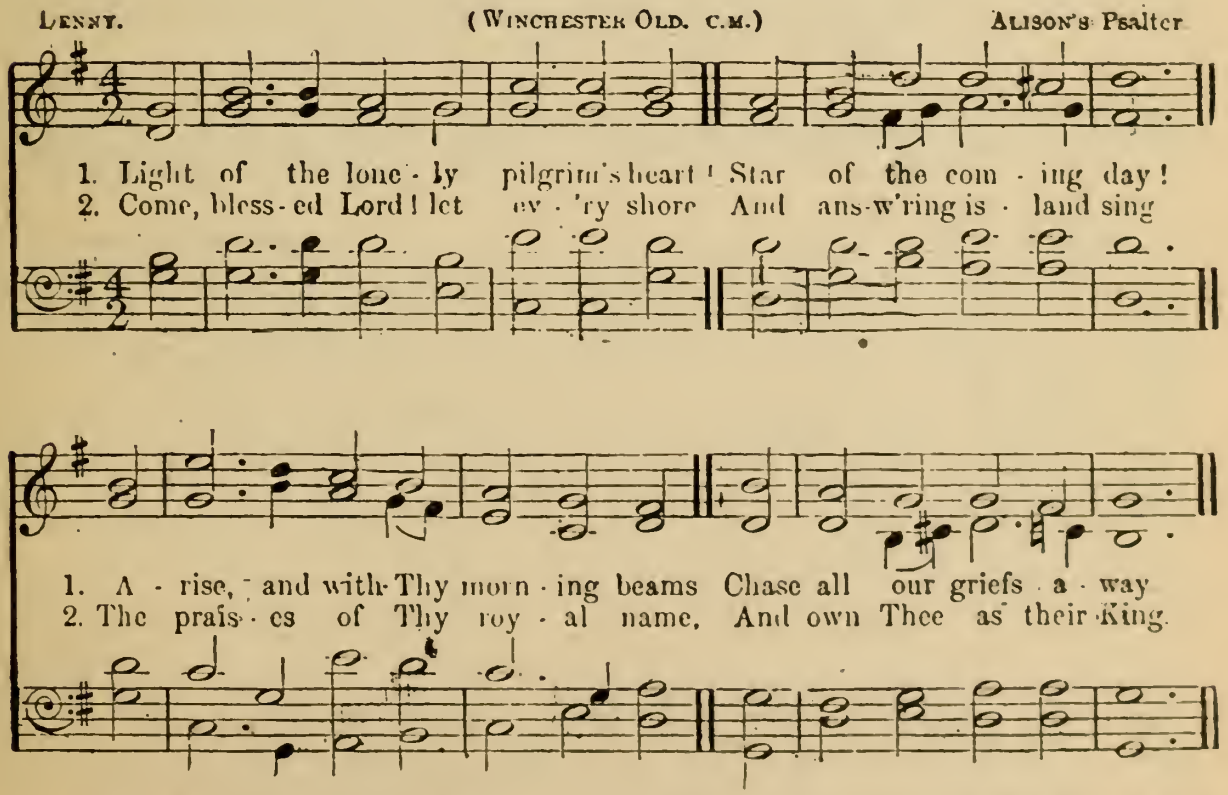
Only Wait. Concluded.



No. 117. Light of the Lonely Pilgrim.

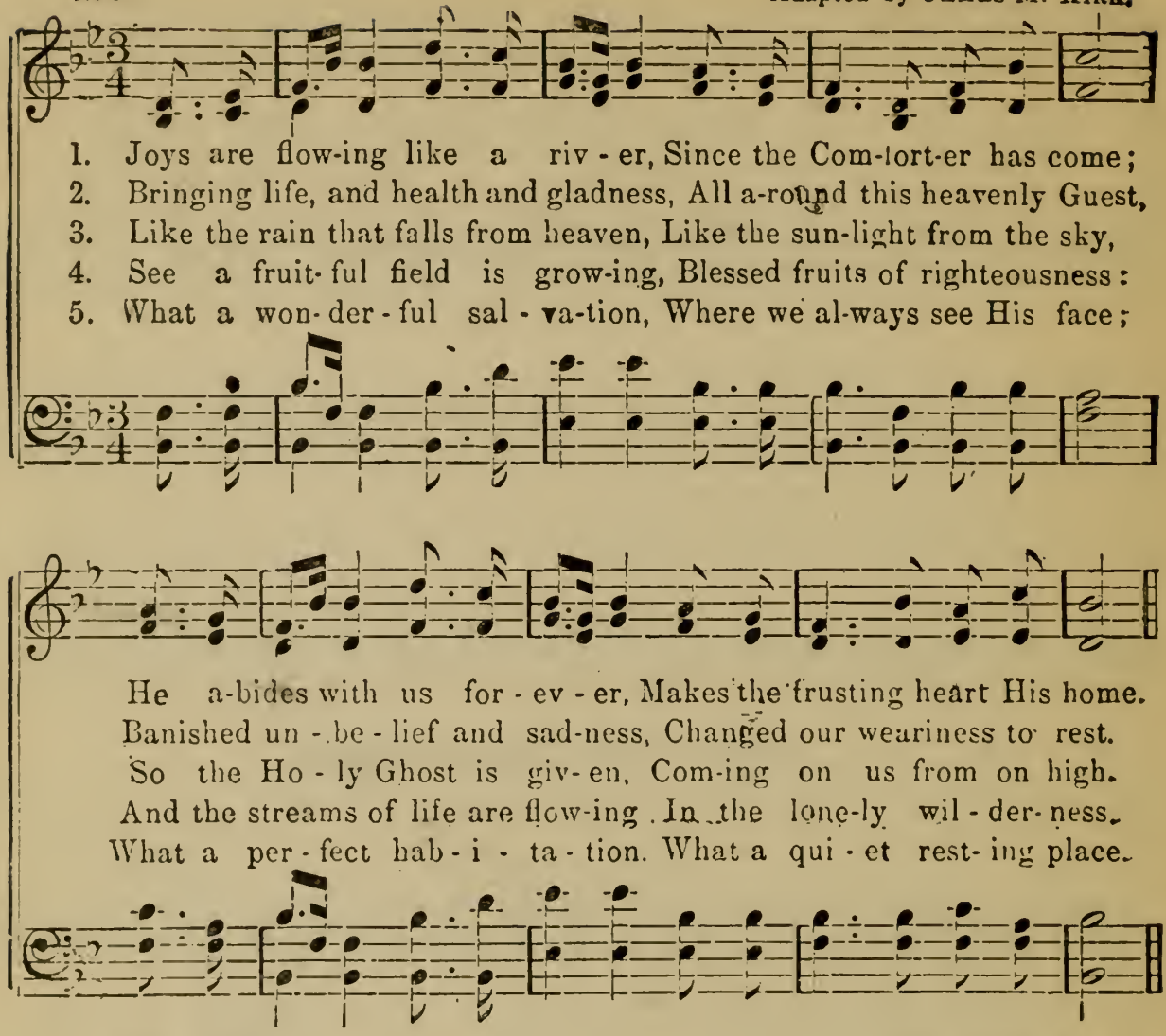

LENNY. (WINCHESTER OLD. C.M.) ALISON'S Psalter
1. Light of the lone - ly pilgrim's heart ! Star of the com - ing day !
2. Come, bless - ed Lord ! let ev - 'ry shore And ans-w'ring is - land sing
1. A - rise, and with Thy morn - ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way
2. The prais - es of Thy roy - al name, And own Thee as their King.

3. Jesus ! Thy fair creation groans—
The air, the earth, the sea—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

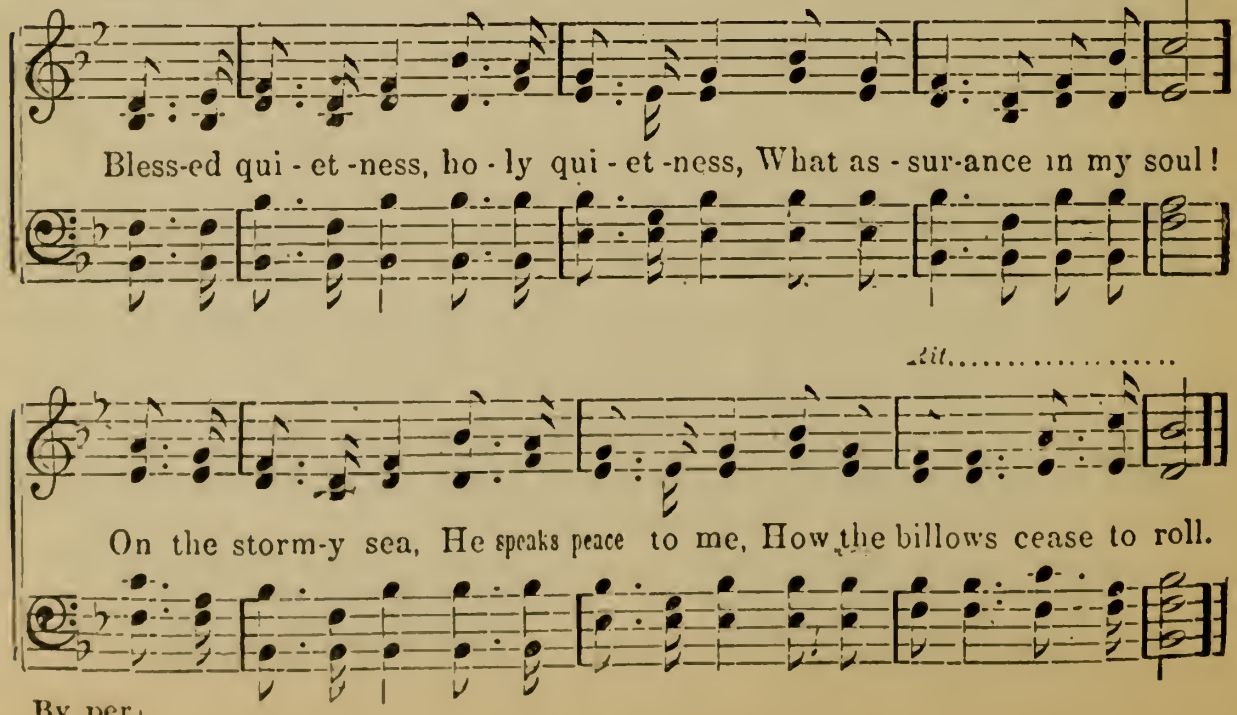
4. Thine was the Cross with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine ;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

No. 118. Blessed Quietness.

W. S. MARSHALL.
Anon. Adapted by JAMES M. KIRK.


1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Bringing life, and health and gladness, All a-round this heavenly Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See a fruit-ful field is grow-ing, Blessed fruits of righteousness:
5. What a won-der-ful sal - va-tion, Where we al-ways see His face;
He a-bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart His home.
Banished un - be - lief and sad-ness, Changed our weariness to rest.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv-en, Com-ing on us from on high.
And the streams of life are flow-ing In the lone-ly wil - der-ness.
What a per - fect hab - i - ta - tion. What a qui - et rest-ing place.

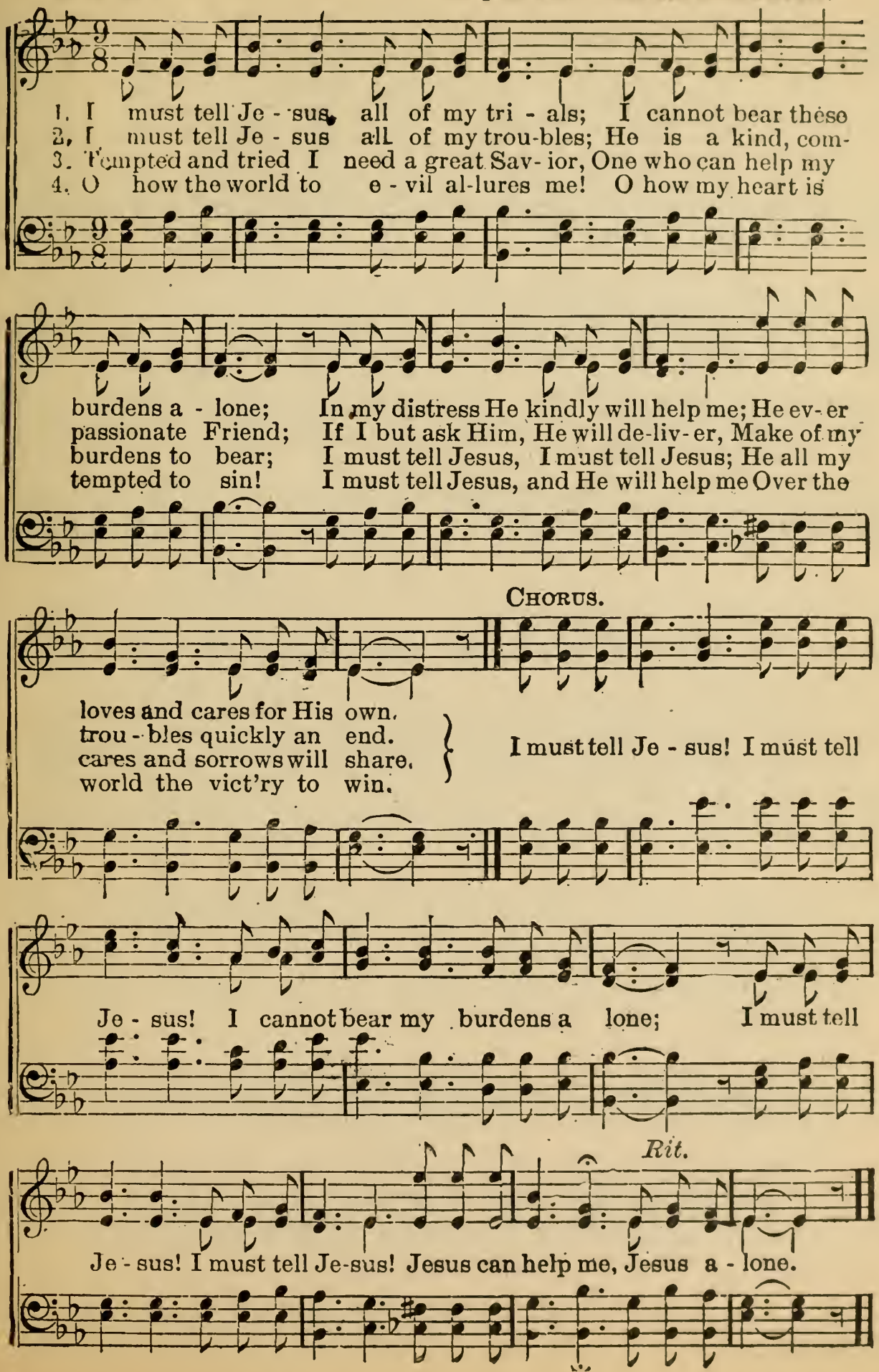
REFRAIN. Repeat softly ad lib.


Bless-ed qui - et -ness, ho - ly qui - et -ness, What as - sur-ance in my soul!
rit.
On the storm-y sea, He speaks peace to me, How the billows cease to roll.

By per.

No. 119. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. By per., Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-bles; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is
burdens a - lone; In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev - er
passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv - er, Make of my
burdens to bear; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus; He all my
tempted to sin! I must tell Jesus, and He will help me Over the
CHORUS.
loves and cares for His own.
trou - bles quickly an end.
cares and sorrows will share.
world the vict'ry to win.
I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
Je - sus! I cannot bear my burdens a lone; I must tell
Rit.
Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Jesus can help me, Jesus a - lone.

No. 120. The Peace of God.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

Quartette. *p*

1. There's a peace that pass-eth un-der-stand-ing, For the pray'r-ful,
2. Are you fear-ing, fret-ting, or re-pin-ing? You can nev-er
3. You may bring Him ev-'ry care and bur-den, You may tell Him
4. Faith can nev-er reach its con-sum-ma-tion Till the vic-tor's

f

trust-ful, thankful heart; Like a gar-ri-son the soul com-mand-ing,
know God's per-fect peace: On His bo-som all your weight re-clin-ing.
ev-'ry need in pray'r, You may trust Him for the dark-est mo-ment,
thank-ful song we raise: In the glo-rious cit-y of sal-va-tion,

rallentando.

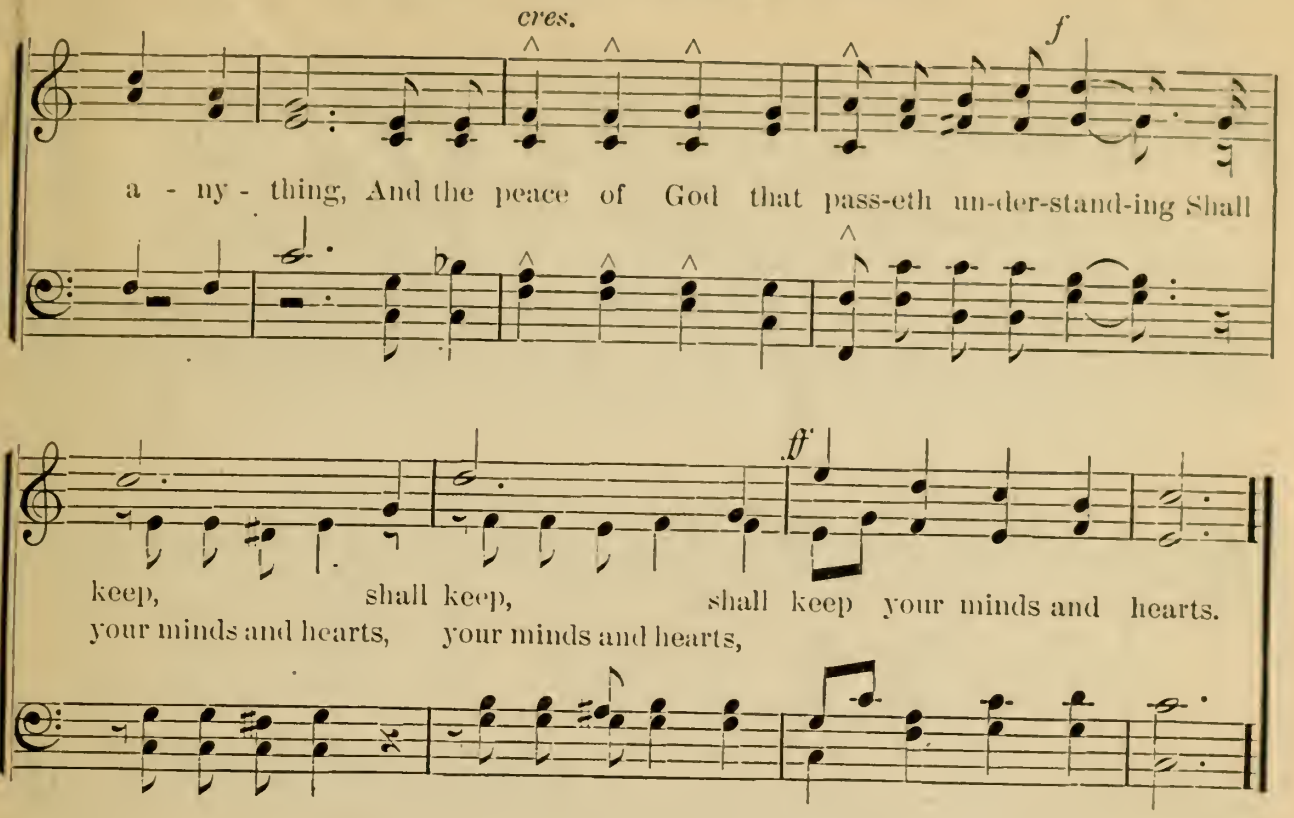
It will shield from ev-'ry fi-ery dart. Would you know to
All your rest-less doubts and cares must cease. Would you know the
He is car-ing, where-fore need you care? Would you know the
God has told us all the gates are praise. Would you claim the

whom the peace is giv-en? Would you find the ve-ry joy of heav'n.
peace that God has giv-en? Would you find the ve-ry joy of heav'n.
peace His grace has giv-en? Would you find the ve-ry joy of heav'n.
peace that God has giv-en? Would you find the ve-ry joy of heav'n.

Chorus.

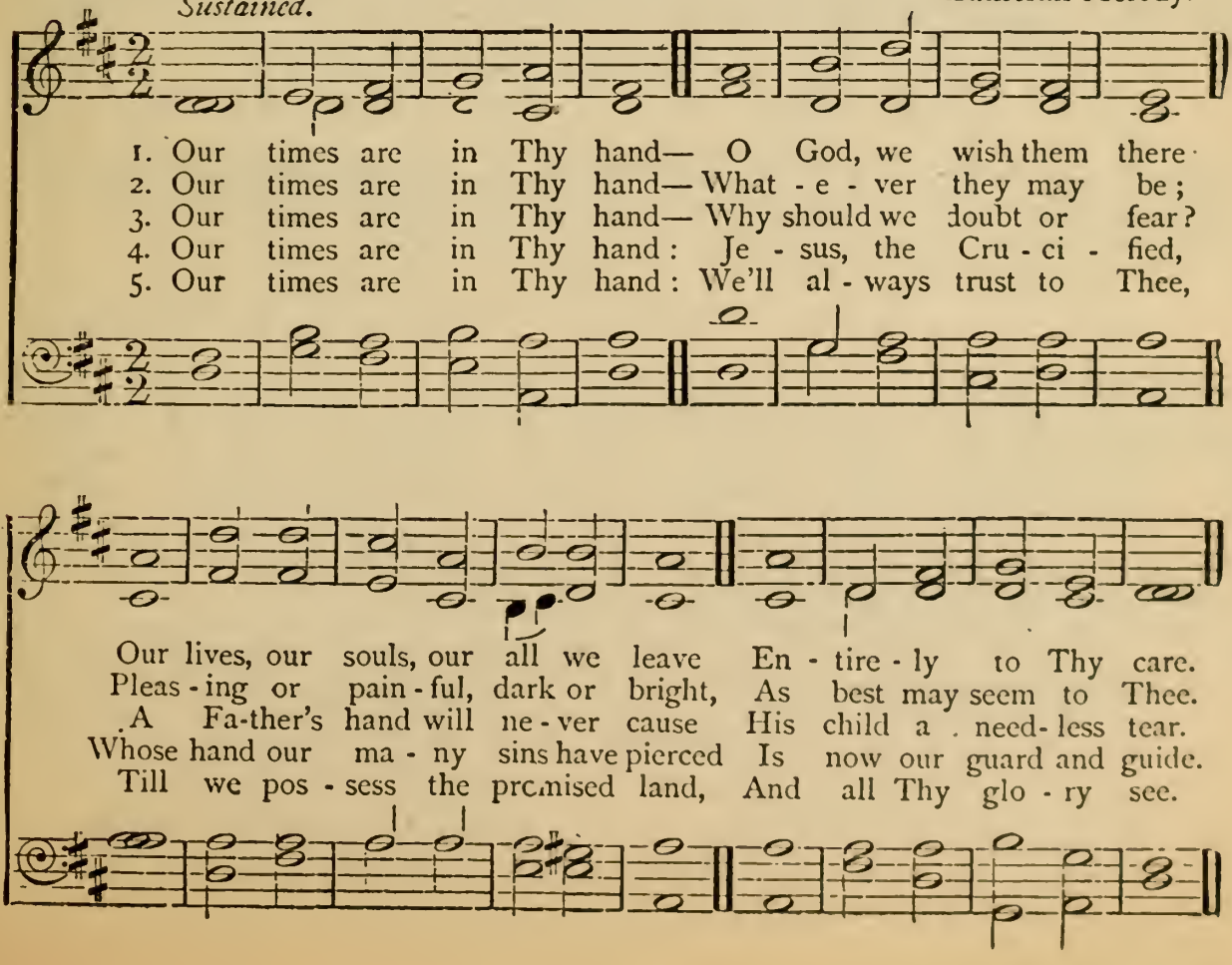
Be care-ful for noth-ing, Be pray'r-ful for ev-'rything, Be thank-ful for

The Peace of God. Concluded.


cres.
f
a - ny - thing, And the peace of God that pass-eth un-der-stand-ing Shall
ff
keep, shall keep, shall keep your minds and hearts.
your minds and hearts, your minds and hearts,

No. 121. Our Times are in Thy Hand.

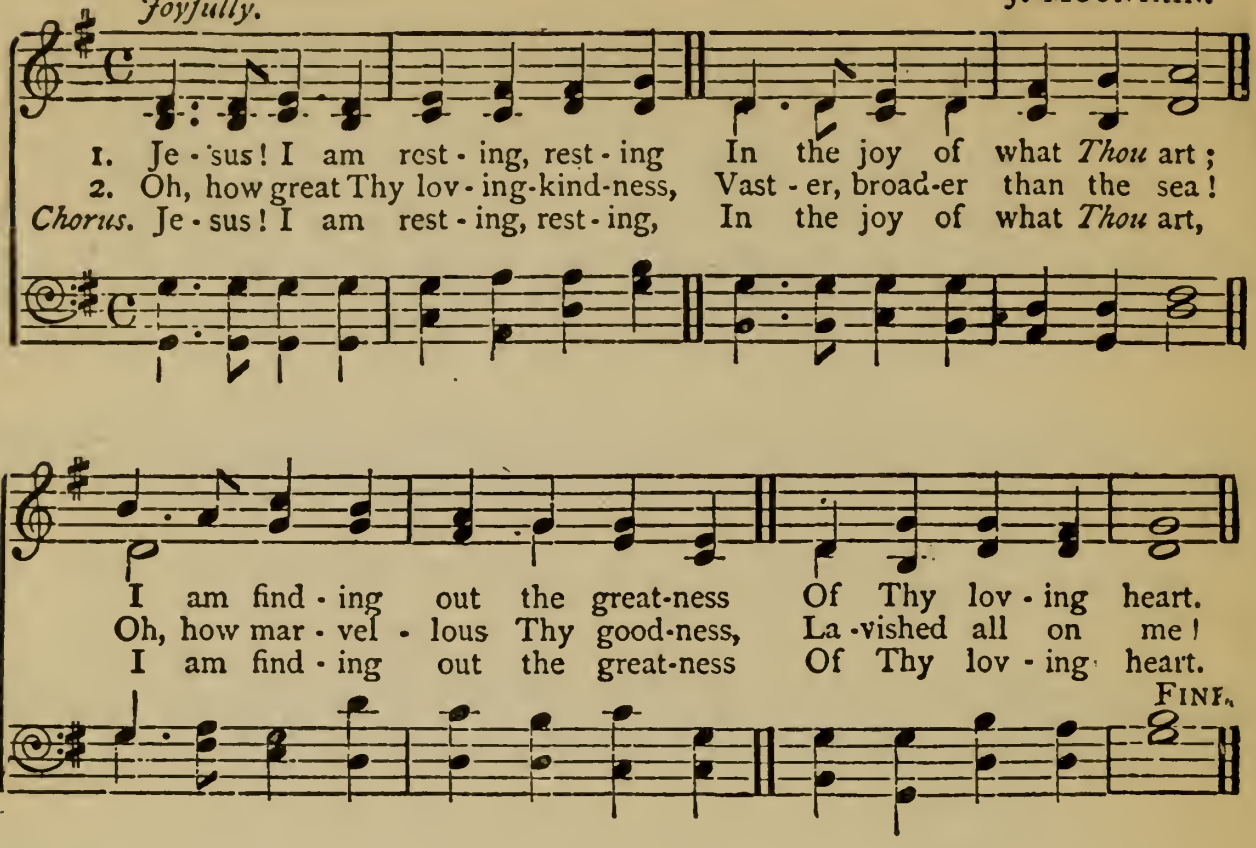
W. F. LLOYD. Lutheran Melody.


Sustained.
1. Our times are in Thy hand— O God, we wish them there
2. Our times are in Thy hand— What - e - ver they may be;
3. Our times are in Thy hand— Why should we doubt or fear?
4. Our times are in Thy hand: Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied,
5. Our times are in Thy hand: We'll al - ways trust to Thee,
Our lives, our souls, our all we leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
Pleas - ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
A Fa-ther's hand will ne - ver cause His child a need - less tear.
Whose hand our ma - ny sins have pierced Is now our guard and guide.
Till we pos - sess the promised land, And all Thy glo - ry see.

No. 122. Jesus! I am Resting, Resting.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT. J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyfully.


1. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what *Thou* art;
2. Oh, how great Thy lov - ing-kind-ness, Vast - er, broad-er than the sea!
Chorus. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what *Thou* art,
I am find - ing out the great-ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
Oh, how mar - vel - lous Thy good-ness, La - vished all on me!
I am find - ing out the great-ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
FINE.
Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau-ty fills my soul,
Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
cres.
For, by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
Know Thy cer - tain - ty of pro - mise, And have made it mine.
D.C. CHORUS.

3 Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I behold Thee as Thou art,
And Thy love so pure, so changeless,
Satisfies my heart;
Satisfies its deepest longings,
Meets, supplies its every need,
Compasseth me round with blessings:
Thine is love indeed!

4 Ever lift Thy face upon me,
As I work and wait for Thee;
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
Earth's dark shadows flee.
Brightness of my Father's glory,
Sunshine of my Father's face,
Keep me ever trusting, resting,
Fill me with Thy grace.

No. 123. He Knows.

L. S. LOUISE SHEPARD.

1. Je-sus knows thy sorrow, Knows each dread tomorrow, There will no temp-ta-tion come,
2. Je-sus knows that tri - al, Knows that sad de-ni - al, He thus proves thee but to know
3. Je-sus knows thy sadness, Comes to give thee gladness, And to fill thy heart with praise,
But thou'lt find in Him a home, There will no temp - ta - tion come,
If He's more than all be - low, He thus proves thee but to know
Wheth-er dark or sun - ny days, And to fill thy heart with praise,
CHORUS.
But thou'lt find in Him a home,
If He's more than all be - low,
Wheth-er dark or sun-ny days,
Je - sus knows He has thy care, Je - sus loves thy
griefs to bear; All the day and all the way, 'Till the glo - ry we shall share.

4 Jesus knows thy weakness,
'Tis to teach thee meekness
That He takes from thee thy power,
Holding thee to Him each hour.

5 Jesus knows thy trying,
On His bosom lying,
Lean and let Him live His life,
Ceasing all thy weary strife.

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No. 124. It Means Just What it Says.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. There are some who believe the Bi - ble, And some who be - lieve a part,
2. It as - sures me of sal - va - tion, Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious blood,
3. And it tells me there is cleans-ing From ev - 'ry se - cret sin,
Some who trust with a res - er - va - tion, And some with all their heart.
For the souls that trust His - mer - cy, And yield themselves to God.
And a great and full sal - va - tion, To keep the heart with - in.
But I know that its ev - 'ry prom - ise Is firm and true al - ways.
And I claim for my - self the prom - ise. And just be - gin to praise,
And I take Him in His full - ness, With all His glo - ri-ous grace,
It is tried as the pre-cious sil - ver, And it means just what it says.
For it says I am saved by trust - ing, And I trust just as it says.
For He says it is mine for tak - ing, And I take just what He says.
Refrain.
Yes, it means . . . . just what it says, Yes, it
Yes, it means. what it says,

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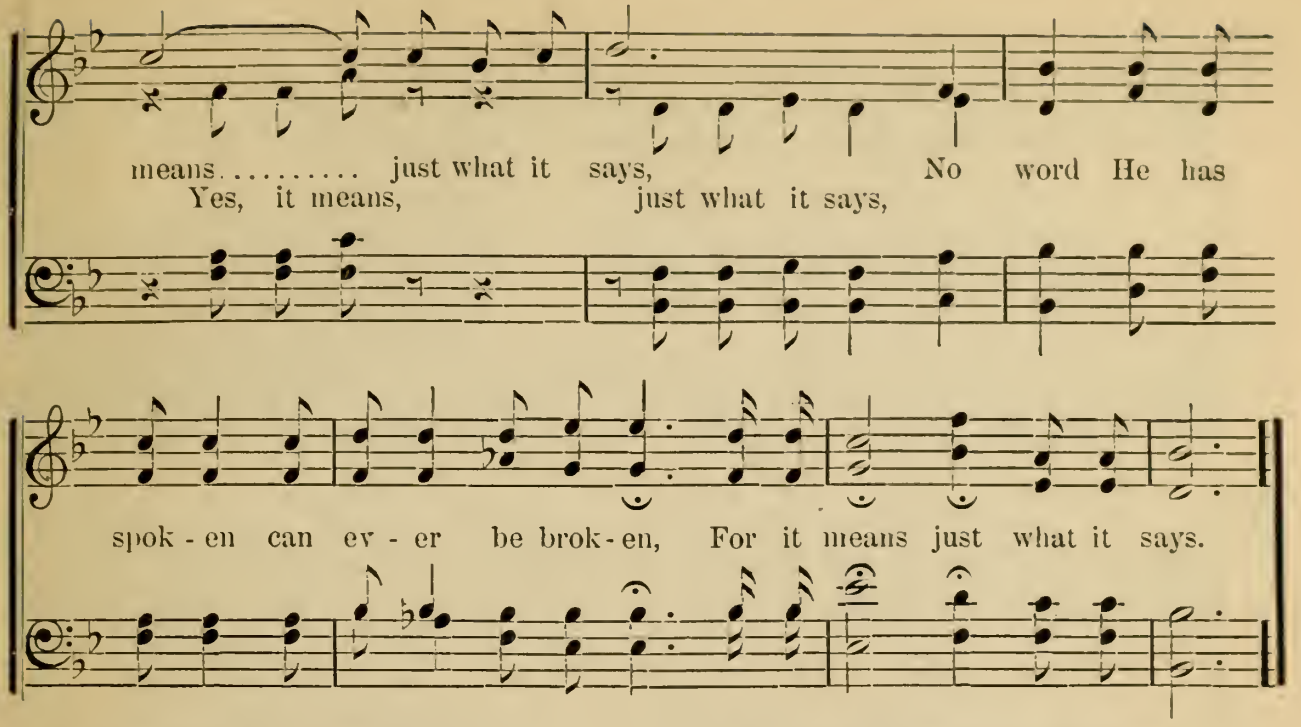
It Means Just What it Says. Concluded.



4 And it tells me He will heal me,
And hear my feeblest cry,
And that all His royal bounty,
Will all my need supply.
And I seem to know no better,
Than trust Him all my ways,
For He says I may trust Him fully,
And I trust just as He says.

5 It is strange we trust each other,
And only doubt our Lord;
We will take the word of mortals
And yet distrust His Word;
But oh, what light and glory,
Would shine o'er all our days,
If we always would remember
That He means just what He says.

No. 125. I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

Tenderly.

1. I am trusting Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee! Trust-ing Thee for
2. I am trusting Thee for par-don, At Thy feet I bow; For Thy grace and
3. I am trusting Thee for cleansing, In the crimson flood; Trust-ing Thee to
4. I am trusting Thee to guide me, Thou a - lone shalt lead, Ev - 'ry day and
full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
make me ho - ly, By Thy blood.
hour sup - ply - ing All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

No. 126. Leaning on Jesus.

FANNY LONSDALE. By per., JAS. M. KIRK.

1. I have been alone with Je - sus, My head up-on His breast,
2. Shall I tell you what I told Him, While I was waiting there?
3. Shall I tell you what He told me, While I was waiting there?
4. Then He told me I was welcome, To stay with Him for aye,
For I was so ve - ry wea - ry, I wanted there to rest.
I told Him all my trou - ble, I told Him all my care.
For it took a-way my trou - ble, It took a - way my care.
And He said that He would never Cast His lov-ing child away,
I have been alone with Je - sus, He bid me stay a - while,
I told Him Satan's whisperings Oft called me in - to sin,
He told me how He loved me, His wayward, erring child,
"Hark!" he said, "I am your Saviour, Firm as a rock I stand,
And I felt it ve - ry precious, The sun - shine of His smile.
And I asked Him if I might not For - ev - er stay with Him.
And I felt so ve - ry hap - py. For still on me He smiled.
Come and rest beneath my shadow, When weary in the land."

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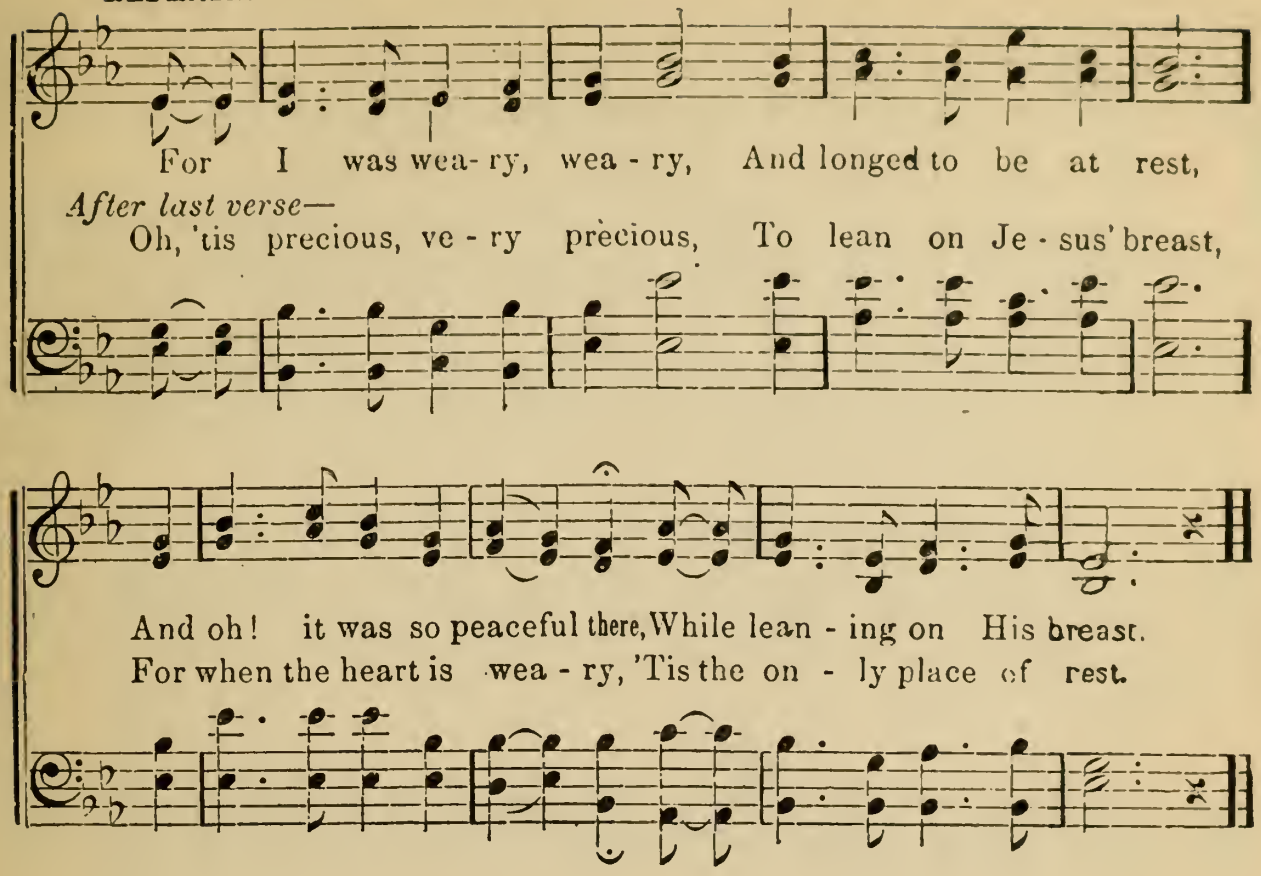
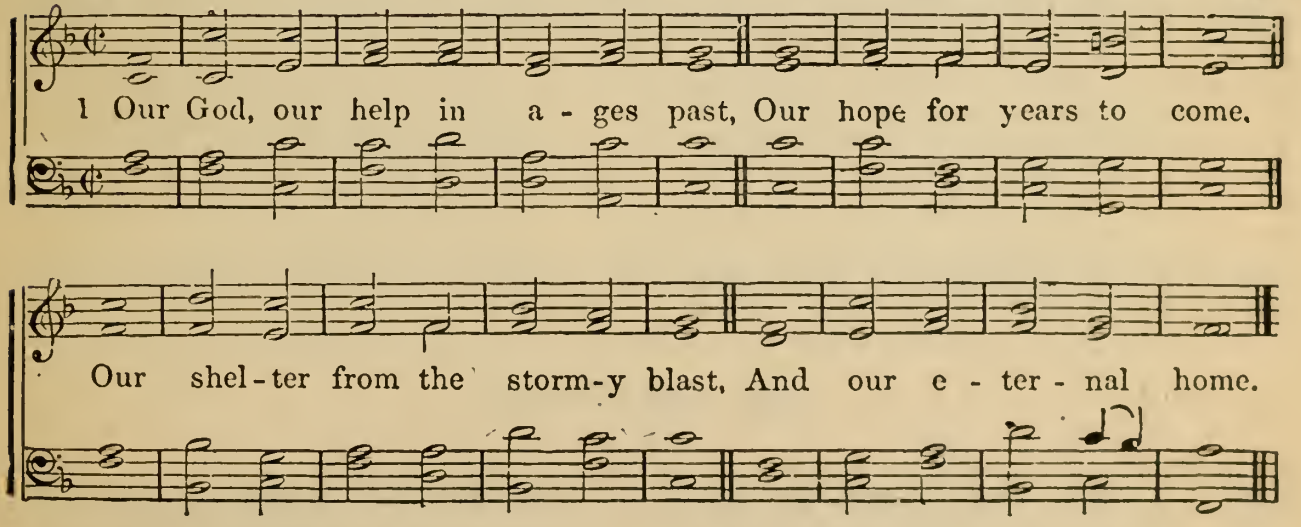
Leaning On Jesus. Concluded.

REFRAIN.


For I was wea-ry, wea-ry, And longed to be at rest,
After last verse—
Oh, 'tis precious, ve-ry precious, To lean on Je-sus' breast,
And oh! it was so peaceful there, While lean-ing on His breast.
For when the heart is wea-ry, 'Tis the on-ly place of rest.

No. 127. Our God, Our Help.

Mear. C. M. Aaron Williams, 1760, from the Welsh.



Beneath the shadow of Thy throne.
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

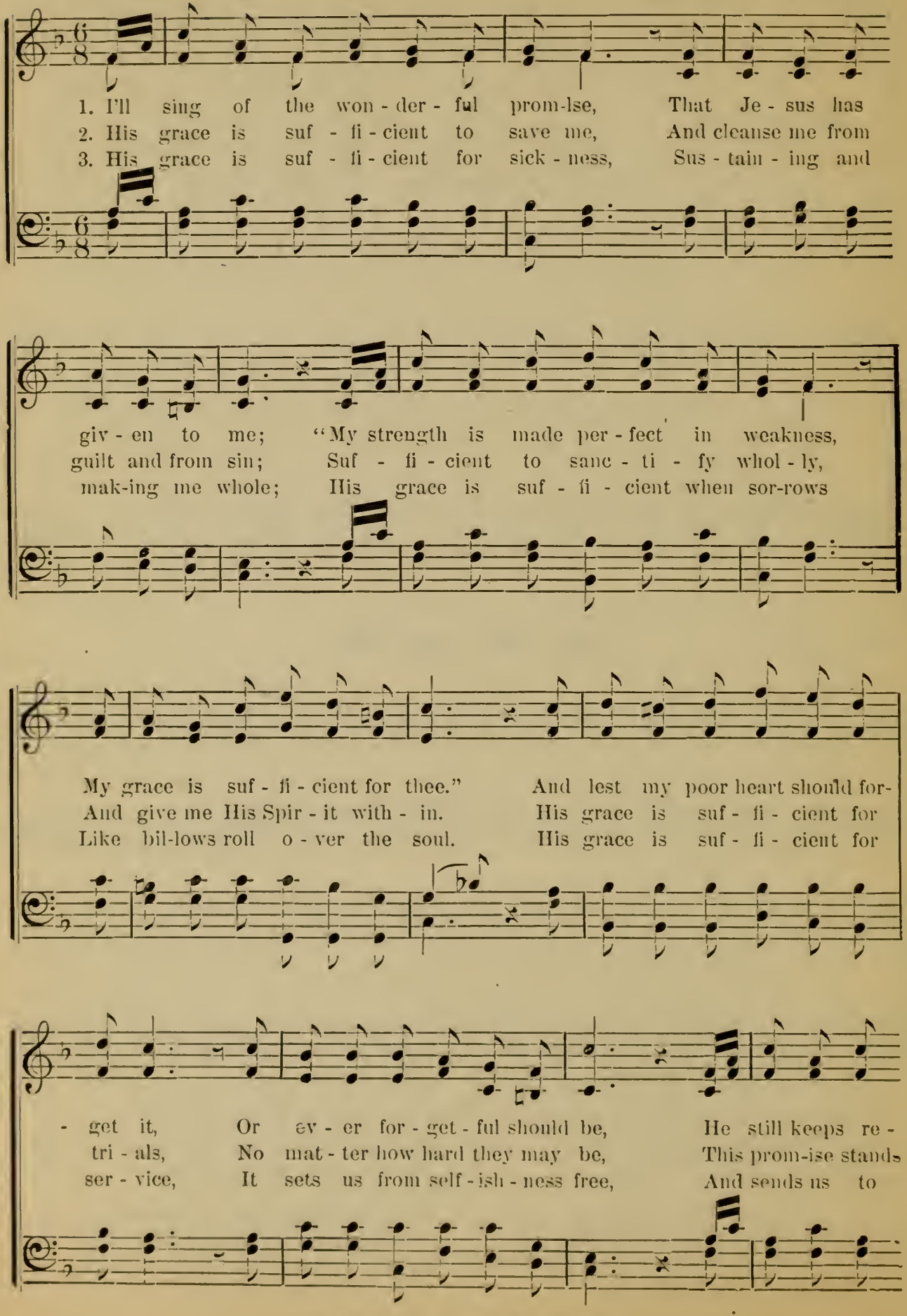
A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS, AB.

No. 128. My Grace Is Sufficient for Thee.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. I'll sing of the won - der - ful prom-ise, That Je - sus has
2. His grace is suf - fi - cient to save me, And cleanse me from
3. His grace is suf - fi - cient for sick - ness, Sus - tain - ing and
giv - en to me; "My strength is made per - fect in weakness,
guilt and from sin; Suf - fi - cient to sanc - ti - fy whol - ly,
mak-ing me whole; His grace is suf - fi - cient when sor-rows
My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee." And lest my poor heart should for-
And give me His Spir - it with - in. His grace is suf - fi - cient for
Like bil-lows roll o - ver the soul. His grace is suf - fi - cient for
- get it, Or ev - er for - get - ful should be, He still keeps re -
tri - als, No mat - ter how hard they may be, This prom-ise stands
ser - vice, It sets us from self - ish - ness free, And sends us to

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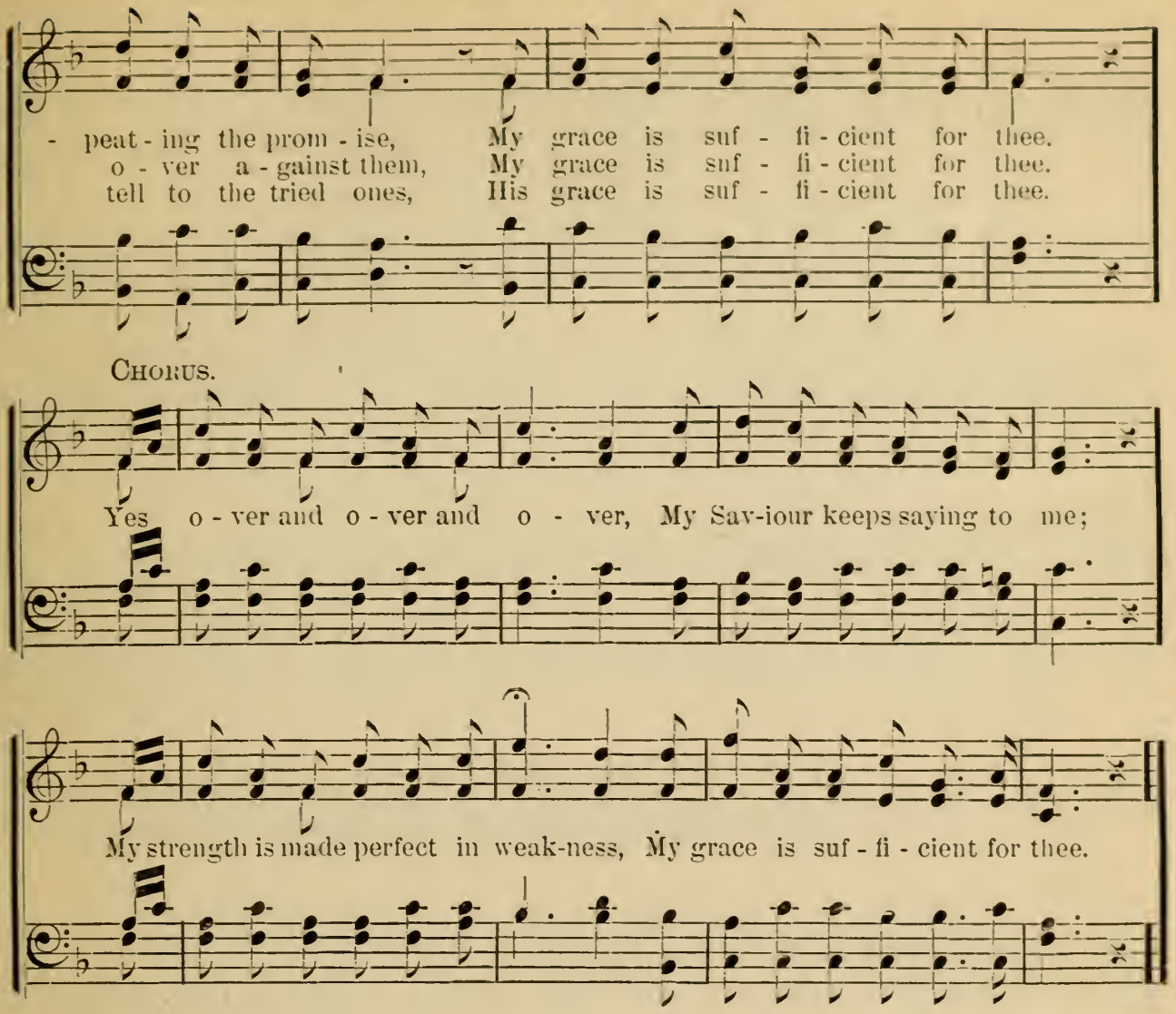
My Grace Is Sufficient for Thee. Concluded.


- peat - ing the prom - ise, My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.
o - ver a - gainst them, My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.
tell to the tried ones, His grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.
Chorus.
Yes o - ver and o - ver and o - ver, My Sav-iour keeps saying to me;
My strength is made perfect in weak-ness, My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.

4 His grace is sufficient to live by,
And should we be summoned to die
'Twill light up the valley of shadows,
And bear us away to the sky.
And when we shall stand with the ransom'd,
And Christ in His glory shall see,
We'll fall at His footstool confessing,
Thy grace was sufficient for me.

5 It is not our grace that's sufficient,
But His grace, it ever must be;
Our graces are transient and changi
His grace is unfailing as He.
And so I am ever repeating,
His wonderful promise to me.
My strength is made perfect in weakness,
My grace is sufficient for thee.

No. 129. Tarry With Me.

8 & 7s.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances
Shall it be the night of rest?

Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

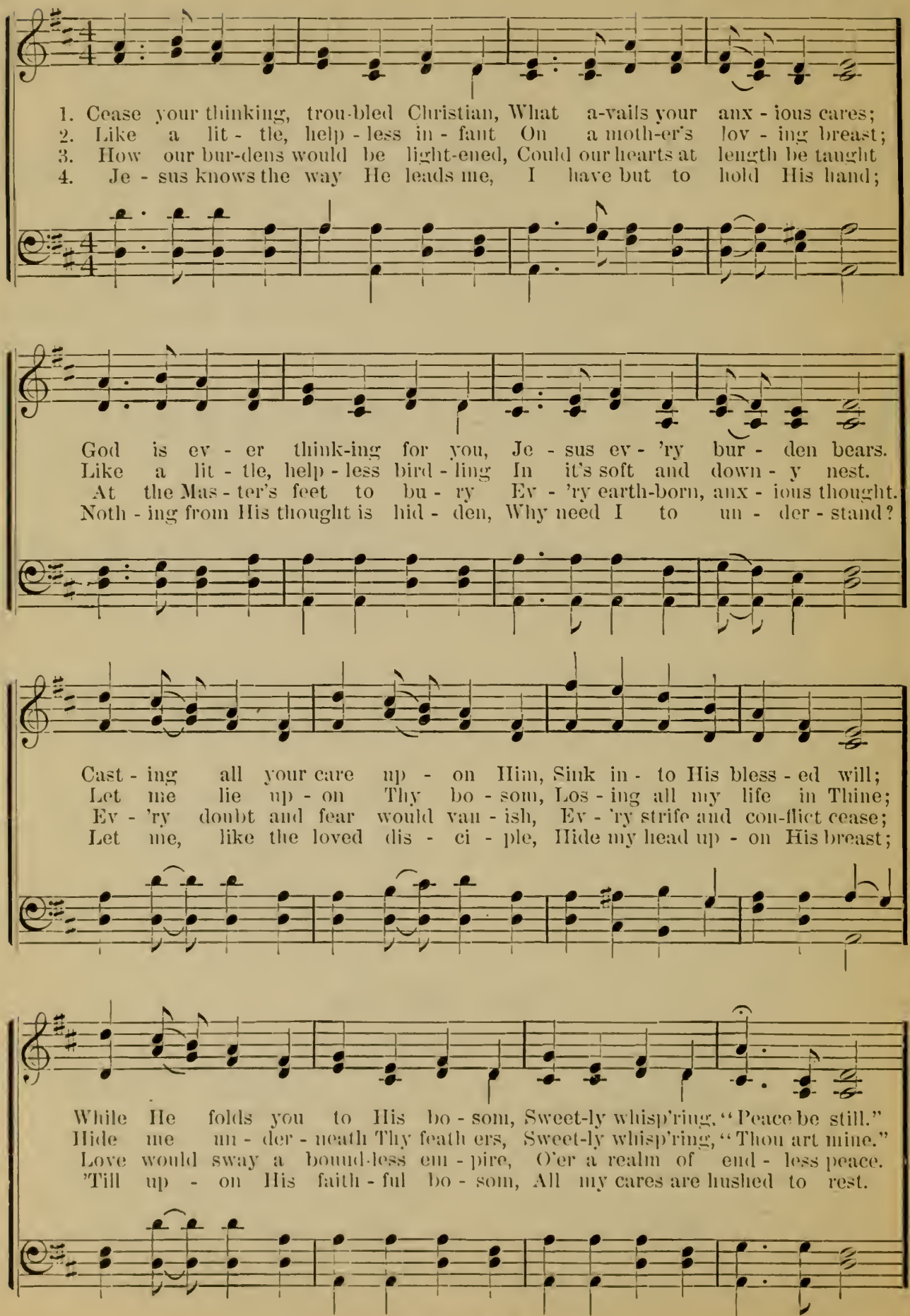
Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

Caroline Sprague Smith, 1855.

No. 130. Cease Your Thinking.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Cease your thinking, trou-bled Christian, What a-vails your anx - ious cares;
2. Like a lit - tle, help - less in - fant On a moth-er's lov - ing breast;
3. How our bur-dens would be light-ened, Could our hearts at length be taught
4. Je - sus knows the way He leads me, I have but to hold His hand;
God is ev - er think-ing for you, Je - sus ev - 'ry bur - den bears.
Like a lit - tle, help - less bird - ling In it's soft and down - y nest.
At the Mas - ter's feet to bu - ry Ev - 'ry earth-born, anx - ious thought.
Noth - ing from His thought is hid - den, Why need I to un - der - stand?
Cast - ing all your care up - on Him, Sink in - to His bless - ed will;
Let me lie up - on Thy bo - som, Los - ing all my life in Thine;
Ev - 'ry doubt and fear would van - ish, Ev - 'ry strife and con-flict cease;
Let me, like the loved dis - ci - ple, Hide my head up - on His breast;
While He folds you to His bo - som, Sweet-ly whisp'ring, "Peace be still."
Hide me un - der - neath Thy feath ers, Sweet-ly whisp'ring, "Thou art mine."
Love would sway a bound-less em - pire, O'er a realm of end - less peace.
'Till up - on His faith - ful bo - som, All my cares are hushed to rest.

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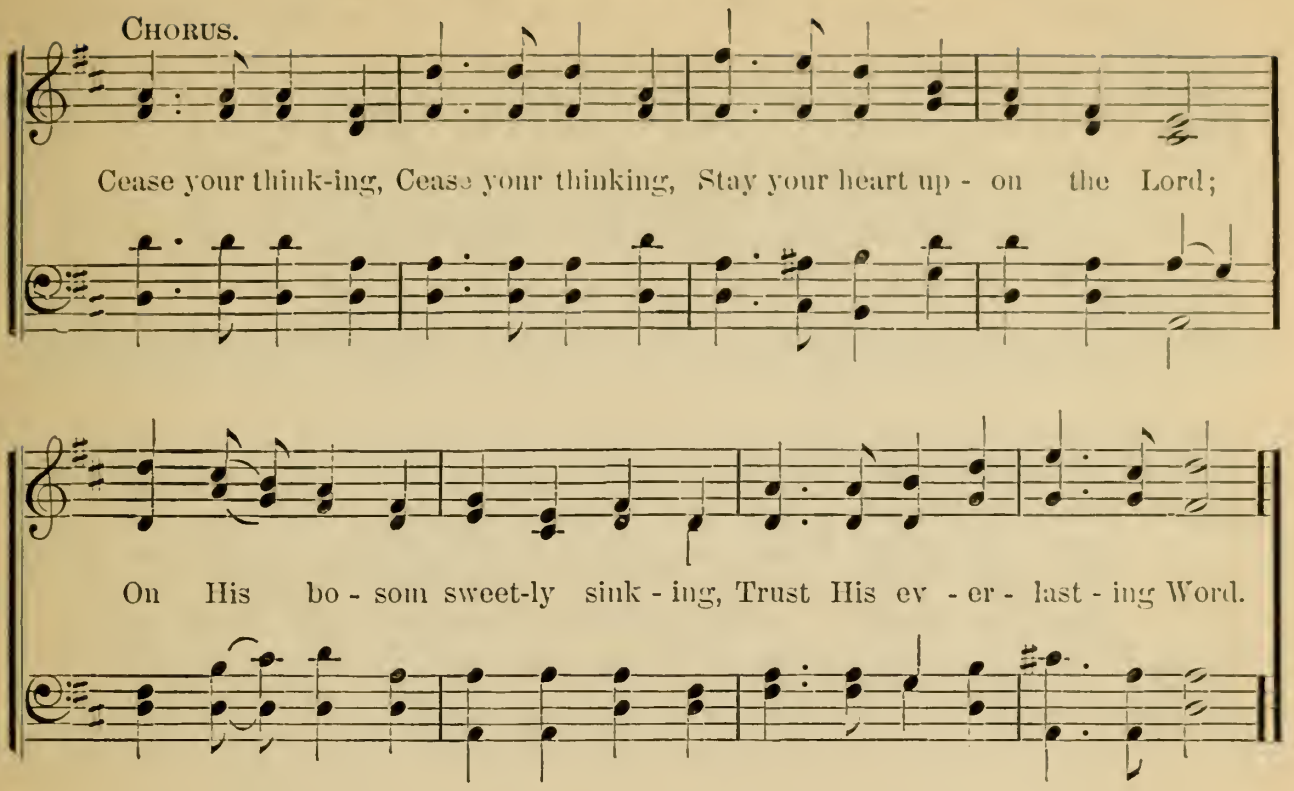
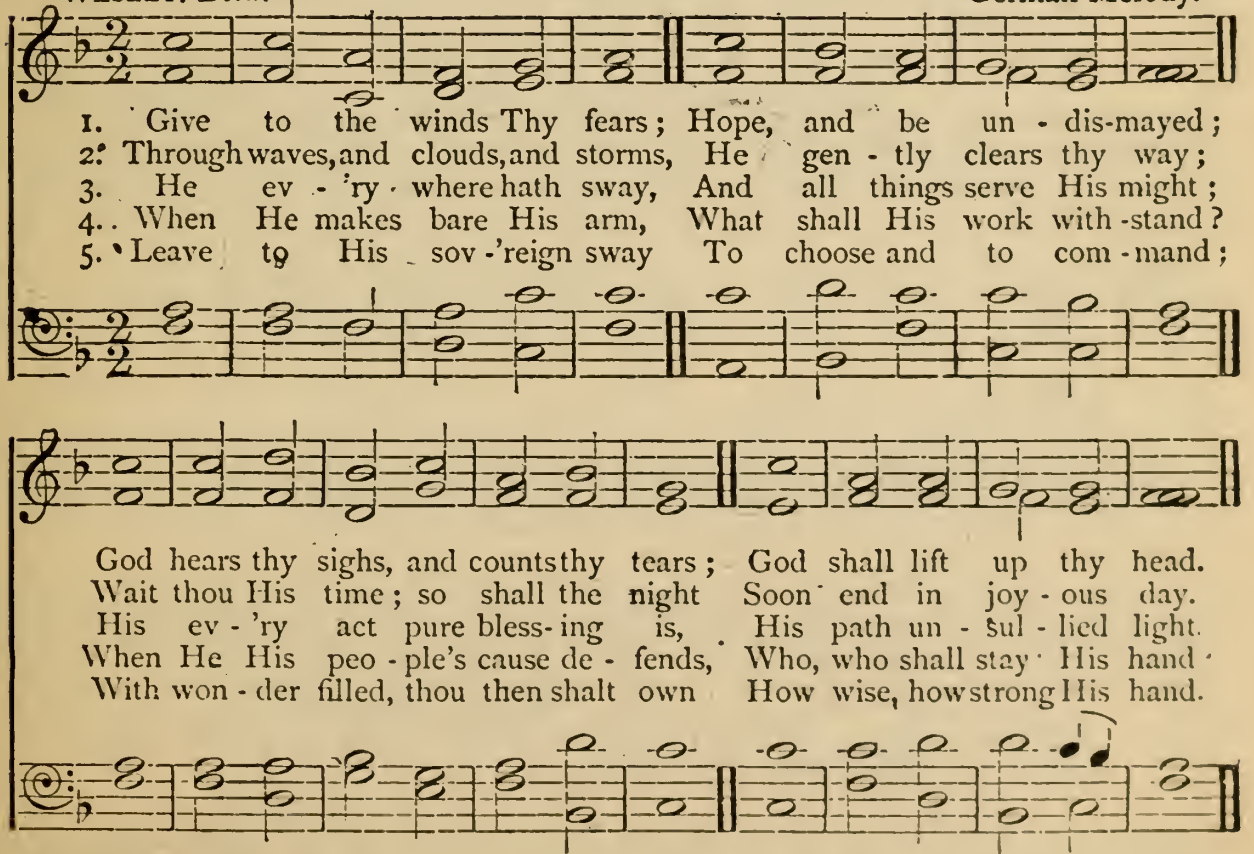
Cease Your Thinking. Concluded.


Chorus.
Cease your think-ing, Cease your thinking, Stay your heart up - on the Lord;
On His bo - som sweet-ly sink - ing, Trust His ev - er - last - ing Word.

No. 131. Give to the Winds Thy Fears.

Wesley: *Bold.* German Melody.

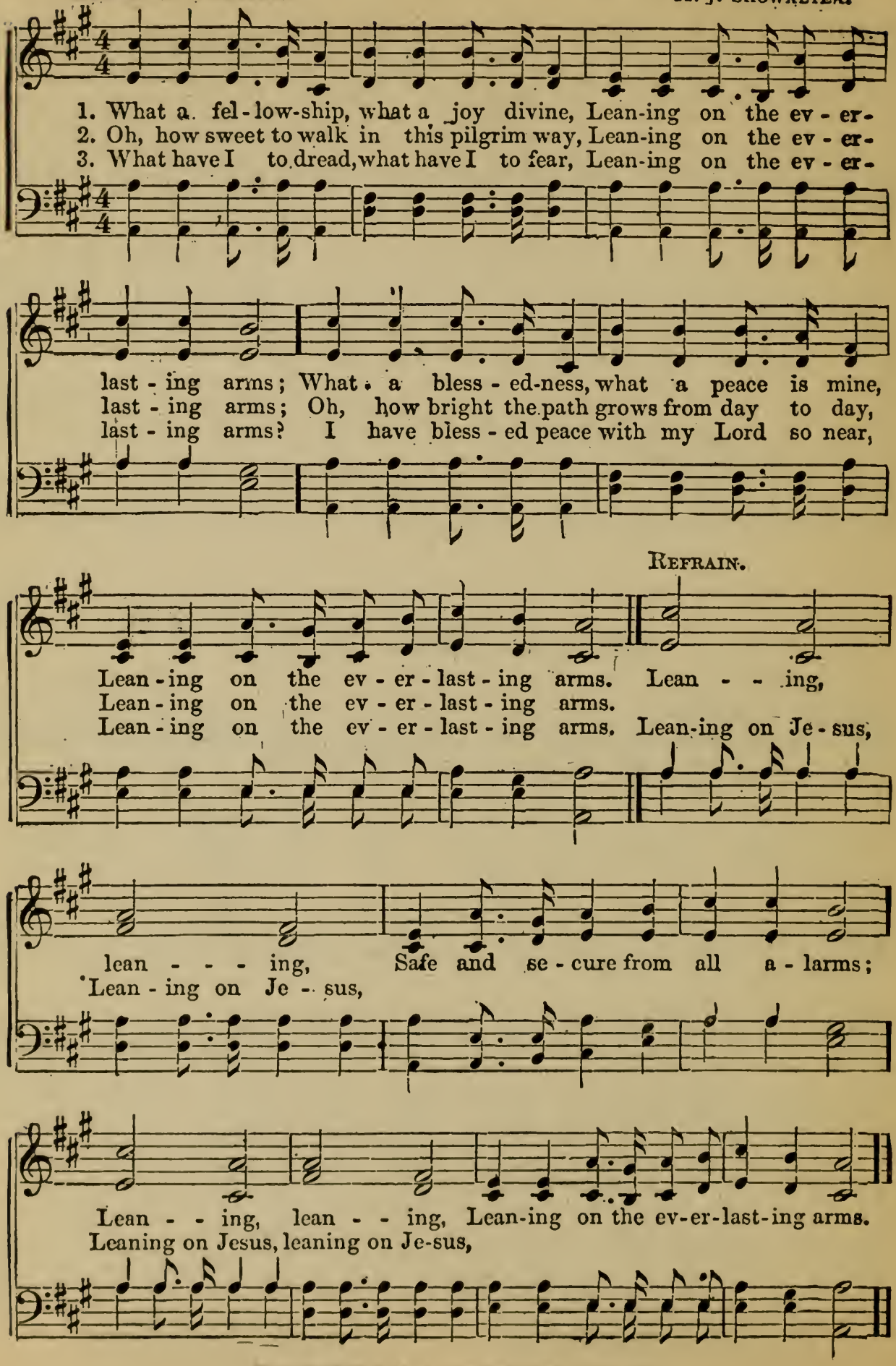

1. Give to the winds Thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis-mayed;
2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms, He gen - tly clears thy way;
3. He ev - 'ry - where hath sway, And all things serve His might;
4. When He makes bare His arm, What shall His work with-stand?
5. Leave to His sov - 'reign sway To choose and to com - mand;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.
Wait thou His time; so shall the night Soon end in joy - ous day.
His ev - 'ry act pure bless - ing is, His path un - sul - lied light.
When He His peo - ple's cause de - fends, Who, who shall stay His hand
With won - der filled, thou then shalt own How wise, how strong His hand.

6 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee:
Oh lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

7 Let us, in life and death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
Proclaiming, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care!

No. 132. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

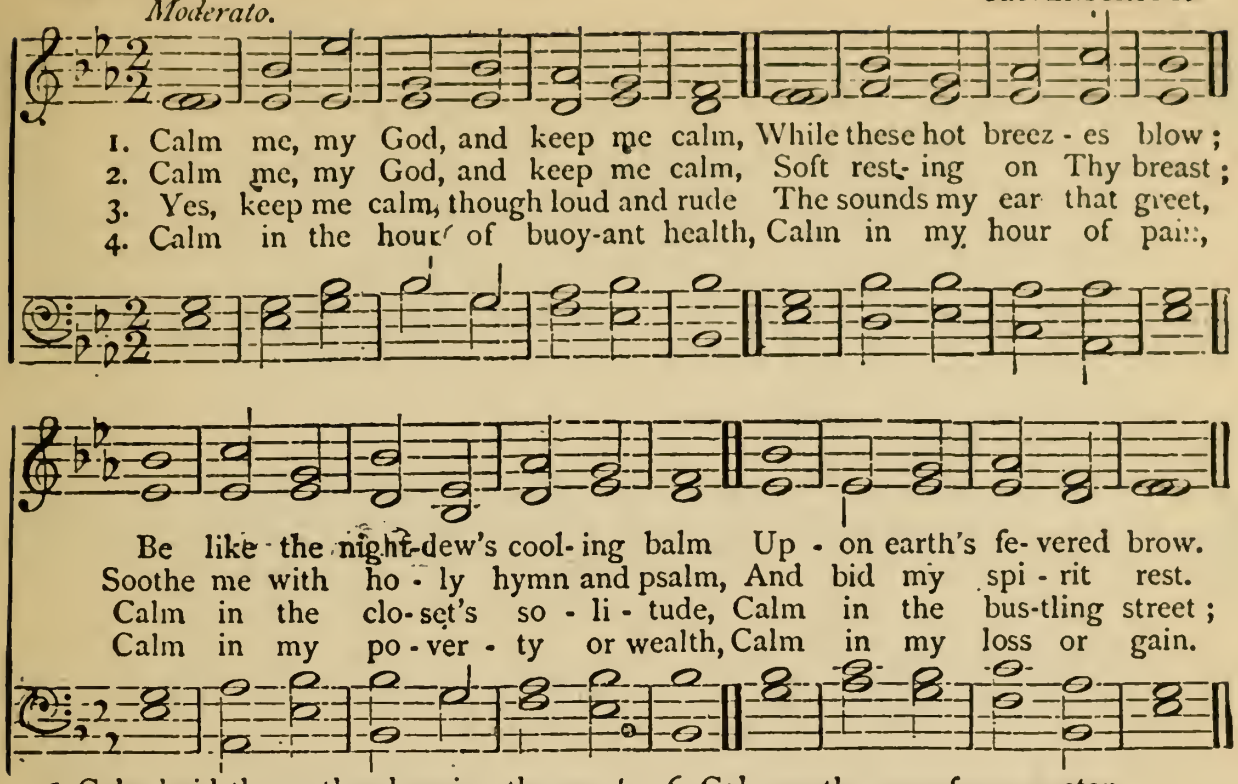
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,
REFRAIN.
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean - - ing,
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus,
lean - - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je - sus,
Lean - - ing, lean - - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Je-sus,

Copyright, by A. J. SHOWALTER. By per,

No. 133. Calm Me, My God.

DR. H. BONAR. *Moderato.* RAVENSCROFT.

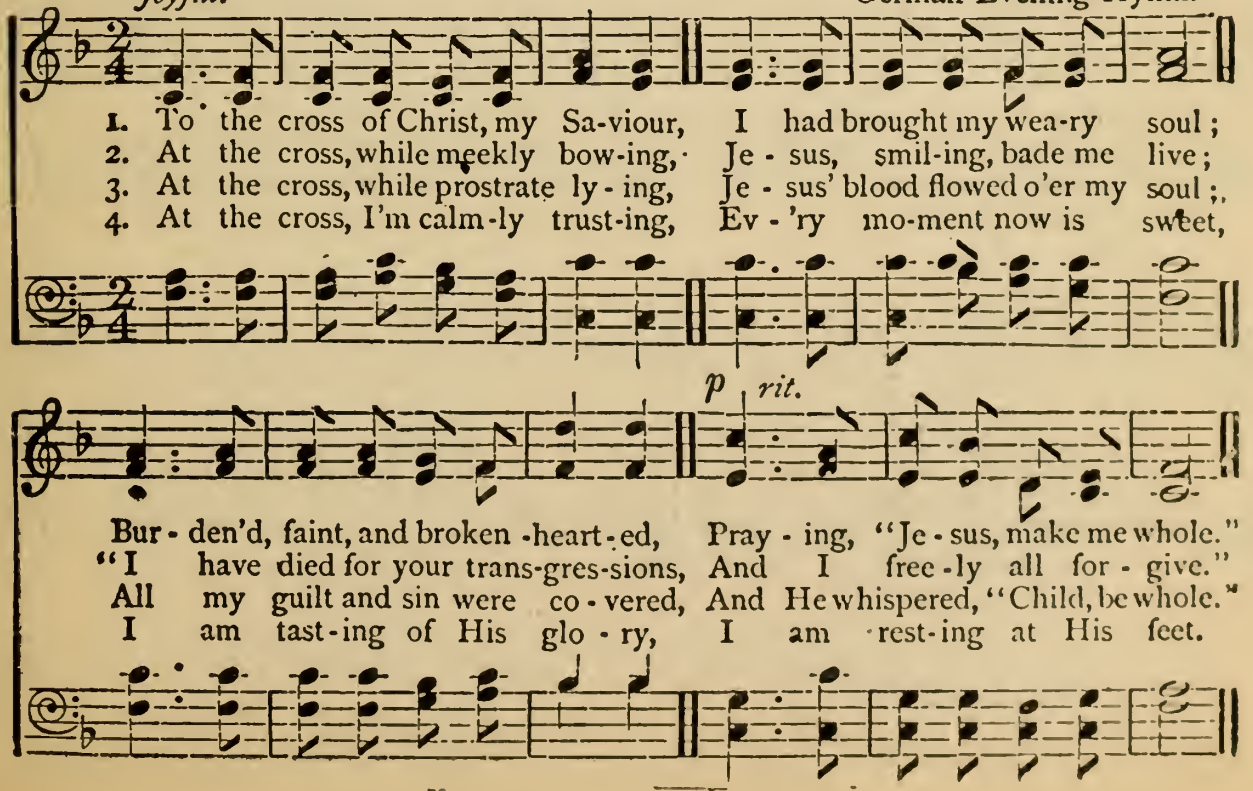

1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breez - es blow;
2. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest- ing on Thy breast;
3. Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet,
4. Calm in the hour of buoy-ant health, Calm in my hour of pain,
Be like the night-dew's cool- ing balm Up - on earth's fe- vered brow.
Soothe me with ho - ly hymn and psalm, And bid my spi - rit rest.
Calm in the clo-set's so - li - tude, Calm in the bus-tling street;
Calm in my po - ver - ty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain.

5 Calm 'mid the restless heaving throng,
Who do not know Thy name;
Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame.

6 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war.
The eternal calm to gain.

No. 134. To the Cross of Christ.

Joyful. German Evening Hymn.


1. To the cross of Christ, my Sa-viour, I had brought my wea-ry soul;
2. At the cross, while meekly bow-ing, Je - sus, smil-ing, bade me live;
3. At the cross, while prostrate ly - ing, Je - sus' blood flowed o'er my soul;
4. At the cross, I'm calm-ly trust-ing, Ev - 'ry mo-ment now is sweet,
p
rit.
Bur - den'd, faint, and broken -heart - ed, Pray - ing, "Je - sus, make me whole."
"I have died for your trans-gres-sions, And I free - ly all for - give."
All my guilt and sin were co - vered, And He whispered, "Child, be whole."
I am tast-ing of His glo - ry, I am rest-ing at His feet.

No. 135. Reckon.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. There's a lit - tle word that the Lord has giv'n For our help in the hour of need.—Let us reck-on our - selves to be dead to sin, To be dead and
2. There's anoth - er word that the Lord has giv'n, In the ver - y same verse we read,—Let us reck-on our - selves as a - live in Him, As a - live and a -
3. While we trust in feel - ing or in - ward frames We shall al - ways be tossed a - bout. Let us an-chor fast to the Word of God, And reck - on a -
4. As the mar - i - ner, when the skies are dim, Sails on by his com-pass true; So our faith would cling to the prom - ise firm, And reck - on the
Chorus.
dead in - deed.
- live in - deed.
- way our doubt.
jour-ney thro'.
Let us reckon, reckon, reck - on, Let us reckon, rather than
feel; Let us be true to the reck-'ning, And He will make it real.

5 O how sweet it is to be anchored fast
To a hope that can never fail;
Let us reckon on with a firmer trust,
Till we anchor within the vale.

6 You may claim the promise from ev'ry pain.
You may know His power to heal;
But your faith must rest in His word alone,
And reckon, rather than feel.

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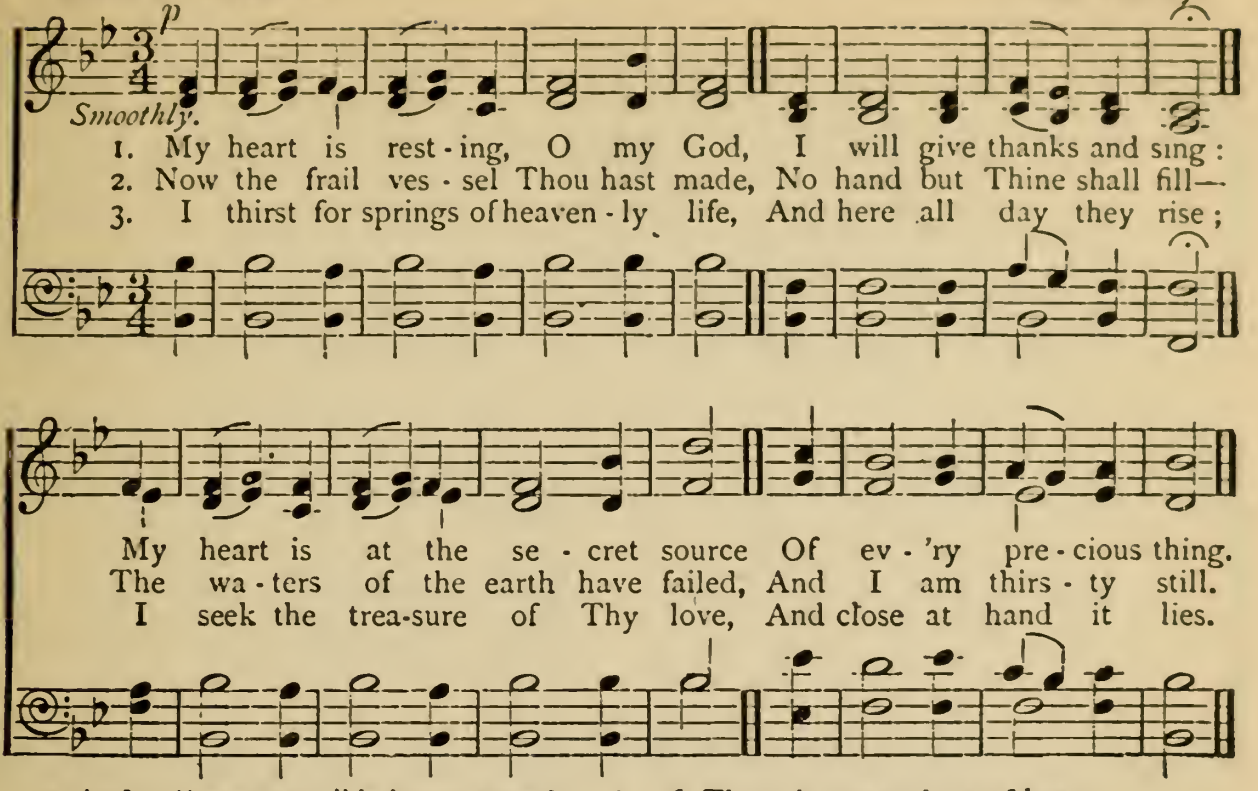
No. 136. My Heart is Resting.

ANNA L. WARING. Swiss Melody.


p
Smoothly.
1. My heart is rest-ing, O my God, I will give thanks and sing:
2. Now the frail ves-sel Thou hast made, No hand but Thine shall fill—
3. I thirst for springs of heaven-ly life, And here all day they rise;
My heart is at the se-cret source Of ev-'ry pre-cious thing.
The wa-ters of the earth have failed, And I am thirs-ty still.
I seek the trea-sure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies.

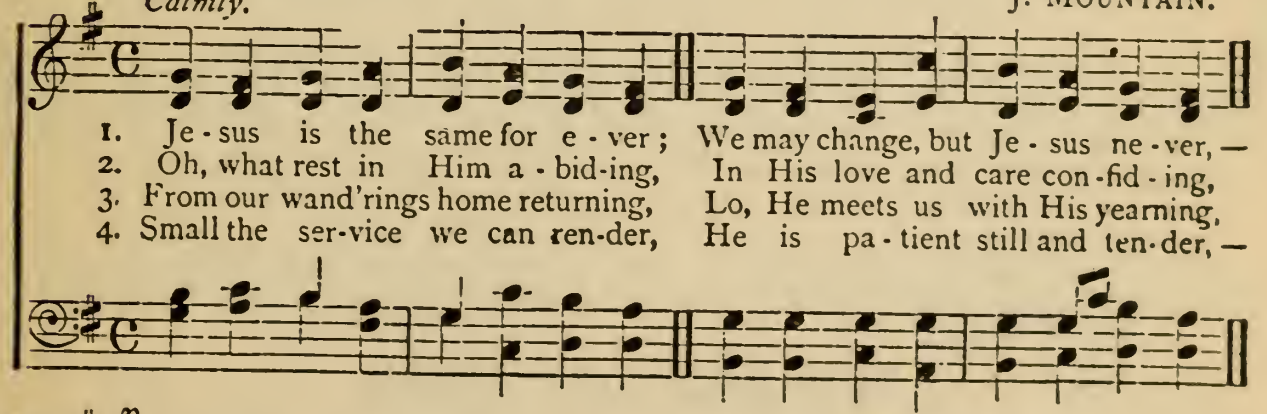
4 And a "new song" is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet!

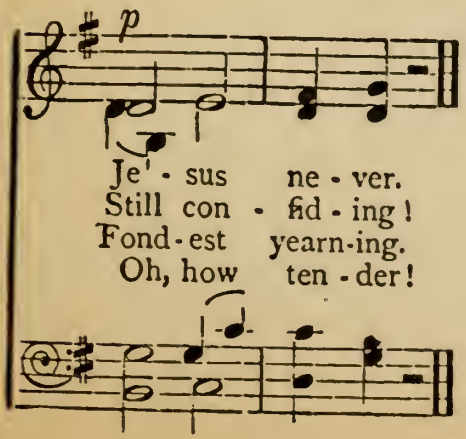
6 There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be poor is best!

No. 137. Jesus is the Same Forever.

REV. WADE ROBINSON.

J. MOUNTAIN.


Calmly.
1. Je-sus is the same for e-ver; We may change, but Je-sus ne-ver,—
2. Oh, what rest in Him a-bid-ing, In His love and care con-fid-ing,
3. From our wand'rings home returning, Lo, He meets us with His yearning,
4. Small the ser-vice we can ren-der, He is pa-tient still and ten-der,—



5 Day by day He walks beside us,
Ours to shield us, ours to guide us,
Shield and guide us.

6 Calm we sleep, for He, unsleeping,
Folds us with almighty keeping,
Sleepless keeping.

7 Lo, the heart that He created
Only with Himself is sated,
Sweetly sated.

8 He is nearer than our nearest,
He is dearer than our dearest,
More than dearest.

No. 138. Lovest Thou Me?

KATE HANKEY. LOUISE SHEPARD.

Plaintive.

1. I saw Him leave His Fa-ther's throne, For-sake that glo - ry, all His
2. I saw Him in temp - ta - tion's hour, Weak, but o'er-com-ing Sa-tan's
3. I heard Him once, by Ja-cob's well, The mes - sage of sal - va - tion
4. I saw Him come, by pi - ty led, And stand be-side my fev-'rish
own! For love of me. And from the low - ly man-ger-bed, I
pow'r, For love of me. And as the tempter fled a - way I
tell, For love of me. My heart had been as cold as stone; But
bed, For love of me. Then heard Him whisper, as dis-ease Gave
CHORUS. mf
pp rit.
heard a gen-tle Voice that said:
heard a Voice that seemed to say:
how could I re - sist that tone?—
way to health, and pain to ease,
"Lov-est thou Me?" "Lovest Thou Me?"

5 He saw me weeping for my sin,
And turned to breathe His peace within,
For love of me.
Oh, may it never lose its power,
His voice in that sweet pardoning hour,
"Lovest Thou Me?"

6 Once, with His own outstretched arm,
He turned the storm into a calm,
For love of me:
Then came and took me by the hand,
And said, as we approached the land,
"Lovest Thou Me?"

No. 139. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ST HILDA. 7s & 6s.

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I can not measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

ANNA LETITIA WARING, 1850.

No. 140. Am I Not Better Unto Thee?

LOUISE SHEPARD. 1 SAM. 1: 8. Dr. J. STEINER,

1. "Am I not bet - ter un - to thee" Than world - ly hon - or
2. "Am I not bet - ter un - to thee" Than pass - ing prais - es
3. "Am I not bet - ter un - to thee" Than e'en the near - est,
4. "Am I not bet - ter un - to thee" Than peace - ful days when
here at - tained? Like mists be - fore the ris - ing sun
men have giv'n? Does not the ech - o of My voice.
dear - est friend? Their heart is lov - ing, still it fails
bat - tles cease? Wish not for end - ing of the strife.
All fade, as dreams when night is done. "I'm Alph - a
Which says, "Well done," make thee re - joice? I'm thy re -
In the dark hour when all as - sails. Lo, I am
Let Me but rule with - in thy life, I am thy
and O - me - ga" gained, "I'm Alph - a and O - me - ga" gained.
- ward here and in heav'n, I'm thy re - ward here and in heav'n.
with thee to the end, Lo, I am with thee to the end.
Conqu'ror, Prince of Peace, I am thy Con-qu'ror, Prince of Peace.

5 "Am I not better unto thee" than any gift received from Me?
Is not My presence at thy side
Enough to make thee satisfied?
"Abide in Me and I in Thee."

6 "Am I not better unto thee" than hopes of coming morn afar?
'Tis heaven come down below to rest,
When I am dwelling in thy breast.
"I am thy bright and morning star."

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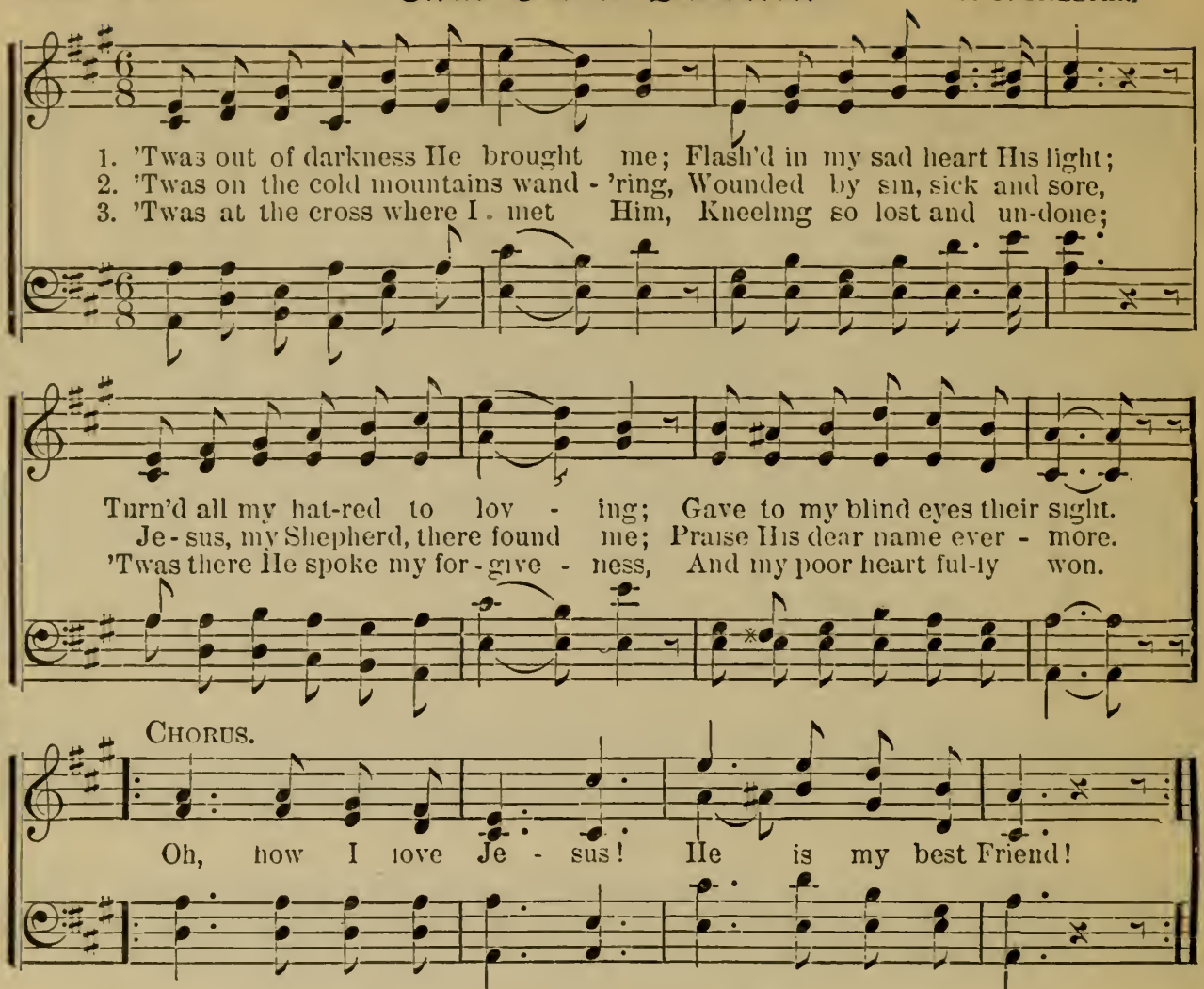
No. 141. 'Twas Out of Darkness.

J. O. Hillyer.


1. 'Twas out of darkness He brought me; Flash'd in my sad heart His light;
2. 'Twas on the cold mountains wand - 'ring, Wounded by sin, sick and sore,
3. 'Twas at the cross where I met Him, Kneeling so lost and un-done;
Turn'd all my hat-red to lov - ing; Gave to my blind eyes their sight.
Je - sus, my Shepherd, there found me; Praise His dear name ever - more.
'Twas there He spoke my for - give - ness, And my poor heart ful-ly won.
Chorus.
Oh, how I love Je - sus! He is my best Friend!

4 'Twas there with great condescension,
Jesus came into my heart;
Day by day fill'd me with gladness;
For His work set me apart.

5 Jesus, the pure Light of heaven,
Lives all the while in my heart;
Gives me His joy beyond measure;
Tells me we never shall part.

By permission.

No. 142. Your Harps.

S.M.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of Love Divine,
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home:
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

The people of His choice,
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect
Upon the mount to stay.

No. 143. 'Tis I.

C. M.

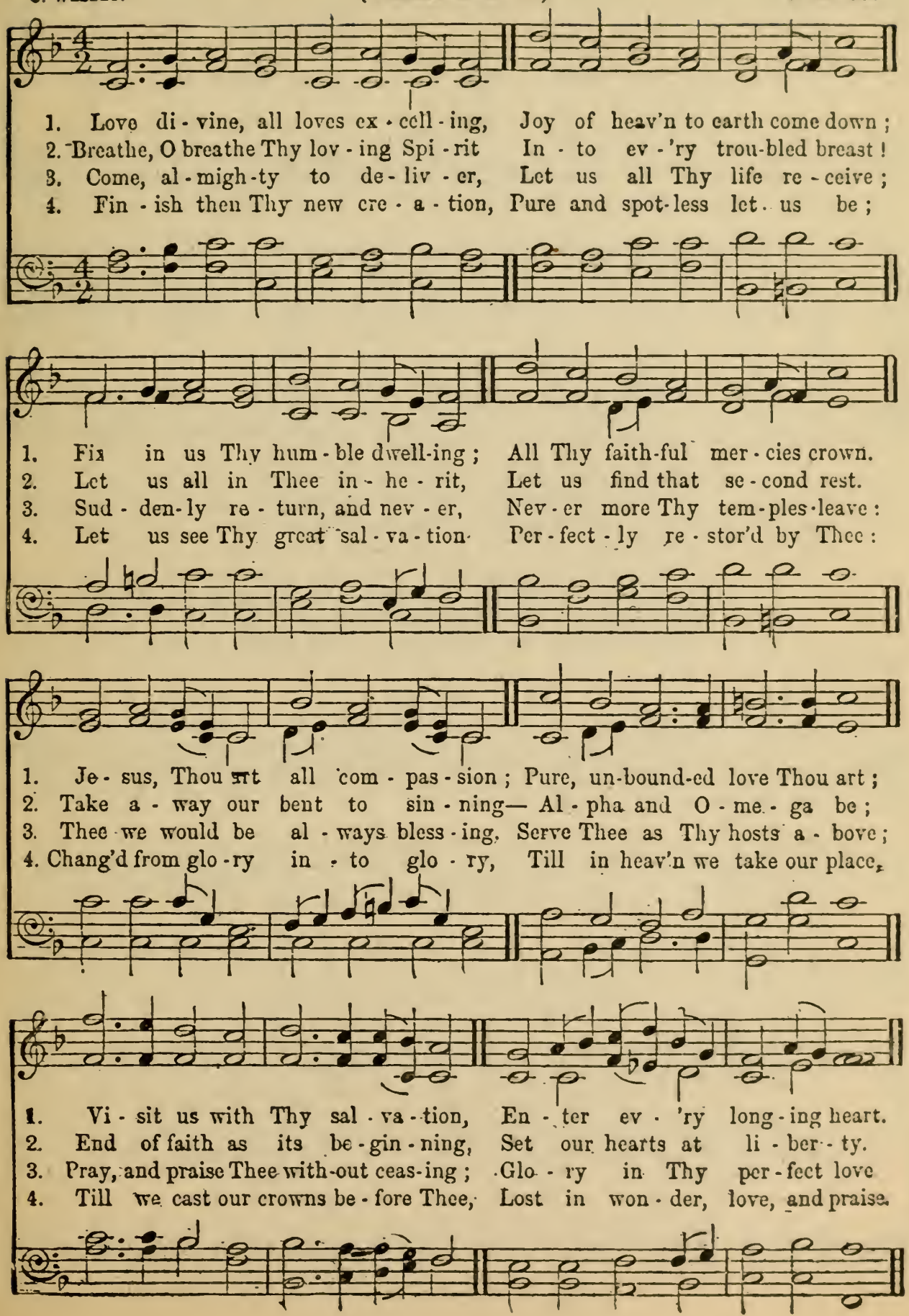
When waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed:
I hear a voice I know full well—
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

There is a gulf that must be crossed;
Saviour be near to aid!
Whisper when my frail bark is tossed,
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

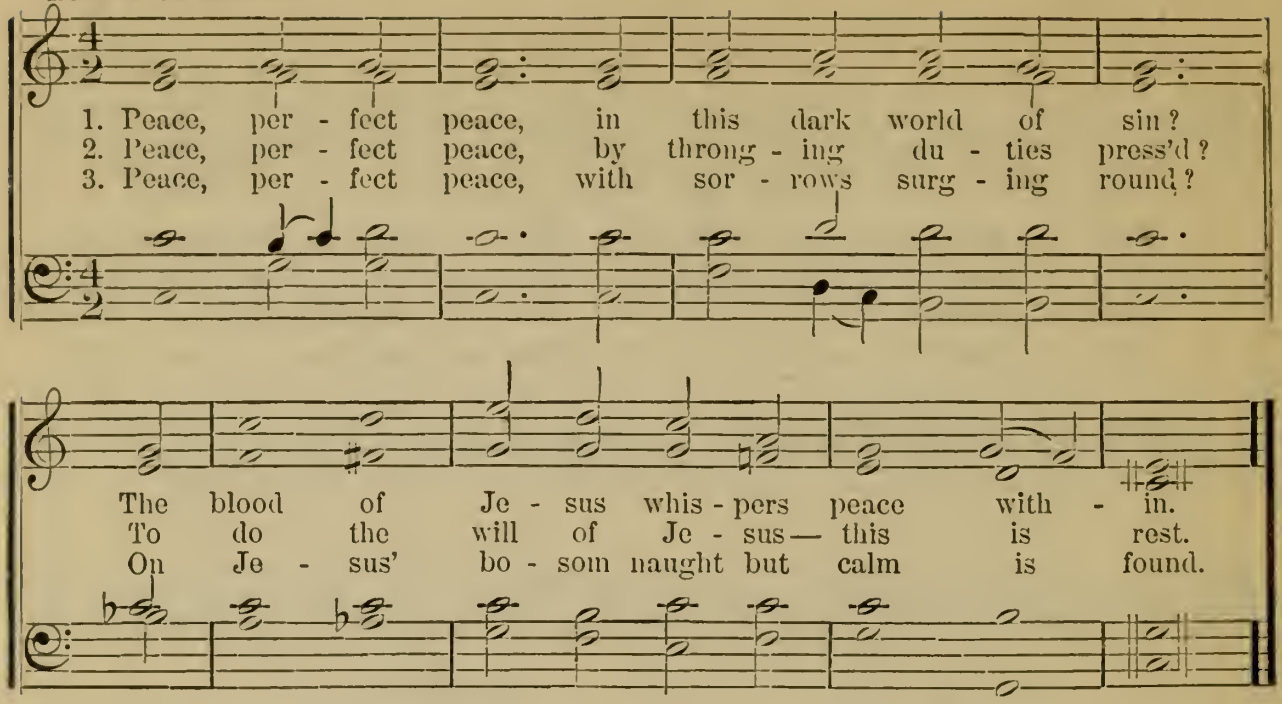
No. 144. Love Divine.

C. Wesley. (Austria. 8.7.8.7. D.) J. Haydn.


1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down ;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spi - rit In - to ev - 'ry trou-bled breast !
3. Come, al - migh-ty to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive ;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot-less let us be ;
1. Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing ; All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
2. Let us all in Thee in - he - rit, Let us find that se - cond rest.
3. Sud - den-ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem-ples leave :
4. Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stor'd by Thee :
1. Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion ; Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art ;
2. Take a - way our bent to sin - ning— Al - pha and O - me - ga be ;
3. Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove ;
4. Chang'd from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,
1. Vi - sit us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry long - ing heart.
2. End of faith as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at li - ber - ty.
3. Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing ; Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love
4. Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

No. 145. Peace, Perfect Peace.

BISHOP OF EXETER. PAX TECUM, 10, 10.


1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties press'd?
3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?
The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus— this is rest.
On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

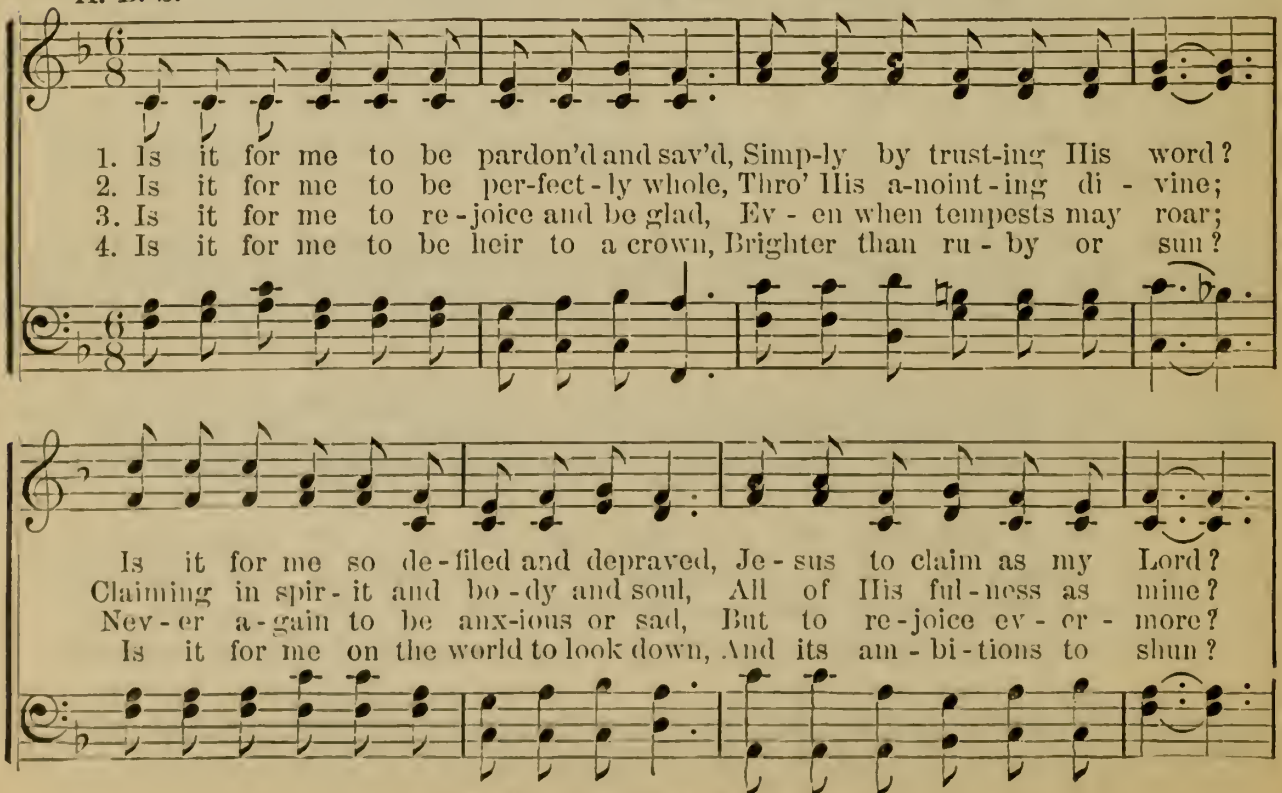
5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know; and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease!
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

No. 146. Is it for me?

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.


1. Is it for me to be pardon'd and sav'd, Simp-ly by trust-ing His word?
2. Is it for me to be per-fect-ly whole, Thro' His a-noint-ing di - vine;
3. Is it for me to re-joice and be glad, Ev - en when tempests may roar;
4. Is it for me to be heir to a crown, Brighter than ru - by or sun?
Is it for me so de-filed and depraved, Je - sus to claim as my Lord?
Claiming in spir-it and bo-dy and soul, All of His ful-ness as mine?
Nev-er a-gain to be anx-ious or sad, But to re-joice ev - er - more?
Is it for me on the world to look down, And its am-bi-tions to shun?

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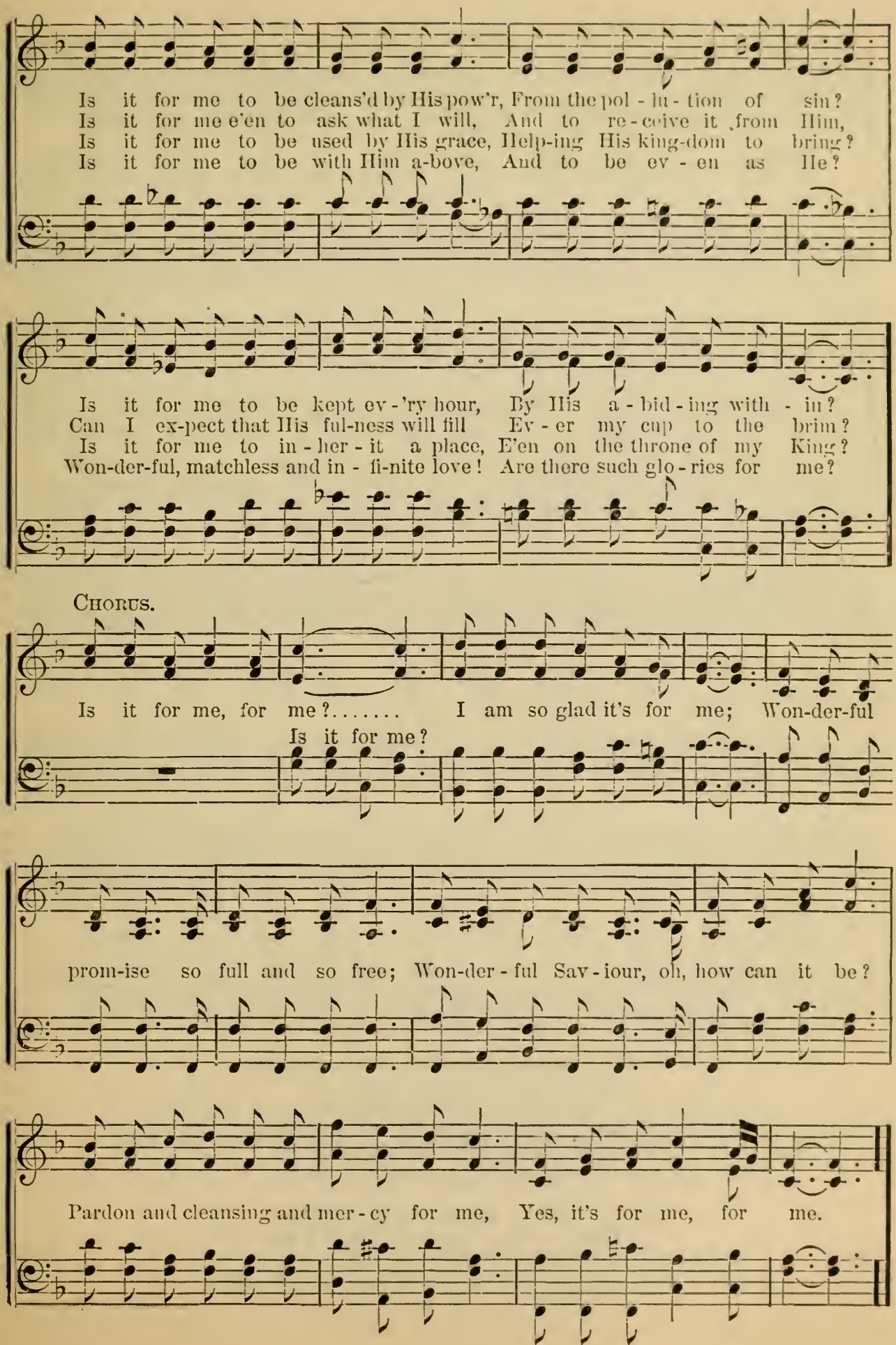
Is it for Me? Concluded.


Is it for me to be cleans'd by His pow'r, From the pol - lu - tion of sin?
Is it for me e'en to ask what I will, And to re - ceive it from Him,
Is it for me to be used by His grace, Help-ing His king-dom to bring?
Is it for me to be with Him a-bove, And to be ev - en as He?
Is it for me to be kept ev - 'ry hour, By His a - bid - ing with - in?
Can I ex-pect that His ful-ness will fill Ev - er my cup to the brim?
Is it for me to in - her - it a place, E'en on the throne of my King?
Won-der-ful, matchless and in - fi-nite love! Are there such glo - ries for me?
Chorus.
Is it for me, for me?..... I am so glad it's for me; Won-der-ful
Is it for me?
prom-ise so full and so free; Won-der - ful Sav - iour, oh, how can it be?
Pardon and cleansing and mer - cy for me, Yes, it's for me, for me.

No. 147. Come, Jesus, Lord.

C. WESLEY. (PEMBROKE. 8.8.6.8.8.6.) J. FOSTER (*by per.*).

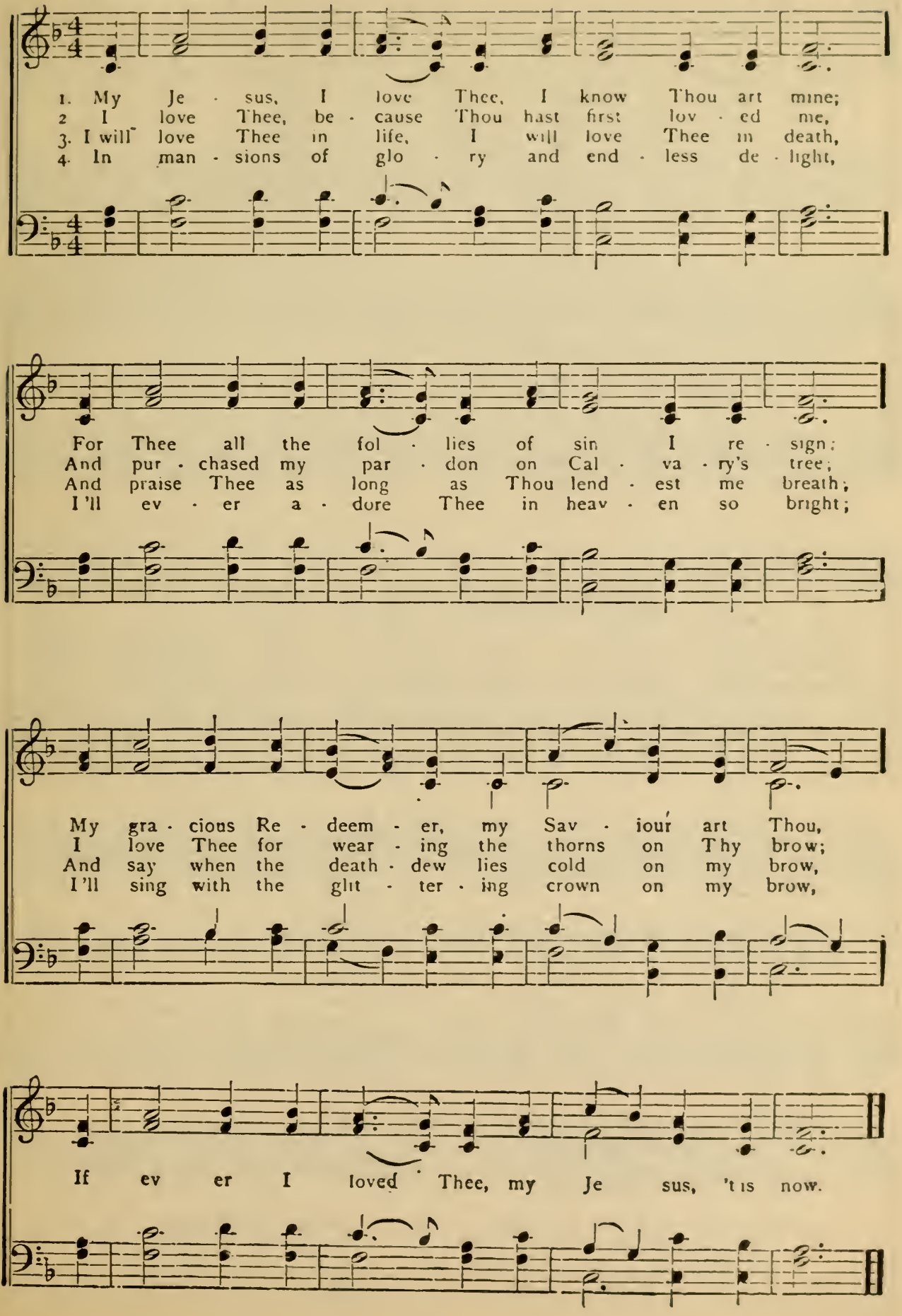
1. Come, Je - sus, Lord with ho - ly fire, Come, and my
2. Let no - thing now my heart di - vide, Since with Thee
1. quick - en'd heart in - spire, Cleans'd in Thy pre - cious blood.
2. I am cru - ci - fied, And live to God in Thee.
1. Now to my soul Thy - self re - veal, Thy migh - ty
2. Dead to the world and all its toys, Its i - dle
1. work - ing let me feel, Since I am born of God.
2. pomp, and fad - ing joys. Je - sus, my glo - ry be.

3. Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A longing, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart.
Less than Thyself, oh, do not give;
In might Thyself within me live;
Come, all Thou hast and art!

4. My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see
In Thine unclouded face.
Called the full strength of trust to prove
Let all my quickened heart be love
My spotless life be praise.

No. 148. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. A. J. GORDON.

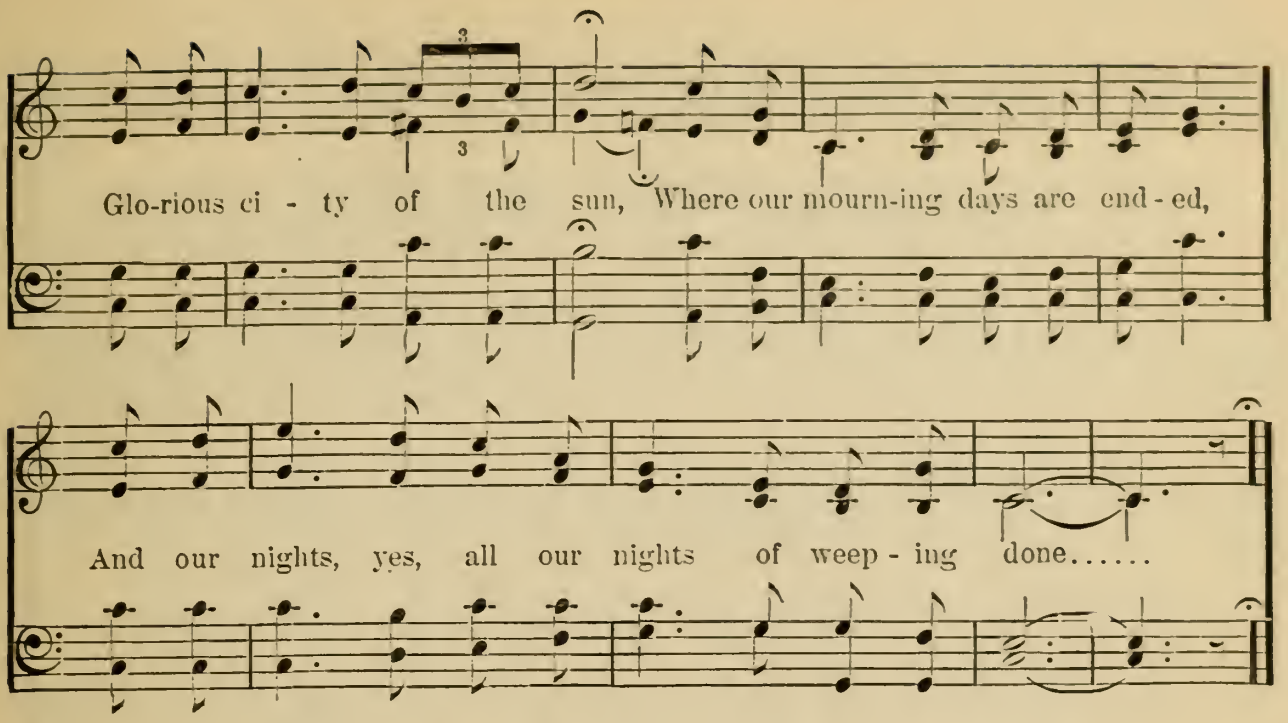

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
2 I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,
If ev er I loved Thee, my Je sus, 'tis now.

No. 149. Timnath-Serah.

A. B. S. REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

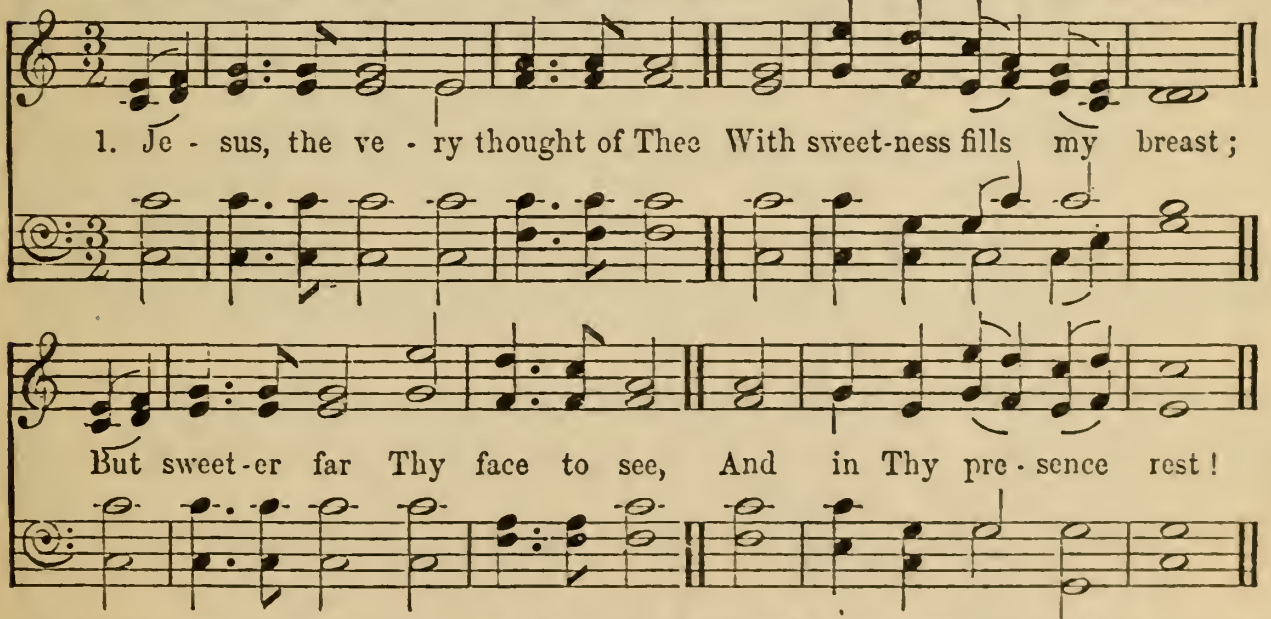
1. Let us dwell on Tim-nath - Se - rah Where the sun for - ev - er shines,
2. Josh-ua dwelt on Tim-nath - Se - rah When his might - y task was done,
3. Let me dwell on Tim-nath - Se - rah Where the clouds of sin - ful care,
Where the night and dark-ness come not, And the day no more de - clines;
All he asked was Tim-nath - Se - rah, Lof - ty ci - ty of the sun;
Can - not reach my hap - py dwell-ing In the pure, ce - les - tial air:
Where our mourn - ing days are end - ed, And our night of weep-ing done,
So would I o'er sin vic - to - rious, All my Land of Prom-ise won,
Doubt and fear and sin be - hind me, Earth be - neath me, heav'n be - yond,
ritard.
Let me dwell on Tim-nath-Se - rah, Glo - ri-ous ci - ty of the sun.
Dwell with Christ on Tim-nath-Se - rah, Glo - ri-ous ci - ty of the sun.
O how sweet is Tim-nath-Se - rah, Glo - ri-ous ci - ty of the sun.
CHORUS.
Let us dwell, yes, let us dwell, Let us dwell in Tim-nath - Se - rah,

Timnath-Serah. Concluded.



No. 150. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (*tr.*) (HEBER. C.M.) GEO. KINGSLEY.



2. No voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

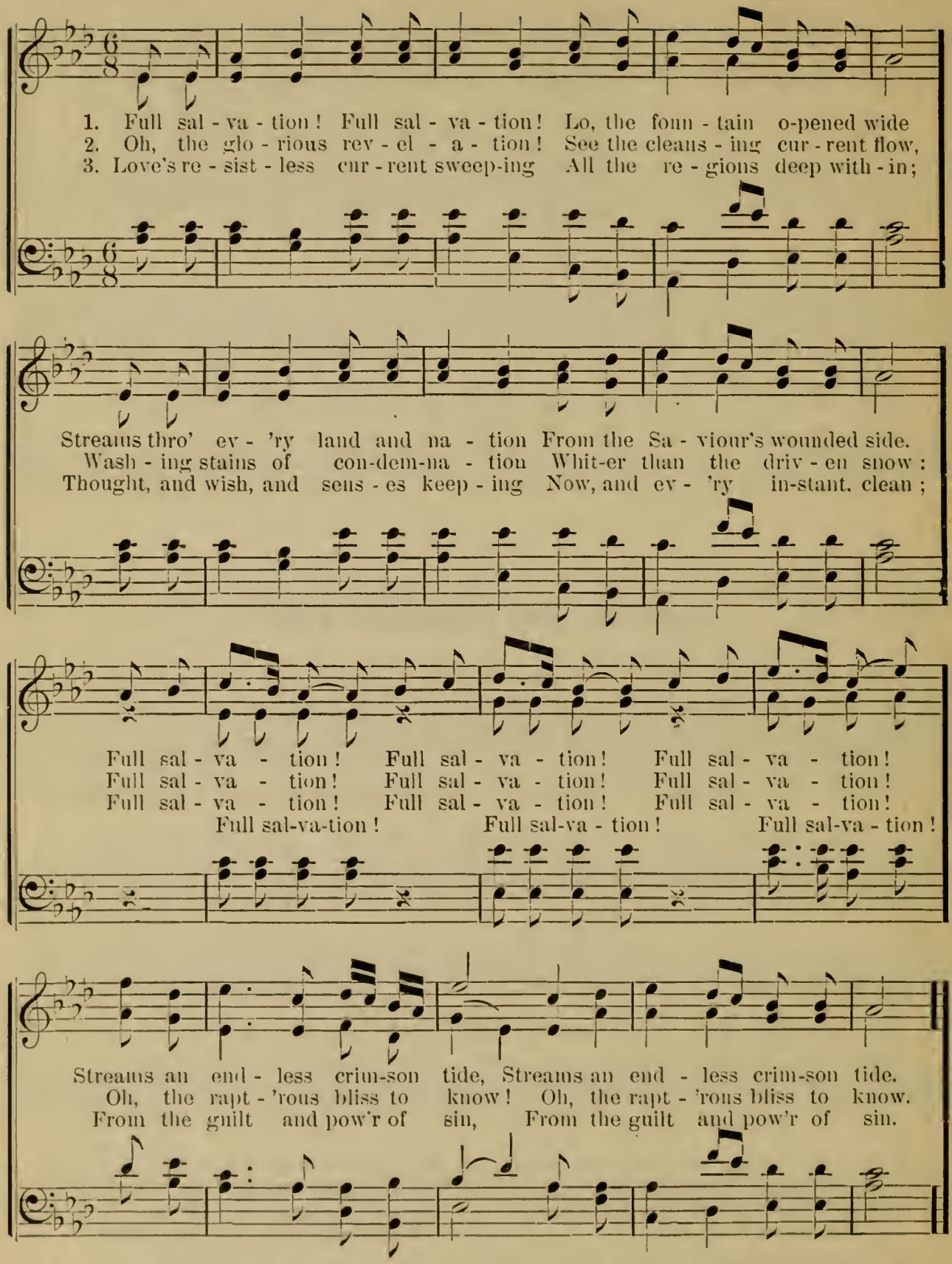
3. Oh, hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, joy of all the meek;
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4. But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5. Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And in eternity.

No. 151. Full Salvation.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. English Air.

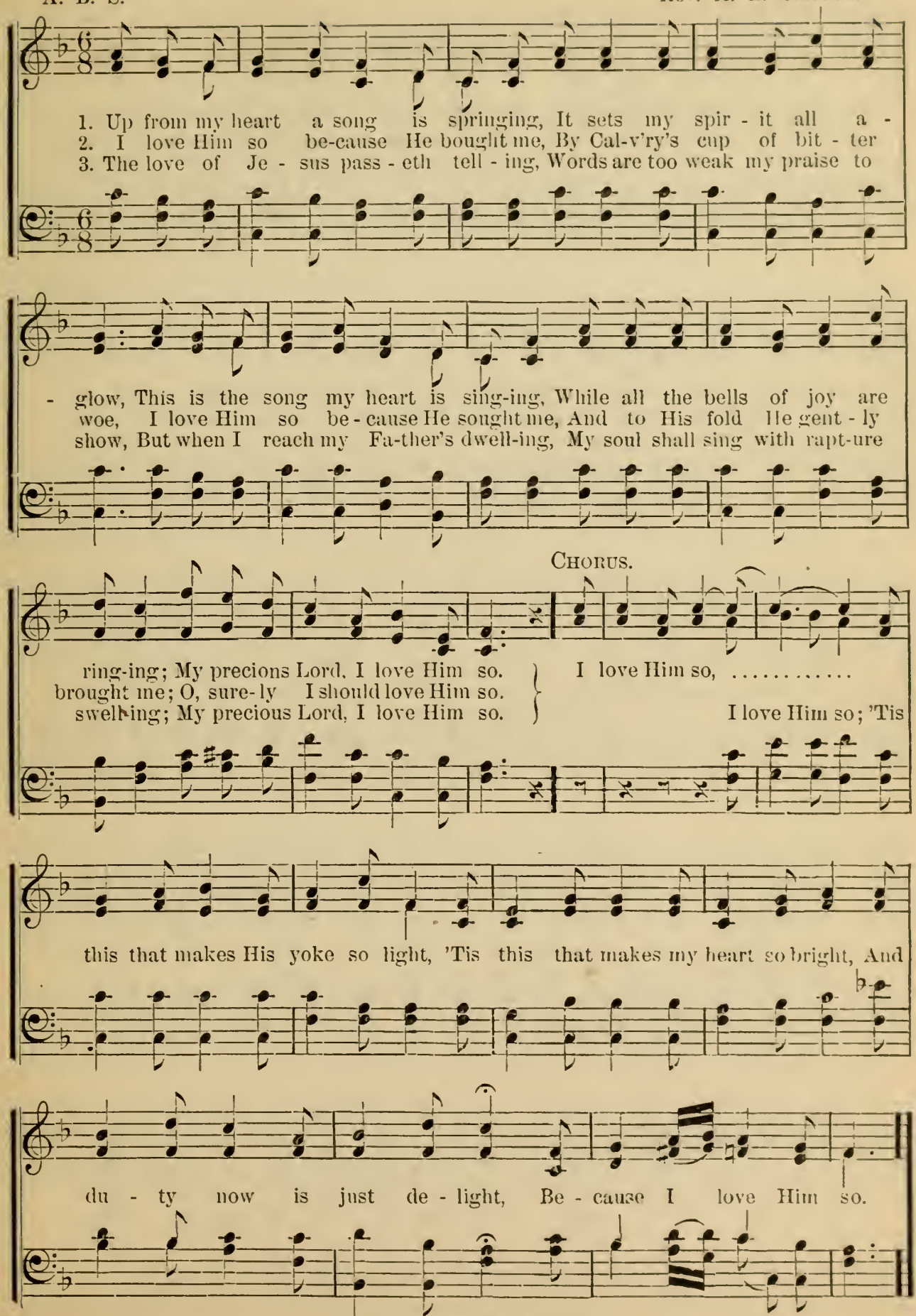

1. Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Lo, the foun - tain o-pened wide
2. Oh, the glo - rious rev - el - a - tion! See the cleans - ing cur - rent flow,
3. Love's re - sist - less cur - rent sweep-ing All the re - gions deep with - in;
Streams thro' ev - 'ry land and na - tion From the Sa - viour's wounded side.
Wash - ing stains of con-dem-na - tion Whit-er than the driv - en snow:
Thought, and wish, and sens - es keep - ing Now, and ev - 'ry in-stant, clean;
Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion!
Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion!
Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion!
Full sal-va-tion! Full sal-va - tion! Full sal-va - tion!
Streams an end - less crim-son tide, Streams an end - less crim-son tide.
Oh, the rapt - 'rous bliss to know! Oh, the rapt - 'rous bliss to know.
From the guilt and pow'r of sin, From the guilt and pow'r of sin.

4 Life immortal, heaven descending,
Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine!
God and man in oneness blending—
Oh, what fellowship is mine!
Full salvation!
Raised in Christ to life divine!

5 Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
Fear and shame are mine no more;
Faith knows naught of dark to-morrow,
For my Saviour goes before:
Full salvation!
Full and free for evermore.

No. 152. I Love Him So.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Up from my heart a song is springing, It sets my spir - it all a -
2. I love Him so be-cause He bought me, By Cal-v'ry's cup of bit - ter
3. The love of Je - sus pass - eth tell - ing, Words are too weak my praise to
- glow, This is the song my heart is sing-ing, While all the bells of joy are
woe, I love Him so be - cause He sought me, And to His fold He gent - ly
show, But when I reach my Fa-ther's dwell-ing, My soul shall sing with rapt-ure
Chorus.
ring-ing; My precions Lord, I love Him so.
brought me; O, sure-ly I should love Him so.
swell-ing; My precious Lord, I love Him so.
I love Him so, ...
I love Him so; 'Tis
this that makes His yoke so light, 'Tis this that makes my heart so bright, And
du - ty now is just de - light, Be - cause I love Him so.

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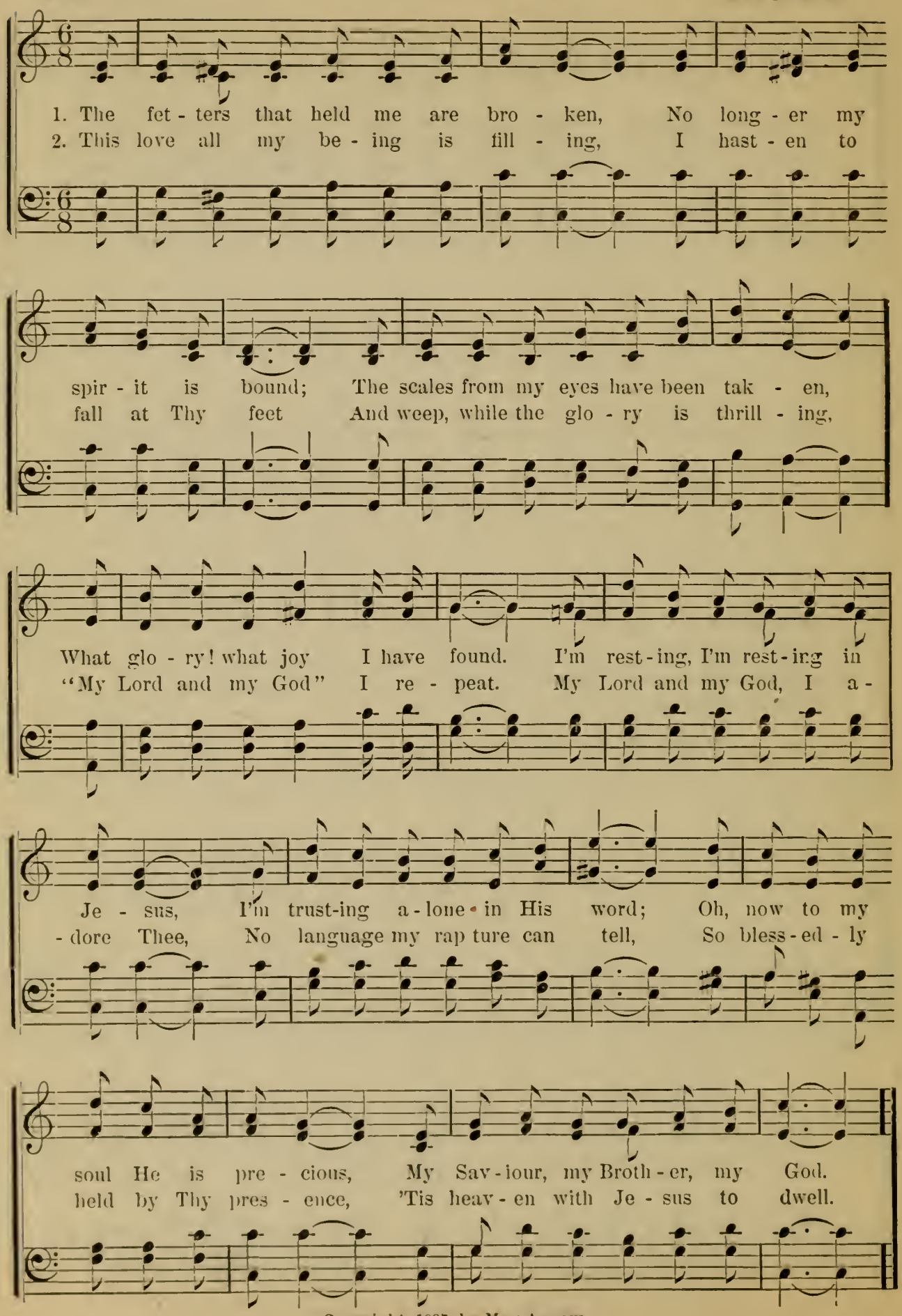
No. 153. The Fetters that Bound Me.

M. A. MAY AGNEW.


1. The fet - ters that held me are bro - ken, No long - er my
spir - it is bound; The scales from my eyes have been tak - en,
What glo - ry! what joy I have found. I'm rest - ing, I'm rest - ing in
Je - sus, I'm trust-ing a - lone in His word; Oh, now to my
soul He is pre - cious, My Sav - iour, my Broth - er, my God.
2. This love all my be - ing is fill - ing, I hast - en to
fall at Thy feet And weep, while the glo - ry is thrill - ing,
"My Lord and my God" I re - peat. My Lord and my God, I a -
- dore Thee, No language my rap ture can tell, So bless - ed - ly
held by Thy pres - ence, 'Tis heav - en with Je - sus to dwell.

Copyright, 1897, by May Agnew.

No. 154. The Right Side.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. Louise Shepard.

1. Would you know a wise and won-drous watch-word? Would you learn a great and price-less art? Would you find the sweet and sa-cred se - cret Of a bright and hap - py heart?
2. While we walk with Him in ho - ly right - ness, We must shine as child-ren of the light; While we shout our hap - py hal - le - lu - jahs, We must al - so do the right.
3. God who reared the sol - id rocks and mountains, Clothed with bloom and green their smil-ing face, All His love would clothe our rig - id right - ness With His love - li - ness and grace.
Chorus.
Look on the right side, keep on the bright side, Gath - er up the sun-shine and the song; For the right side is the bright side, And the joy of the Lord makes strong.

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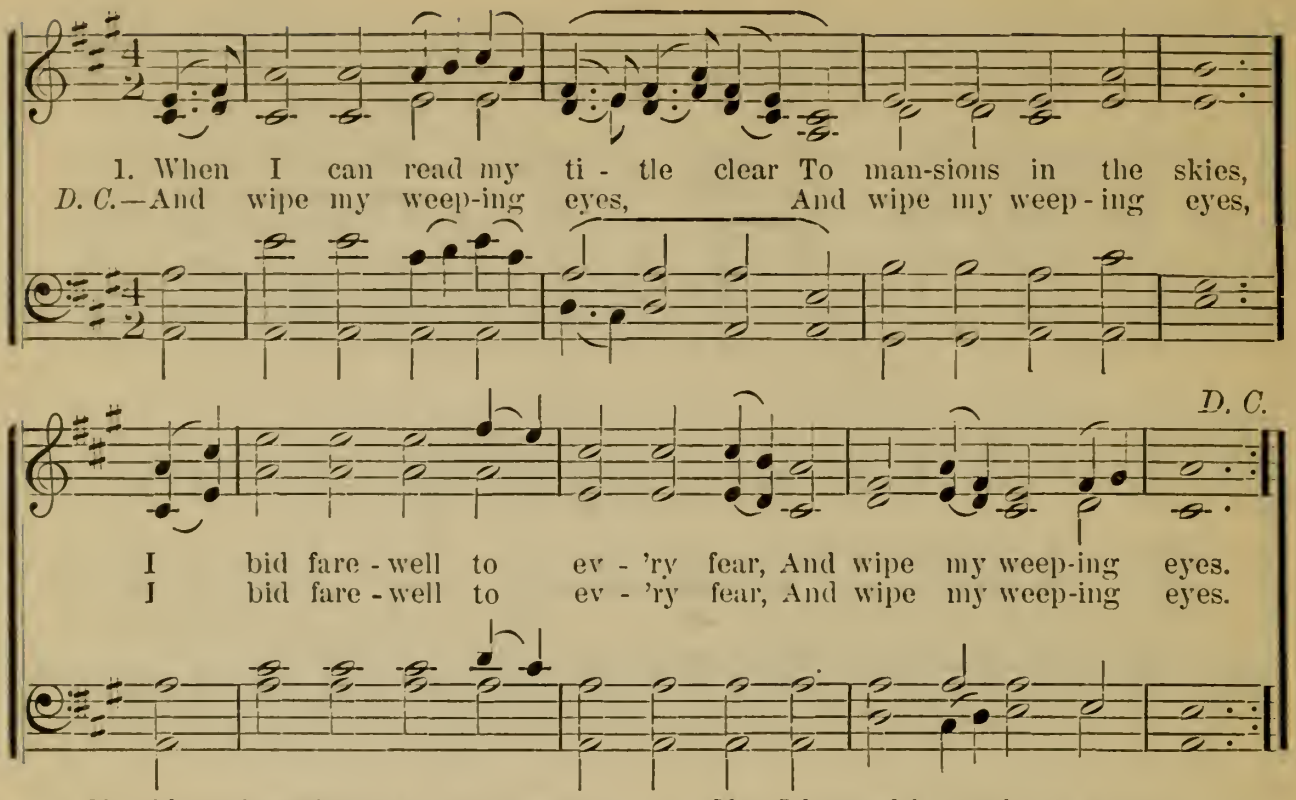
No. 155. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

PISGAH. C. M. J. C. Lowry, 1820.


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
D. C.—And wipe my weep-ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes,
D. C.
I bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
I bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

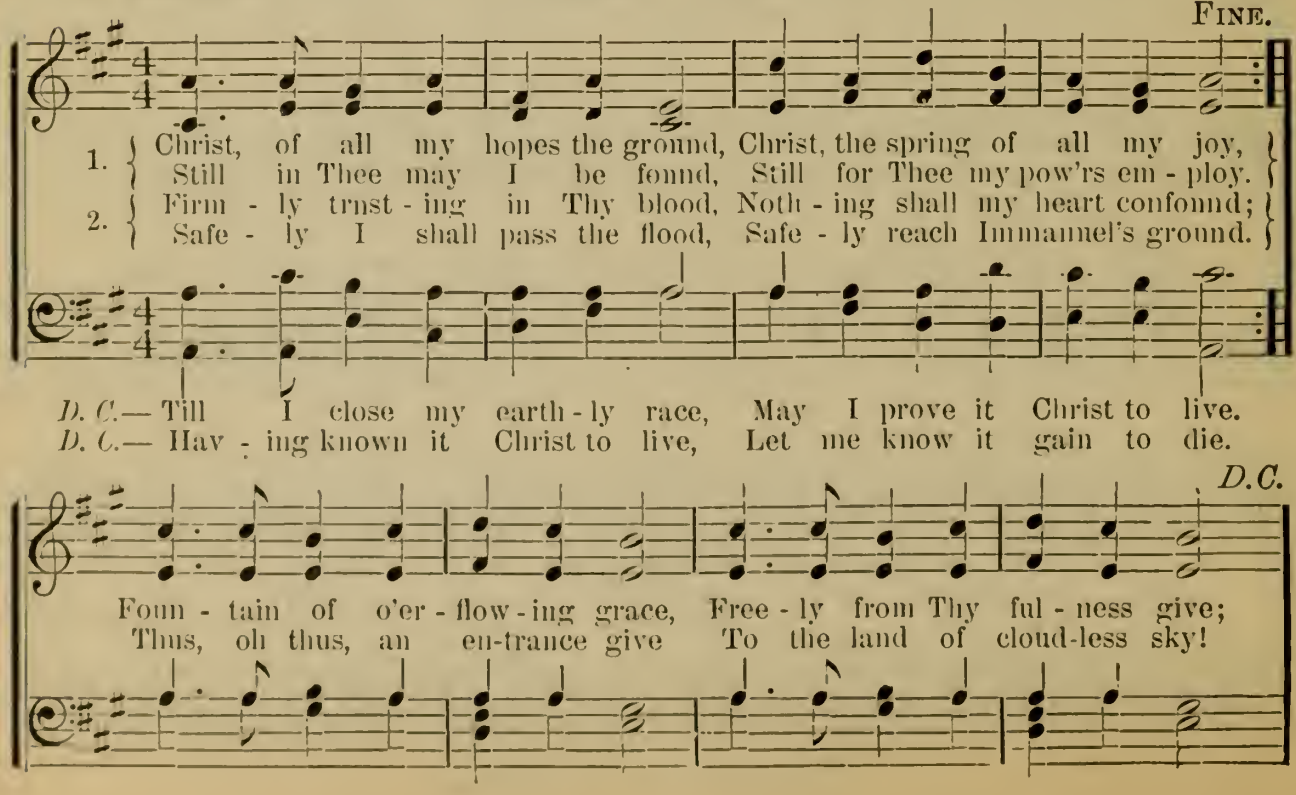
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

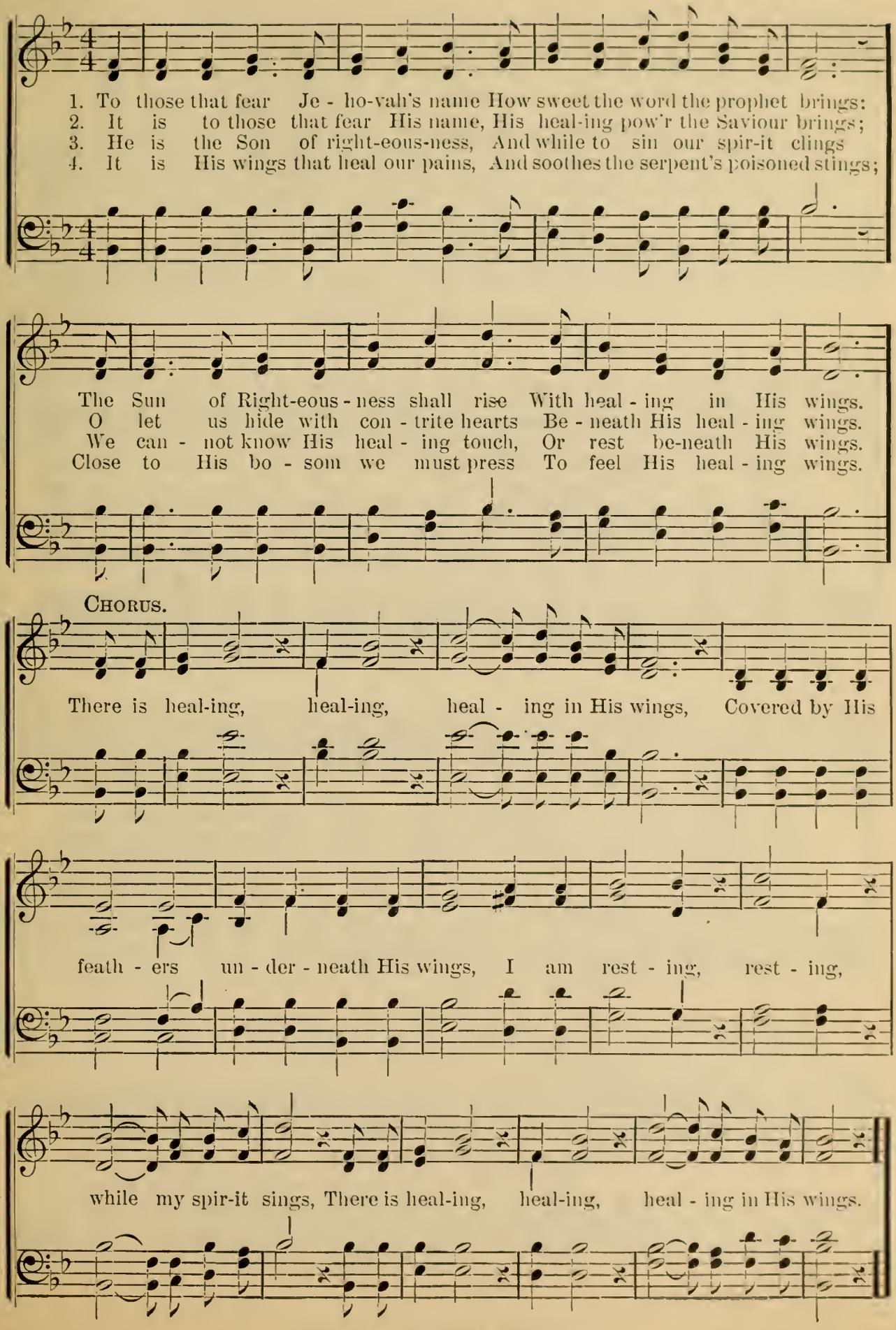
No. 156. Christ of All My Hopes.

R. Wardlaw. LITANY. 7s. D.


Fine.
1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs em - ploy.
2. Firm - ly trust - ing in Thy blood, Noth - ing shall my heart confound;
Safe - ly I shall pass the flood, Safe - ly reach Immanuel's ground.
D. C.— Till I close my earth - ly race, May I prove it Christ to live.
D. C.— Hav - ing known it Christ to live, Let me know it gain to die.
D.C.
Foun - tain of o'er - flow - ing grace, Free - ly from Thy ful - ness give;
Thus, oh thus, an en-trance give To the land of cloud-less sky!

No. 157. Healing in His Wings.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. To those that fear Je - ho-vah's name How sweet the word the prophet brings:
2. It is to those that fear His name, His heal-ing pow'r the Saviour brings;
3. He is the Son of right-eous-ness, And while to sin our spir-it clings
4. It is His wings that heal our pains, And soothes the serpent's poisoned stings;
The Sun of Right-eous - ness shall rise With heal - ing in His wings.
O let us hide with con - trite hearts Be - neath His heal - ing wings.
We can - not know His heal - ing touch, Or rest be-neath His wings.
Close to His bo - som we must press To feel His heal - ing wings.
Chorus.
There is heal-ing, heal-ing, heal - ing in His wings, Covered by His
feath - ers un - der - neath His wings, I am rest - ing, rest - ing,
while my spir-it sings, There is heal-ing, heal-ing, heal - ing in His wings.

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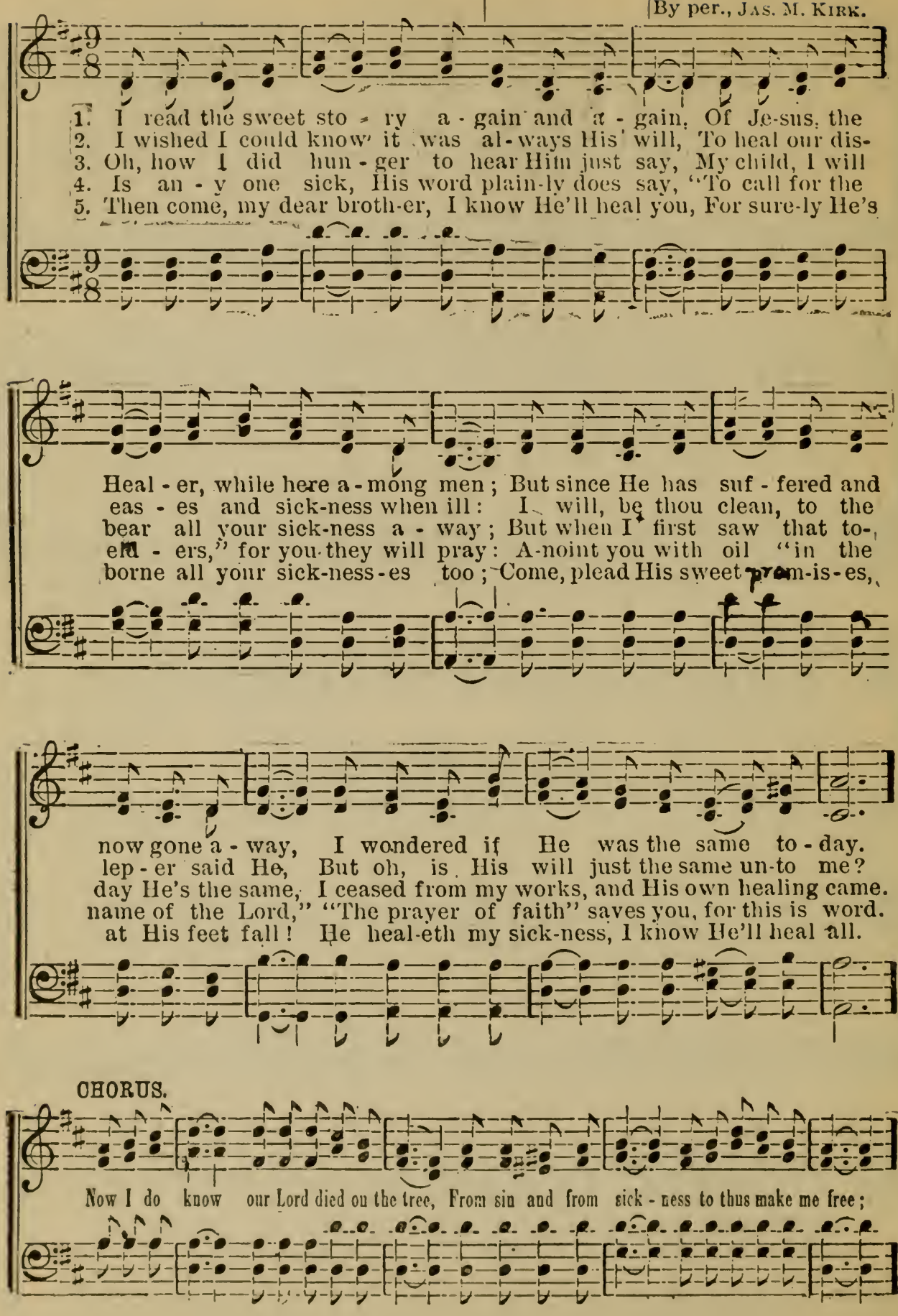
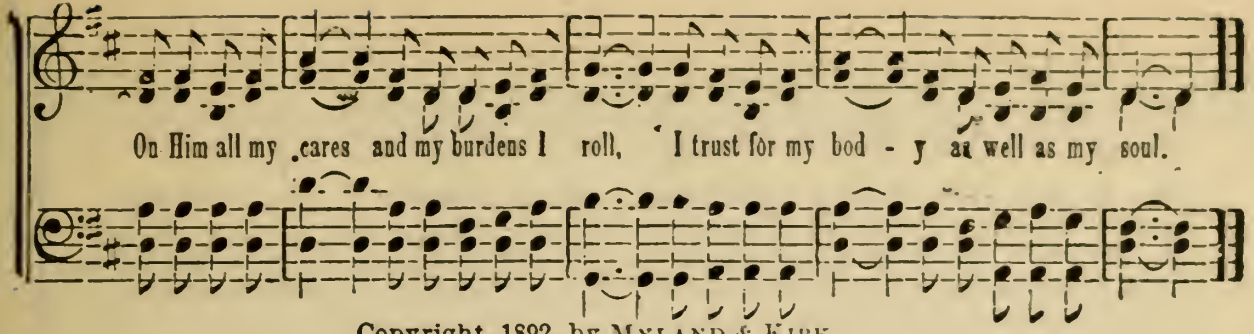
No. 158. Trust for Body and Soul.

By per., Jas. M. Kirk.


1. I read the sweet sto - ry a - gain and a - gain, Of Je-sus, the
2. I wished I could know it was al-ways His will, To heal our dis-
3. Oh, how I did hun-ger to hear Him just say, My child, I will
4. Is an - y one sick, His word plain-ly does say, "To call for the
5. Then come, my dear broth-er, I know He'll heal you, For sure-ly He's
Heal - er, while here a - mong men; But since He has suf - fered and
eas - es and sick-ness when ill: I will, be thou clean, to the
bear all your sick-ness a - way; But when I first saw that to-
eld - ers," for you they will pray: A-noint you with oil "in the
borne all your sick-ness-es too; Come, plead His sweet prom-is-es,
now gone a - way, I wondered if He was the same to - day.
lep - er said He, But oh, is His will just the same un-to me?
day He's the same, I ceased from my works, and His own healing came.
name of the Lord," "The prayer of faith" saves you, for this is word.
at His feet fall! He heal-eth my sick-ness, I know He'll heal all.
CHORUS.
Now I do know our Lord died on the tree, From sin and from sick - ness to thus make me free;

Trust for Body and Soul. Concluded.



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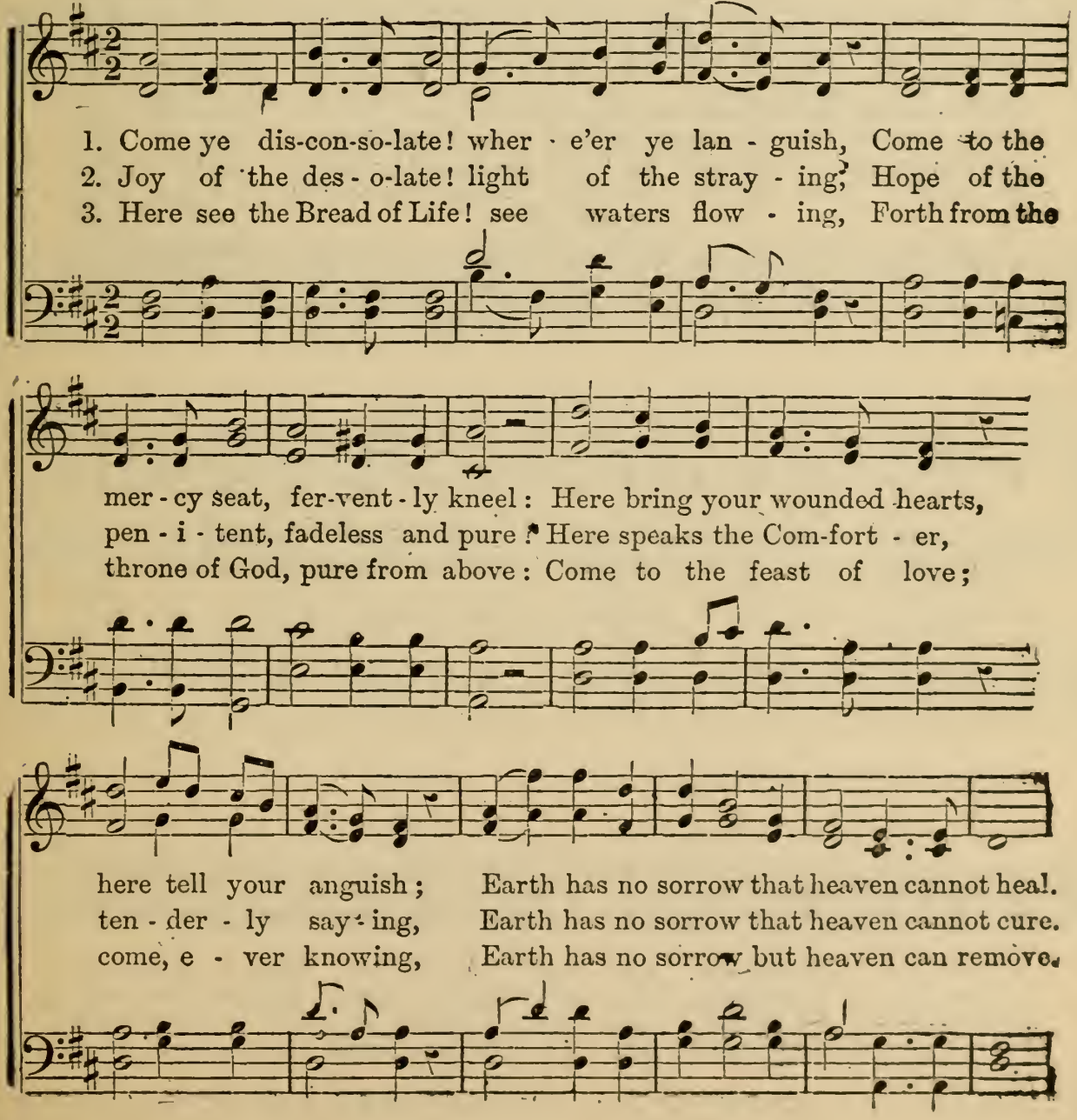
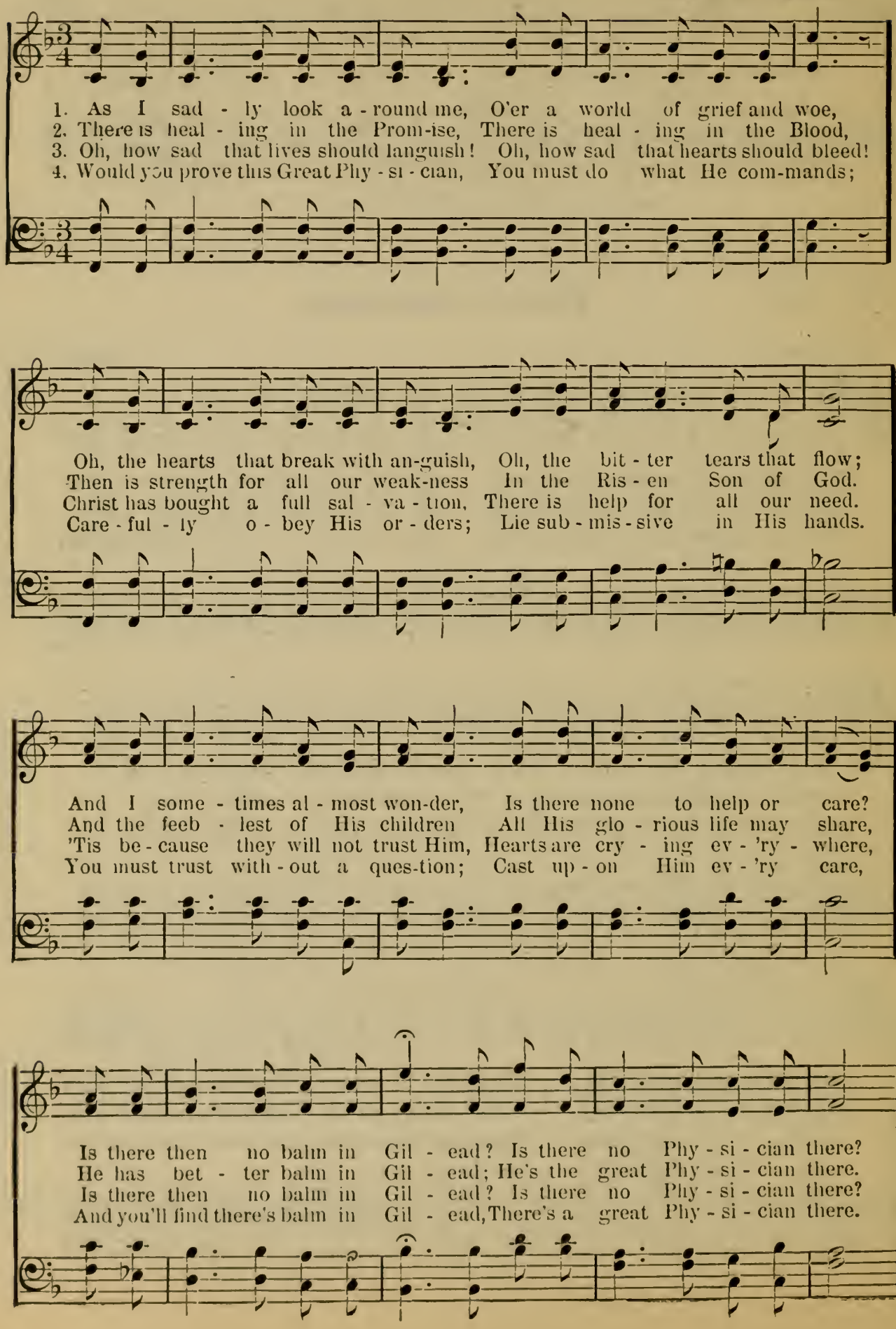
No. 159. Come ye disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE. S. WEBBE.

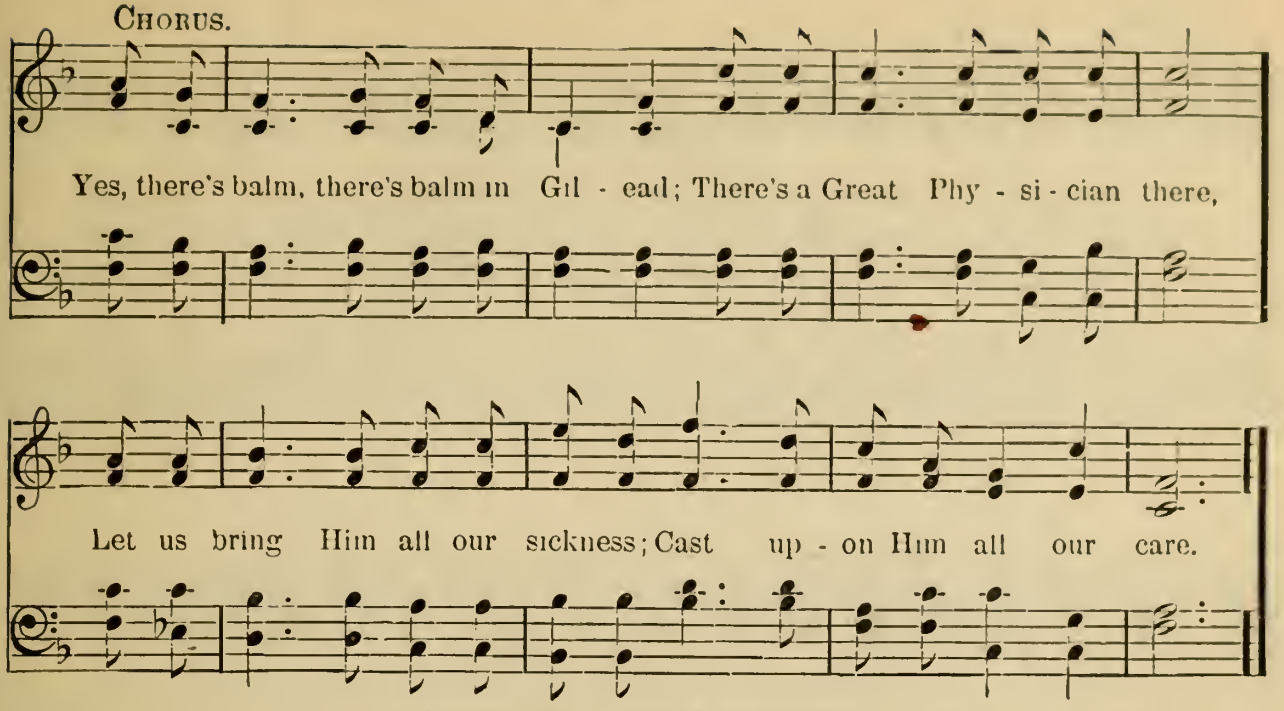

1. Come ye dis-con-so-late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o-late! light of the stray - ing; Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life! see waters flow - ing, Forth from the
mer - cy seat, fer-vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen - i - tent, fadeless and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort - er,
throne of God, pure from above: Come to the feast of love;
here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
come, e - ver knowing, Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

No. 160. Balm in Gilead.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. As I sad - ly look a - round me, O'er a world of grief and woe,
Oh, the hearts that break with an-guish, Oh, the bit - ter tears that flow;
And I some - times al - most won-der, Is there none to help or care?
Is there then no balm in Gil - ead? Is there no Phy - si - cian there?
2. There is heal - ing in the Prom-ise, There is heal - ing in the Blood,
Then is strength for all our weak-ness In the Ris - en Son of God.
And the feeb - lest of His children All His glo - rious life may share,
He has bet - ter balm in Gil - ead; He's the great Phy - si - cian there.
3. Oh, how sad that lives should languish! Oh, how sad that hearts should bleed!
Christ has bought a full sal - va - tion, There is help for all our need.
'Tis be - cause they will not trust Him, Hearts are cry - ing ev - 'ry - where,
Is there then no balm in Gil - ead? Is there no Phy - si - cian there?
4. Would you prove this Great Phy - si - cian, You must do what He com-mands;
Care - ful - ly o - bey His or - ders; Lie sub - mis - sive in His hands.
You must trust with - out a ques-tion; Cast up - on Him ev - 'ry care,
And you'll find there's balm in Gil - ead, There's a great Phy - si - cian there.

Balm in Gilead. Concluded.


Chorus.
Yes, there's balm, there's balm in Gil - ead; There's a Great Phy - si - cian there,
Let us bring Him all our sickness; Cast up - on Him all our care.

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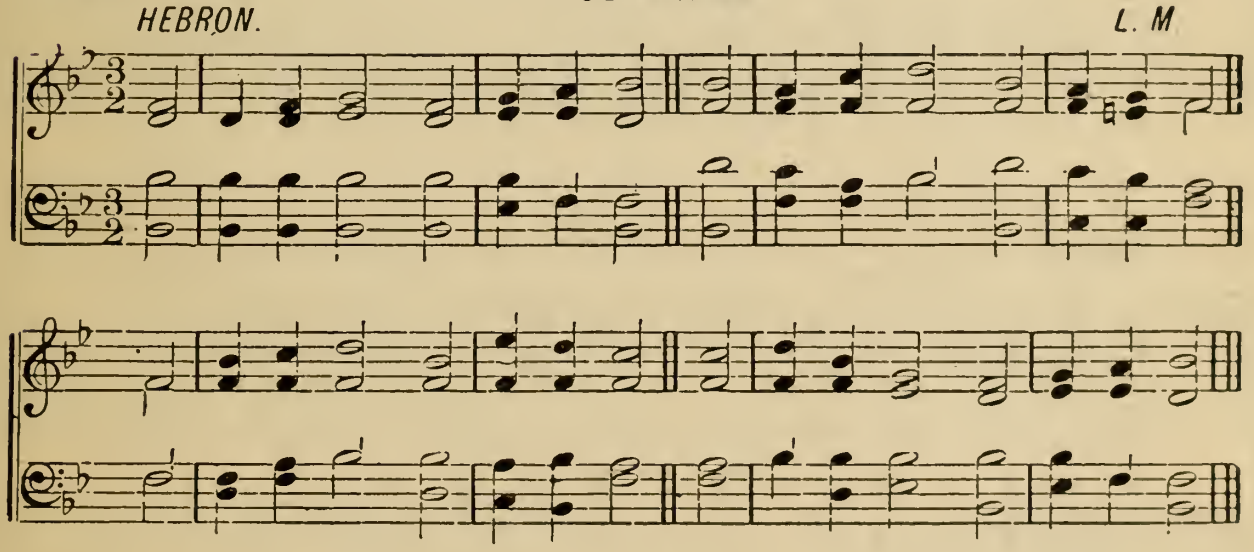
No. 161. At Even.



At evening when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay.
Oh, with what various pains they meet!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis evening, Lord, and we,
Oppressed with various ills draw near
What though Thy face we cannot see,
We feel and know that Thou art near

O gracious Lord, our woes dispel!
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word of Thine can fruitless fall.
Here, in this solemn evening hour,
And, in Thy mercy, heal us all.

Rev. Henry Tivells.

No. 162. Taking Life From Jesus.

L. S. LOUISE SHEPARD.

1. Life for the bo - dy thro' His blood, Saved in our Spir - it, bo - dy, soul;
2. Life for the bo - dy thro' His word, That word which speaks in liv-ing pow'r;
3. Life for the bo - dy from a - bove, Life thro' the Spir-it's quick'ning breath;
Christ did not die to save a part, But has redeem'd and claims the whole.
That word which form'd the worlds of space, Can give to us new life each hour.
Heal'd by the res - ur - rec - tion life That rais'd our blessed Lord from death.
CHORUS.
Tak-ing life from Je - sus—Free - ly day by day, Be-lieve in the promise—
Trust and o - bey; Life and strength receiving All our pil - grim way.

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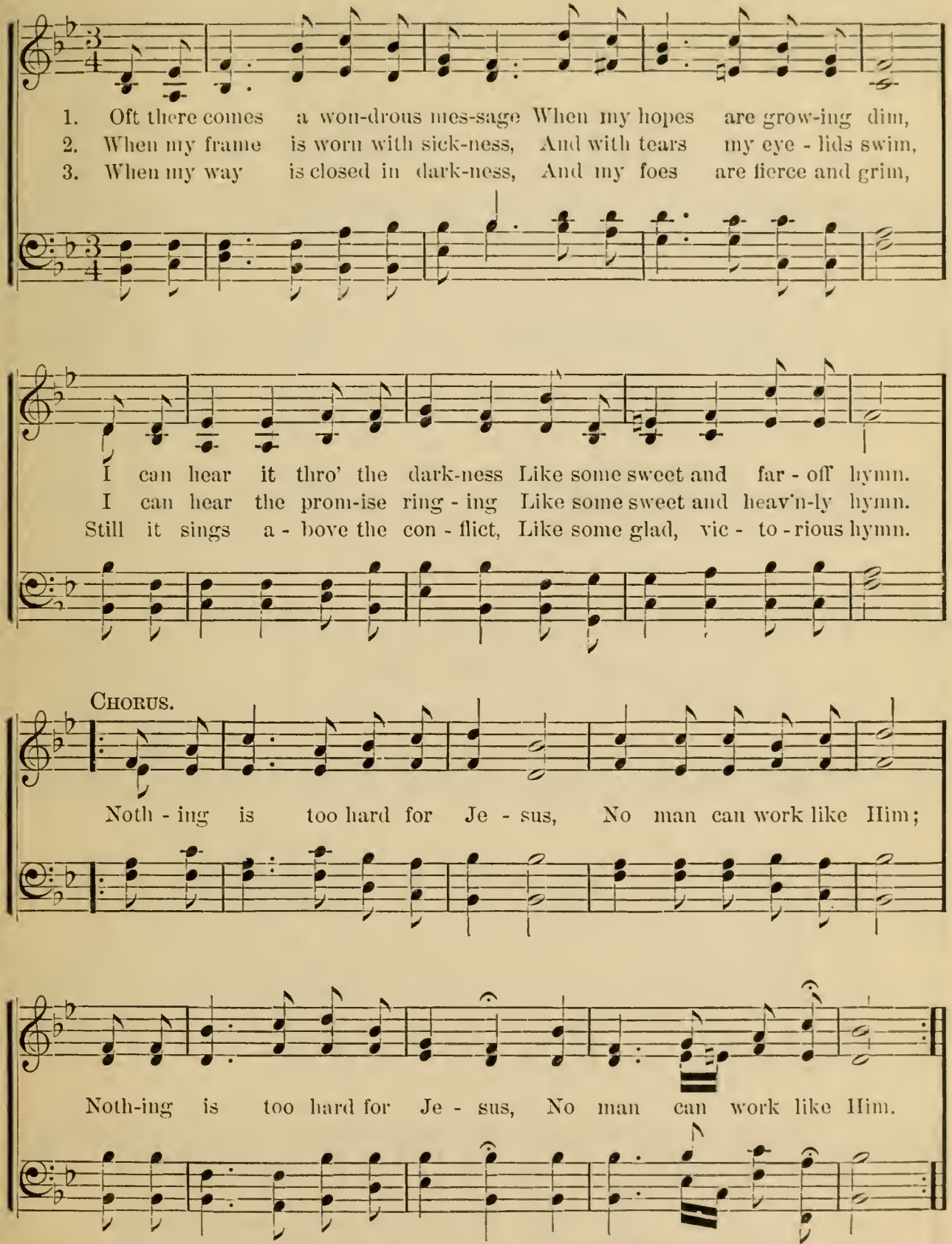
No. 163. Nothing is Too Hard for Jesus.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Oft there comes a won-drous mes-sage When my hopes are grow-ing dim,
2. When my frame is worn with sick-ness, And with tears my eye - lids swim,
3. When my way is closed in dark-ness, And my foes are fierce and grim,
I can hear it thro' the dark-ness Like some sweet and far - off hymn.
I can hear the prom-ise ring - ing Like some sweet and heav'n-ly hymn.
Still it sings a - bove the con - flict, Like some glad, vic - to - rious hymn.
Chorus.
Noth - ing is too hard for Je - sus, No man can work like Him;
Noth-ing is too hard for Je - sus, No man can work like Him.

4 When my heart is crushed with anguish,
And the waters reach the brim,
Faith can hear the mighty chorus,
Like some mighty battle-hymn.

5 Let us claim the mighty promise,
Let us light the torches dim,
Let us join the mighty chorus,
Let us swell the glorious hymn

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No. 164. The Unfailing One.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. H. A.

1. He who hath led will lead All through the wil - der - ness;
2. He who hath made thee whole Will heal thee day by day;
3. He who hath made thee nigh Will draw thee near - er still;
He who hath fed thee still will feed, He who hath blest will bless;
He who hath spo - ken to thy soul Hath ma - ny things to say;
He who hath giv'n the first sup - ply Will sat - is - fy and fill.
He who hath heard thy cry Will nev - er close His ear;
He who hath gent - ly taught Yet more will make thee know;
He who hath giv'n the grace Yet more and more will send;
He who hath marked thy faint - est sigh, Will not for - get thy tear,
He who so won - drous - ly hath wrought Yet great - er things will show,
He who hath set thee in the race Will speed thee to the end,
Will not for - get thy tear. He lov-eth al-ways, fail - eth nev - er.
Yet great-er things will show. He lov-eth al-ways, fail - eth nev - er.
Will speed thee to the end. He lov-eth al-ways, fail - eth nev - er.

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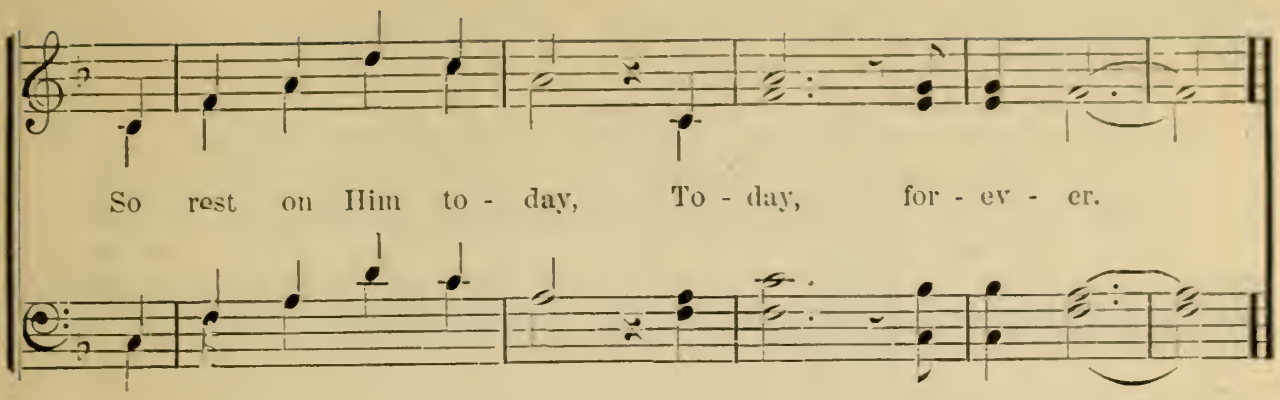
The Unfailing One. Concluded.



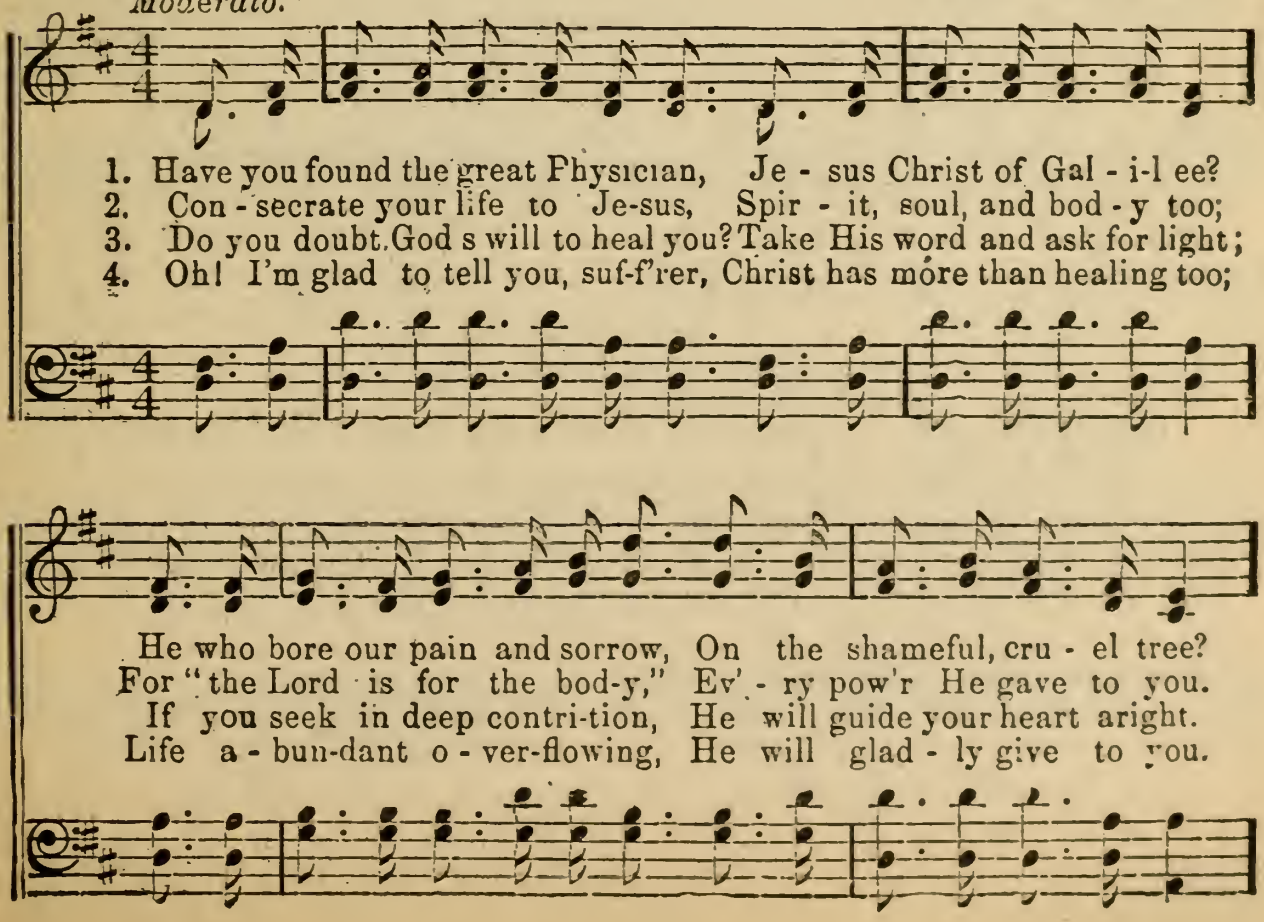
4 He who hath won thy heart
Will keep it true and free;
He who hath shown thee what thou art
Will show Himself to thee.
He who hath bid thee live
And made thy life His own,
Life more abundantly will give,
And keep it His alone.

5 Then trust Him for to-day
As thine unfailing Friend,
And let Him lead thee all the way,
Who loveth to the end.
And let the morrow rest
In His beloved hand,
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand.

No. 165. Jesus Heals To-Day.

J. M. K. By per., Jas. M. Kirk.

Moderato.


1. Have you found the great Physician, Je - sus Christ of Gal - i-l ee?
2. Con - secrate your life to Je-sus, Spir - it, soul, and bod - y too;
3. Do you doubt God s will to heal you? Take His word and ask for light;
4. Oh! I'm glad to tell you, suf-f'rer, Christ has more than healing too;
He who bore our pain and sorrow, On the shameful, cru - el tree?
For "the Lord is for the bod-y," Ev' - ry pow'r He gave to you.
If you seek in deep contri-tion, He will guide your heart aright.
Life a - bun-dant o - ver-flowing, He will glad - ly give to you.

Jesus Heals To-Day. Concluded.

Still He heals the sick and suff'ring, As be- fore He went away;
Let there be no res - er-va-tion, Give the Lord full right of way:
Do not fear to claim His promise, He will not your trust betray,
Step out bold - ly, claim His fullness, Let your sad-ness flee away;
For His word most plainly tells us, "He is just the same to-day."
He will come and heal His temple, For He is the same to-day.
When on earth He gladly heal'd them, And He is the same to day.
When on earth He made them happy, And He is the same to-day.
Faster.
He is just . . . . the same to- day; As be-
He is just the same to-day, . . As be- fore He went a-way, As be-
fore . . . . He went a -way.
fore He went away, As be-fore He went away. Look to Him, believe and pray;
Trust His word and then o- bey "Praise God, He is just the same to-day."

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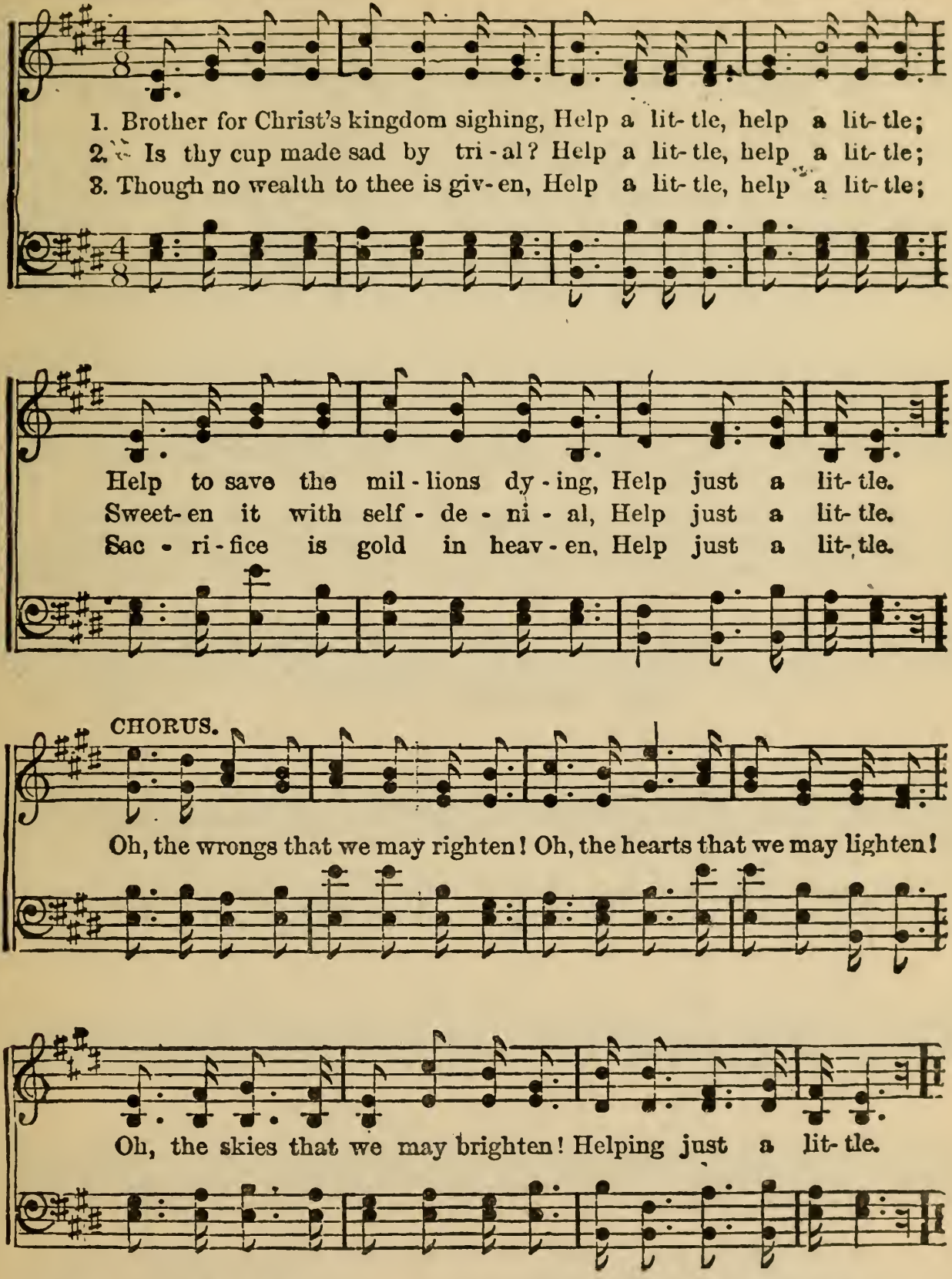
No. 166. Help, Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation," new words by Rev. W. A Spencer.

Wm. J Kirkpatrick.


1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.
CHORUS.
Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!
Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow
Help just a little.

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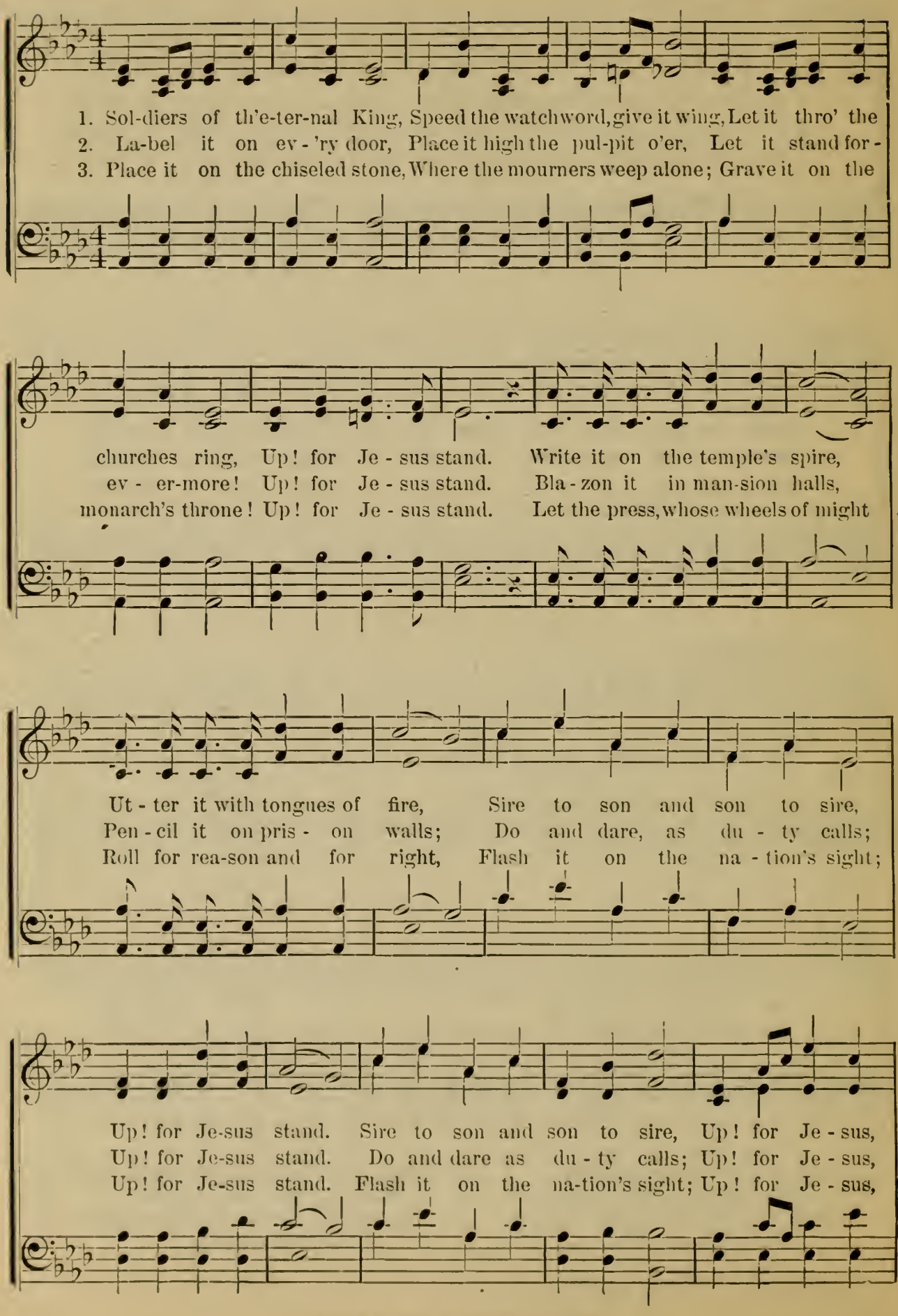
No. 167. Up for Jesus Stand.

J. F. K. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.


1. Sol-diers of th'e-ter-nal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing, Let it thro' the
2. La-bel it on ev-'ry door, Place it high the pul-pit o'er, Let it stand for-
3. Place it on the chiseled stone, Where the mourners weep alone; Grave it on the
churches ring, Up! for Je-sus stand. Write it on the temple's spire,
ev-er-more! Up! for Je-sus stand. Bla-zon it in man-sion halls,
monarch's throne! Up! for Je-sus stand. Let the press, whose wheels of might
Ut-ter it with tongues of fire, Sire to son and son to sire,
Pen-cil it on pris-on walls; Do and dare, as du-ty calls;
Roll for rea-son and for right, Flash it on the na-tion's sight;
Up! for Je-sus stand. Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Je-sus,
Up! for Je-sus stand. Do and dare as du-ty calls; Up! for Je-sus,
Up! for Je-sus stand. Flash it on the na-tion's sight; Up! for Je-sus,

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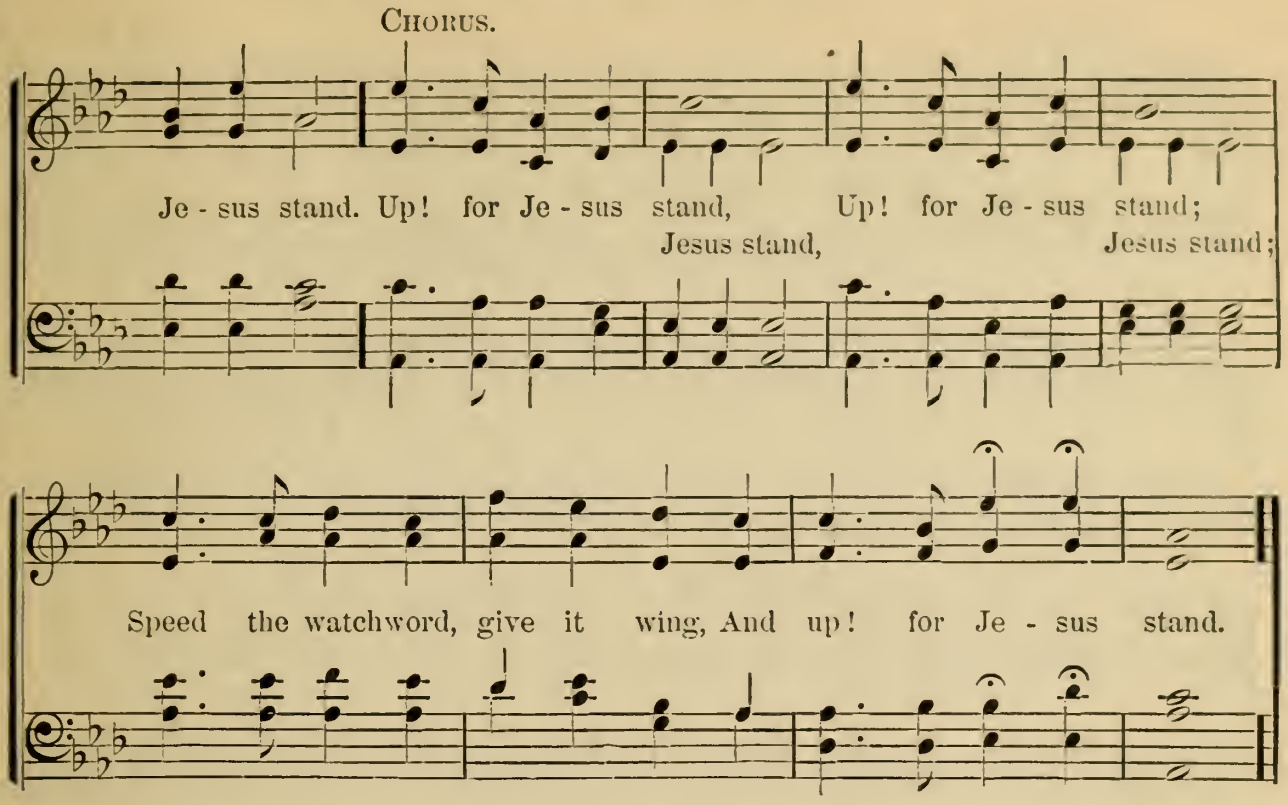
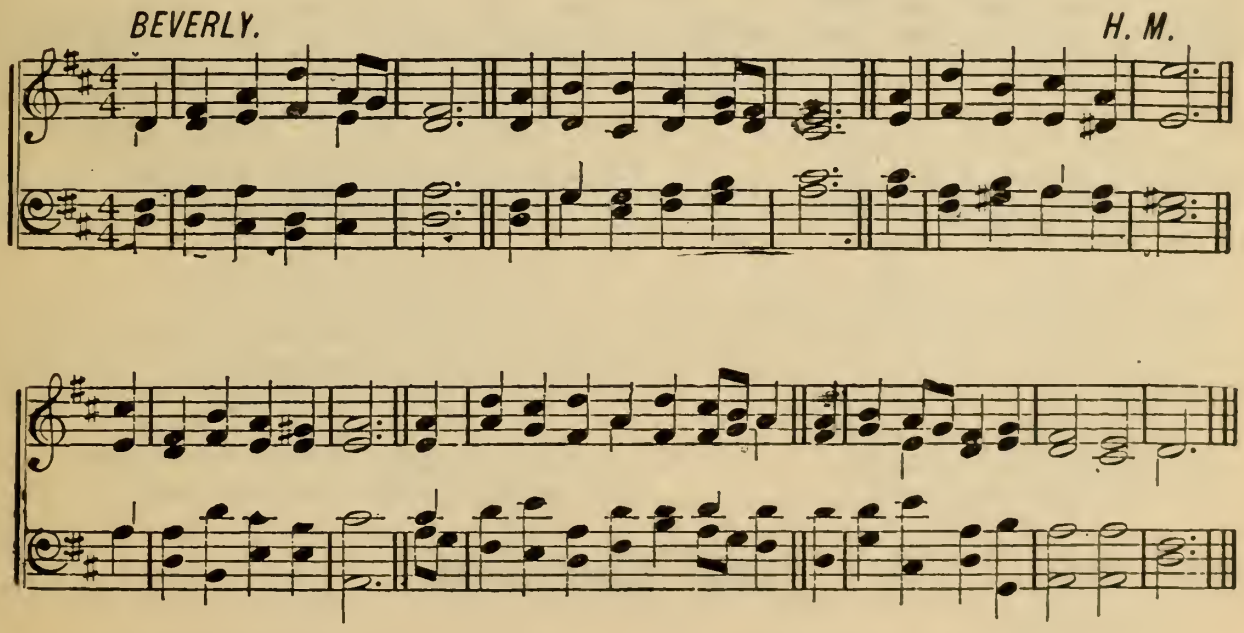
Up for Jesus Stand. Concluded.


Chorus.
Je - sus stand. Up! for Je - sus stand, Up! for Je - sus stand;
Jesus stand, Jesus stand;
Speed the watchword, give it wing, And up! for Je - sus stand.

No. 168. One Sole Baptismal Sign.



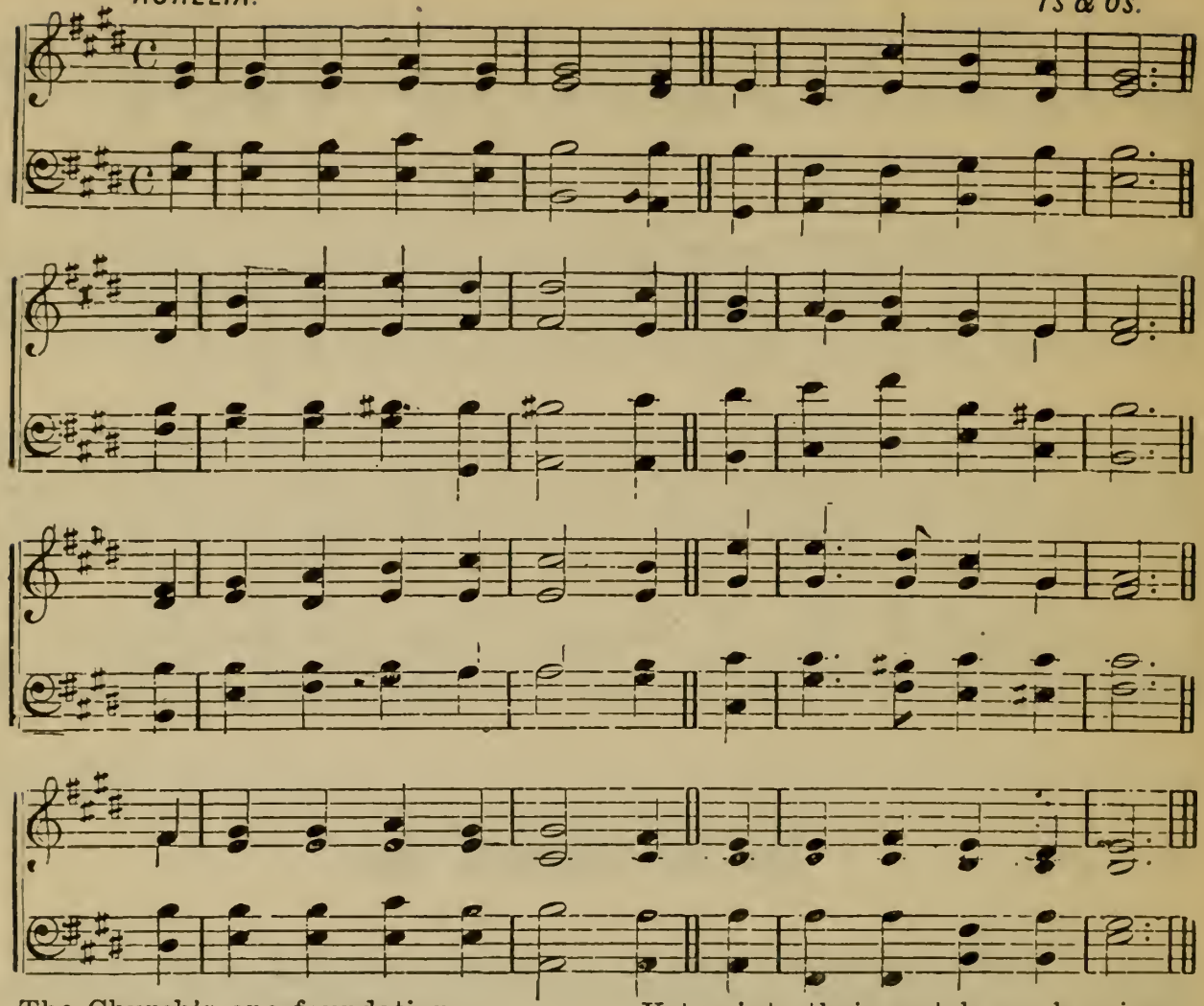
One sole baptismal sign,
  One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope Divine,
  One only watchword, love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our sacrifice is one,
  One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
  Redeemer, Lord alone;
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

Head of Thy church beneath,
  The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
  Her broken frame renew;
Then shall thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

No. 169. The Church's One Foundation.

AURELIA. 7s & 6s.



The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride,
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

No. 170. Jesus Shall Reign.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Jesus shall reign wher'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

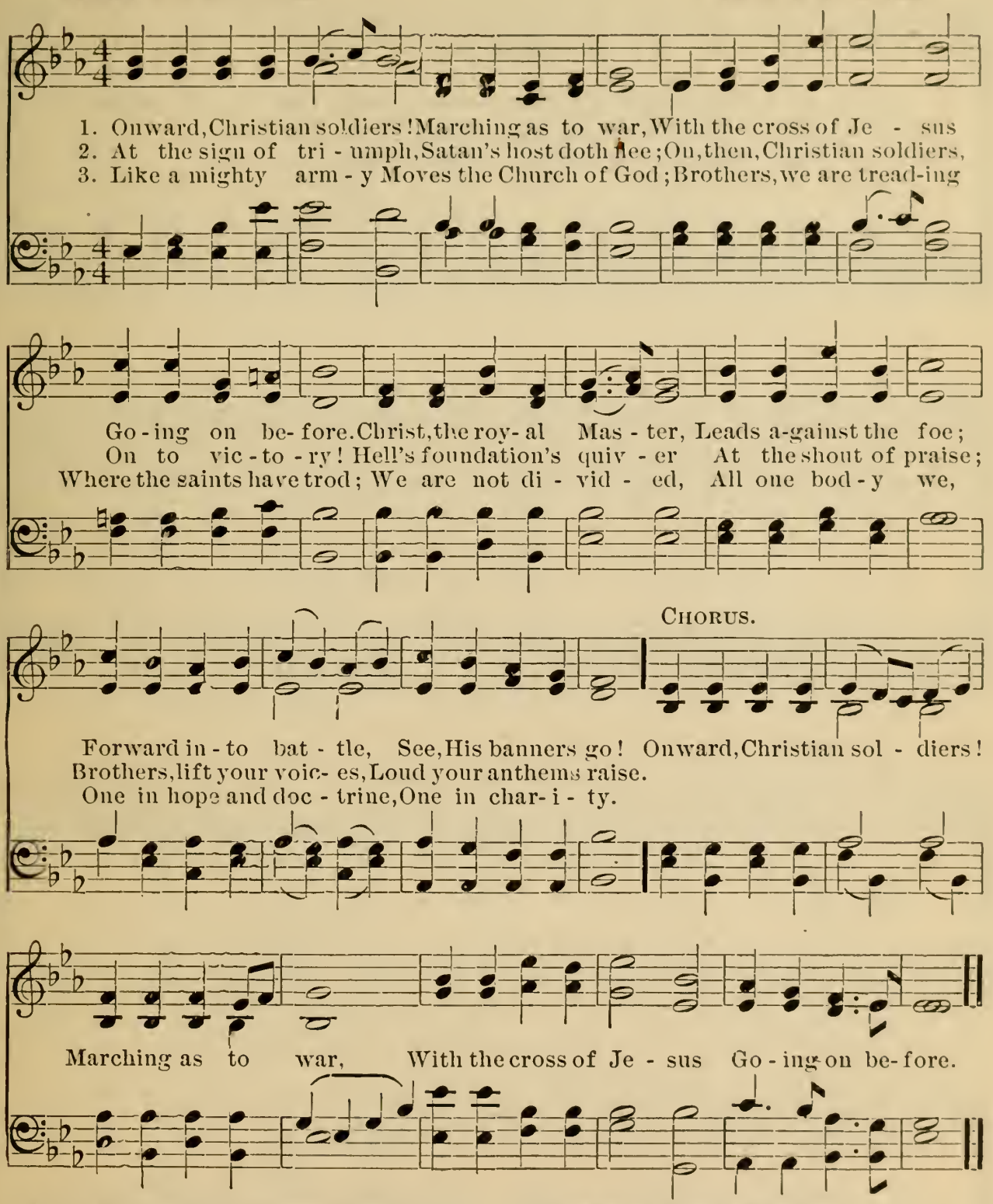
Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, AB., 1718.

No. 171. Onward Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
CHORUS.
Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers!
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundation's quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.
3. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

No. 172. Pass It On.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Have you found some pre - cious treas - ure, Pass it on, pass it on,
2. Have you found the branch of heal - ing,
3. Is your heart to some-thing cling - ing,
4. Pass it on to ev - ry na - tion, Pass it on.
Pass it on, pass it on. Have you found some ho - ly pleas - ure,
Have you felt the Spir - it's seal - ing,
All to Je - sus glad - ly bring - ing,
Pass it on. Give the world this great sal - va - tion,
Pass it on, pass it on, pass it on, pass it on.
Giv - ing out is twice pos - sess - ing, Love will dou - ble ev - 'ry
'Twas for this His mer - cy sought you, And to all His full - ness
He who saves His life shall lose it, Would you gain the world re -
Myr - iads still in sin are ly - ing, Ev - 'ry breath a soul is

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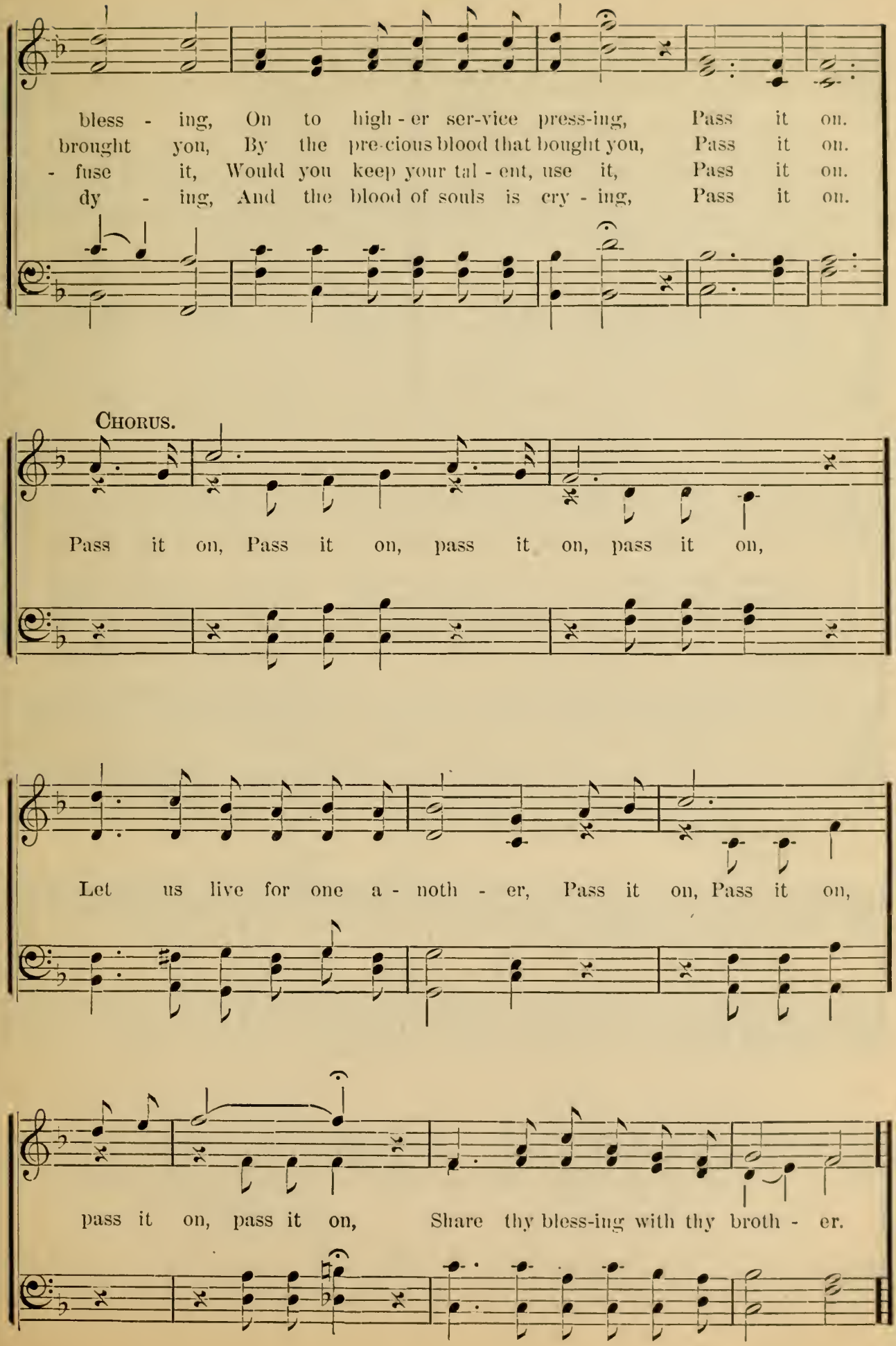
Pass It On. Concluded.

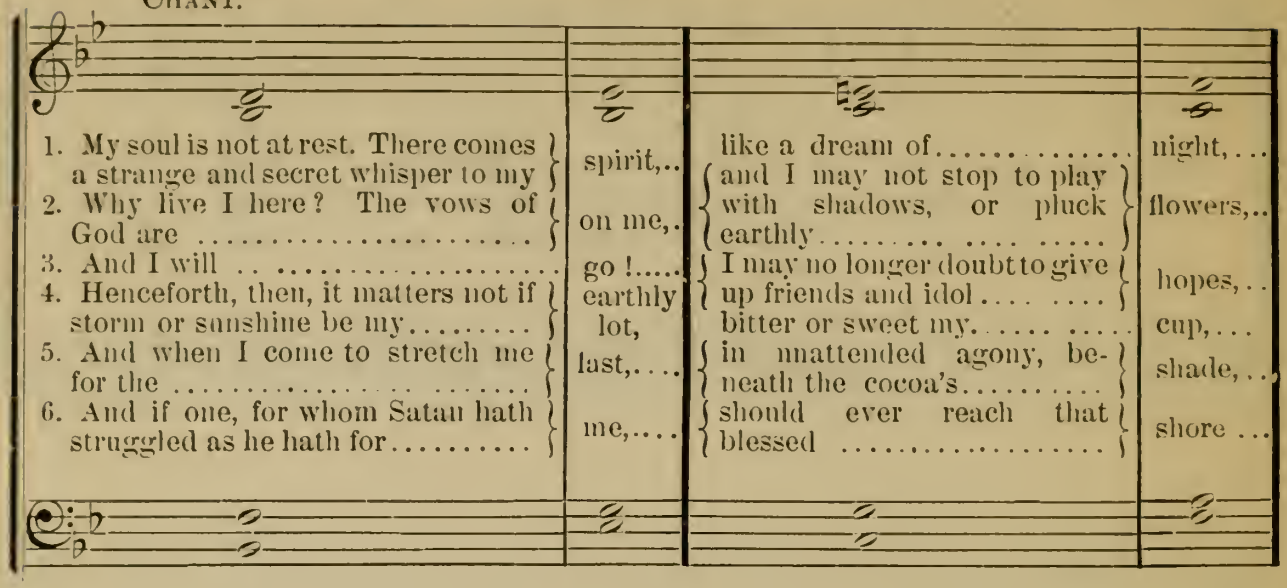

bless - ing, On to high - er ser-vice press-ing, Pass it on.
brought you, By the pre-cious blood that bought you, Pass it on.
- fuse it, Would you keep your tal - ent, use it, Pass it on.
dy - ing, And the blood of souls is cry - ing, Pass it on.
Chorus.
Pass it on, Pass it on, pass it on, pass it on,
Let us live for one a - noth - er, Pass it on, Pass it on,
pass it on, pass it on, Share thy bless-ing with thy broth - er.

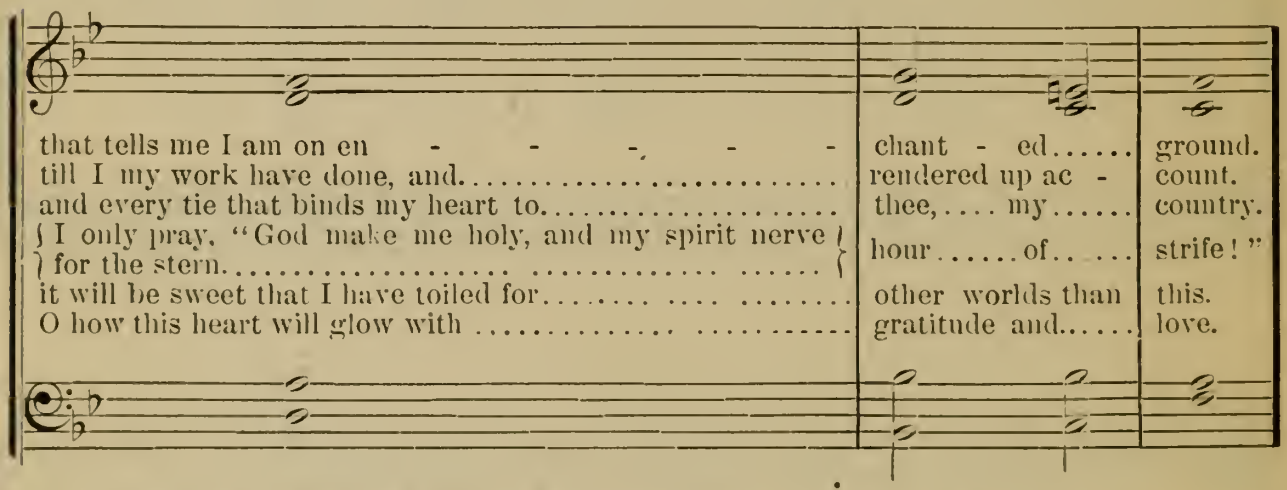
No. 173. The Missionary's Call.

NATHAN BROWN, D. D.

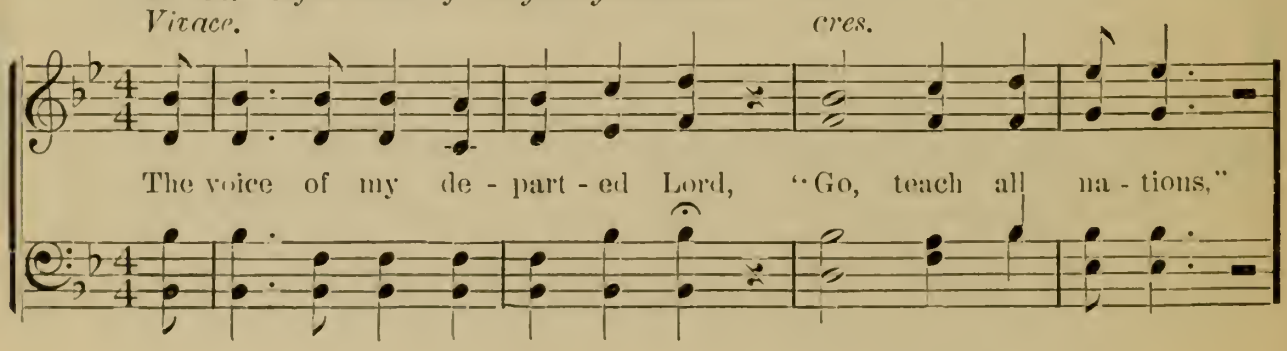
EDWARD HOWE, JR.

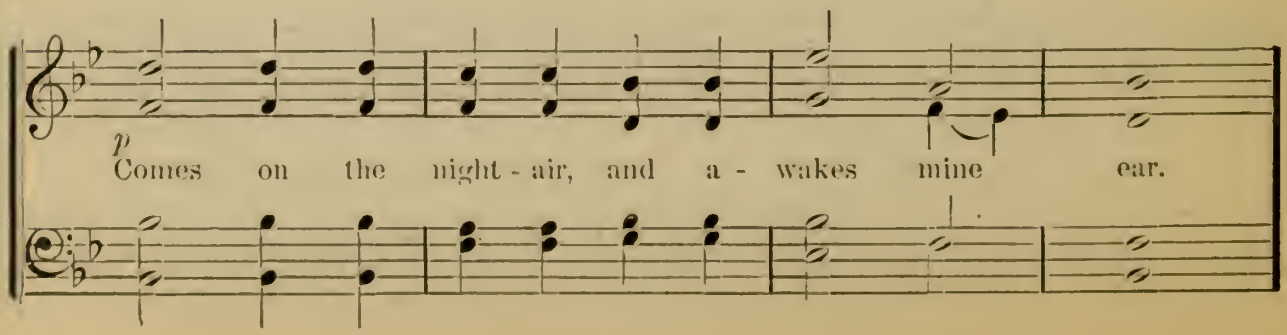
CHANT.


1. My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange and secret whisper to my spirit,.. like a dream of..... night,...
2. Why live I here? The vows of God are ..... on me,.. and I may not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly..... flowers,..
3. And I will .. .. go !..... I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idol..... hopes,..
4. Henceforth, then, it matters not if storm or sunshine be my..... earthly lot, bitter or sweet my..... cup,...
5. And when I come to stretch me for the ..... last,.... in unattended agony, beneath the cocoa's..... shade,...
6. And if one, for whom Satan hath struggled as he hath for..... me,.... should ever reach that blessed ..... shore ...

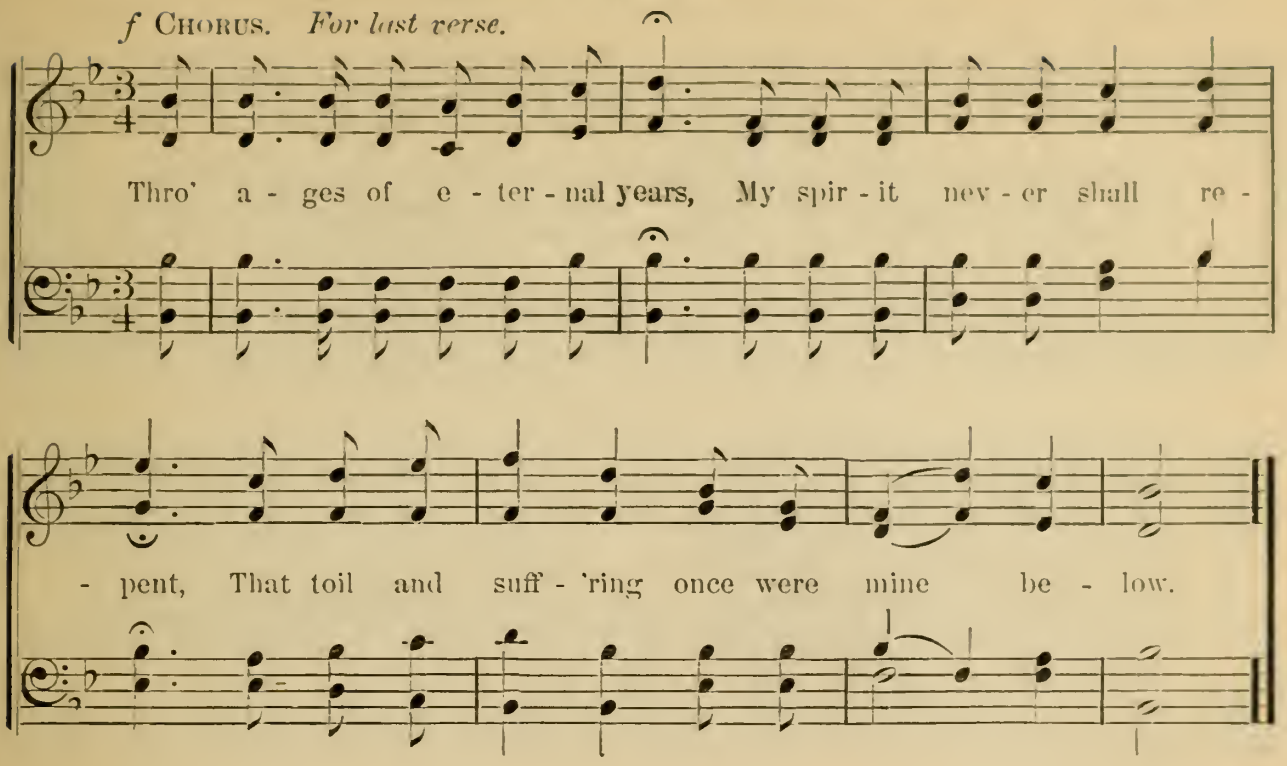

that tells me I am on en - - - - - chant - ed..... ground.
till I my work have done, and..... rendered up ac - count.
and every tie that binds my heart to..... thee,.... my..... country.
I only pray, "God make me holy, and my spirit nerve for the stern..... hour.....of..... strife!"
it will be sweet that I have toiled for..... other worlds than this.
O how this heart will glow with ..... gratitude and..... love.

CHORUS. *After each of the first five verses*

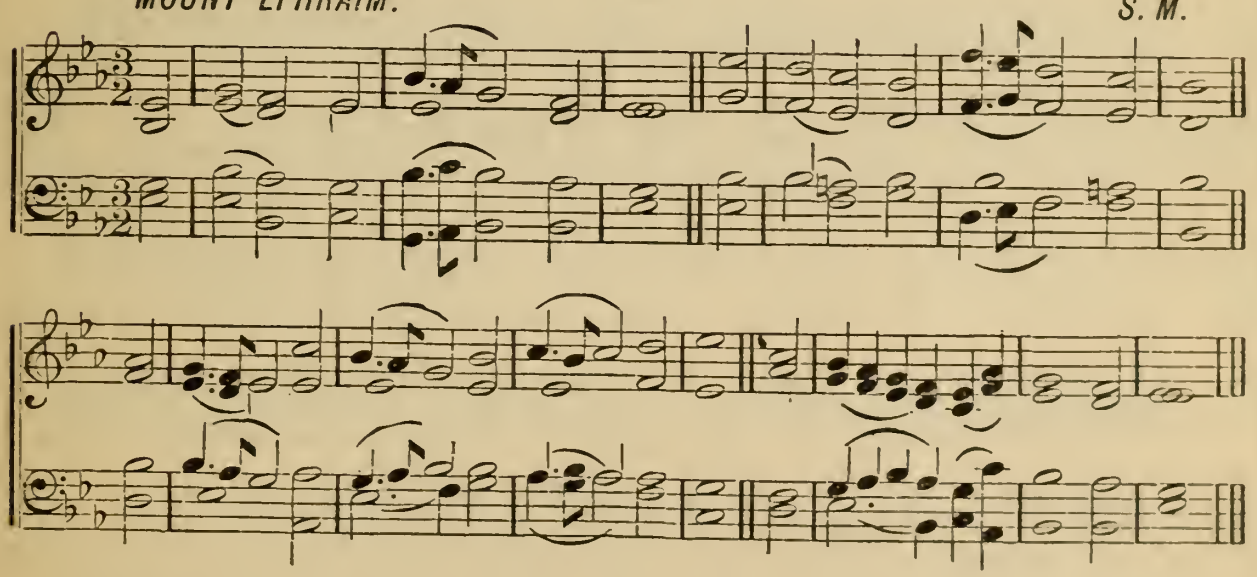




The Missionary's Call Concluded.


f CHORUS. For last verse.
Thro' a - ges of e - ter - nal years, My spir - it nev - er shall re -
- pent, That toil and suff - 'ring once were mine be - low.

No. 174. How Beauteous!



1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion! behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

No. 175. Hold the Ropes.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Down a-mid the depths of hea-then darkness There are he-roes true and brave,
2. So beneath the dark and mighty o-cean, Di-vers plunge for treasures rare;
3. Who can un-derstand the dreadful darkness Of these realms of sin and death?
Shrinking not from death, or toil, or dan-ger, They have gone to help and save.
But thro' hands that hold the ropes a-bove them, Still they breathe the up-per air.
E'en the ver-y air is scorch'd and tainted With the Drag-on's pu-trid breath.
But we hear them crying, "Do not leave us 'Mid these dreadful depths to drown,
Seeking precious pearls of rich-er val-ue Braver hearts have dared to go,
But a-cross the wid-est, wild-est bil-lows Love can reach to dis-tant lands,
rit.
Let us feel your arms of pray'r a-round us, Hold the ropes as we go down."
But our faithful hands must ev-'ry moment Hold the ropes that reach be-low.
And beneath the deep-est, dark-est surg-es, Pray'r can hold a brother's hands.
Chorus.
"Hold the ropes," 'tis a broth-er cry-ing, He has plung'd beneath the wave,
Hold the ropes,

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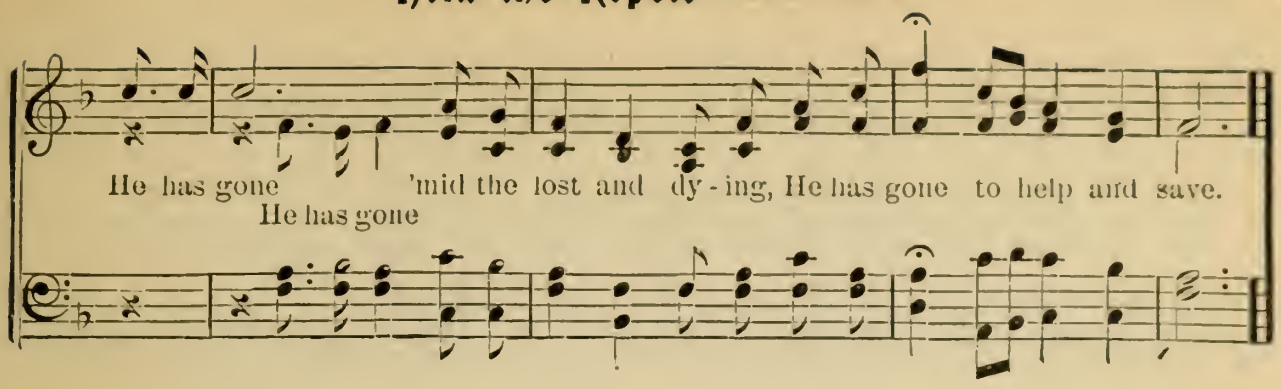
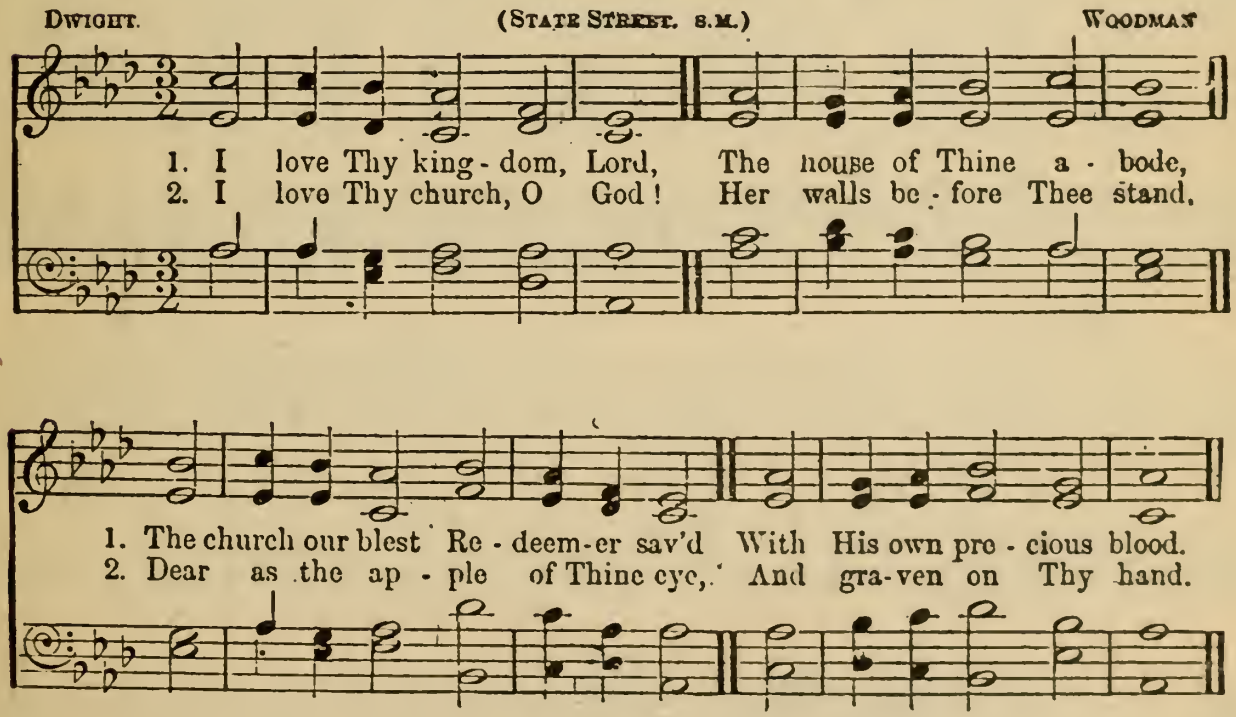
Hold the Ropes. Concluded.



4 Think you, was it only for your brother
Jesus spake His last commands,
Is there naught for you to do or suffer,
For these lost and Christless lands?
If you cannot go yourself to save them,
There are those that you can send,
And with loving hands stretched out to help them
Hold the ropes as they descend.

5 Let us hold the ropes with hands more loyal,
Let us pray with faith more strong,
Let the love that never fails uphold them
Through their night so dark and long.
Let us lay our treasures on the altar,
Let us give our children, too;
There's a part for each in this great conflict,
And the Lord hath need of you.

No. 176. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.


DWIGHT.
(STATE STREET. S.M.)
WOODMAN
1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
1. The church our blest Re - deem-er sav'd With His own pre - cious blood.
2. Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

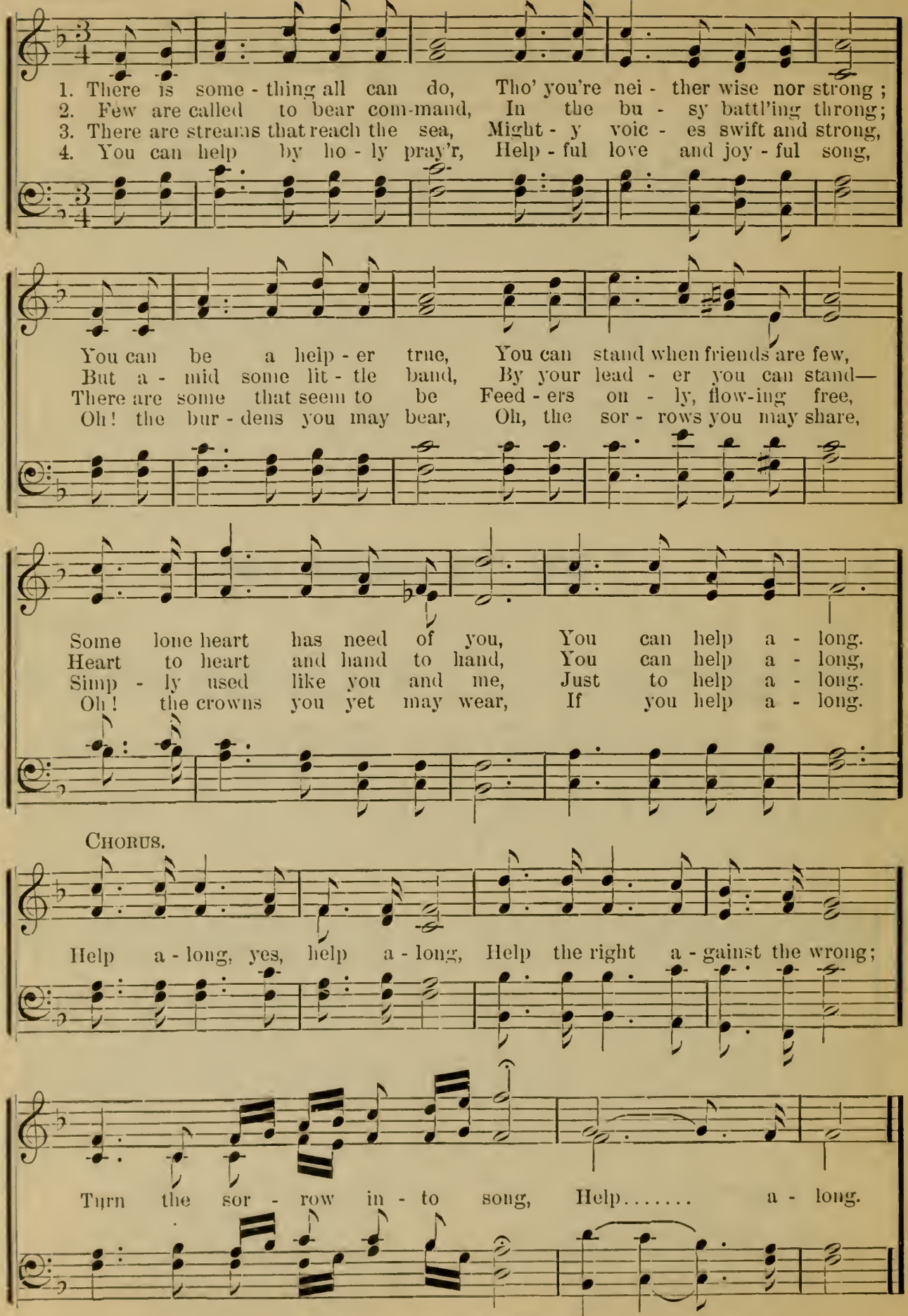
4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King!
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6. Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 177. Help Along.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. There is some - thing all can do, Tho' you're nei - ther wise nor strong;
2. Few are called to bear com-mand, In the bu - sy battl'ing throng;
3. There are streams that reach the sea, Might - y voic - es swift and strong,
4. You can help by ho - ly pray'r, Help - ful love and joy - ful song,
You can be a help - er true, You can stand when friends are few,
But a - mid some lit - tle band, By your lead - er you can stand—
There are some that seem to be Feed - ers on - ly, flow-ing free,
Oh! the bur - dens you may bear, Oh, the sor - rows you may share,
Some lone heart has need of you, You can help a - long.
Heart to heart and hand to hand, You can help a - long,
Simp - ly used like you and me, Just to help a - long.
Oh! the crowns you yet may wear, If you help a - long.
Chorus.
Help a - long, yes, help a - long, Help the right a - gainst the wrong;
Turn the sor - row in - to song, Help..... a - long.

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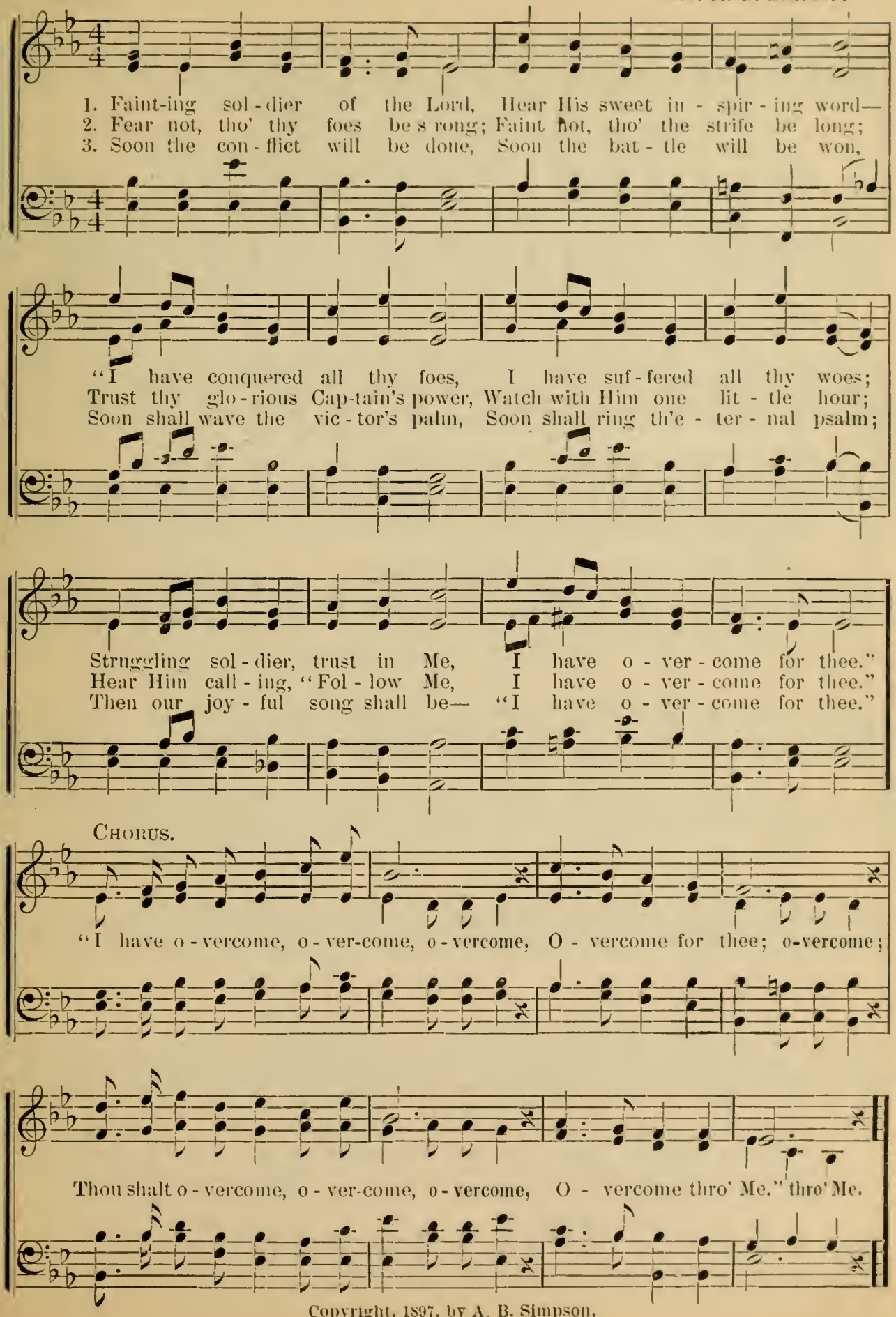
No. 178. I Have Overcome.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Faint-ing sol-dier of the Lord, Hear His sweet in-spir-ing word—
2. Fear not, tho' thy foes be strong; Faint not, tho' the strife be long;
3. Soon the con-flict will be done, Soon the bat-tle will be won,
"I have conquered all thy foes, I have suf-fered all thy woes;
Trust thy glo-rious Cap-tain's power, Watch with Him one lit-tle hour;
Soon shall wave the vic-tor's palm, Soon shall ring th'e-ter-nal psalm;
Struggling sol-dier, trust in Me, I have o-ver-come for thee."
Hear Him call-ing, "Fol-low Me, I have o-ver-come for thee."
Then our joy-ful song shall be— "I have o-ver-come for thee."
Chorus.
"I have o-vercome, o-ver-come, o-vercome, O-vercome for thee; o-vercome;
Thou shalt o-vercome, o-ver-come, o-vercome, O-vercome thro' Me." thro' Me.

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No. 179. Be True.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

Martial.

1. We are go - ing forth from the school of Je - sus, We have sat at His bless - ed feet,
2. We are go - ing forth from the up - per chamber, From the days of our Pen - te - cost,
3. We are go - ing forth with a trust so sa-cred, And a truth so di-vine and deep,
4. We are go - ing forth with a glo - rious mission, As am - bas - sa - dors for God,
We have drunk from truth's ce - les - tial foun-tain, We have tast - ed its hon - ey sweet.
We have giv'n our-selves in a full sur - ren - der, And been fill'd with the Ho - ly Ghost.
With a mes - sage clear and a work so glo-rious, And a charge, such a charge to keep.
We are sent with heav-en's last word of mer - cy O - ver all the world a broad.
We are wit - ness - es for our bless - ed Mas - ter In a world where friends are few,
We are go - ing forth as e - pis - tles ho - ly, And to live as Christ would do;
Let it be our great - est joy, my broth - er, That the Lord can depend on you,
We are sent to save from the blight of sor - row, And the curse of sin un - do,
And He sends us forth with the watchword ho - ly, What-so - ev - er it costs, Be true.
Let us al - ways re - pre - sent our Mas - ter, Let our life be al - ways true.
And if all be - sides should fail and fal - ter, To your trust be al - ways true.
With a work so grand and a trust so ho - ly, Oh, what heart would not be true?

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Be True. Concluded.

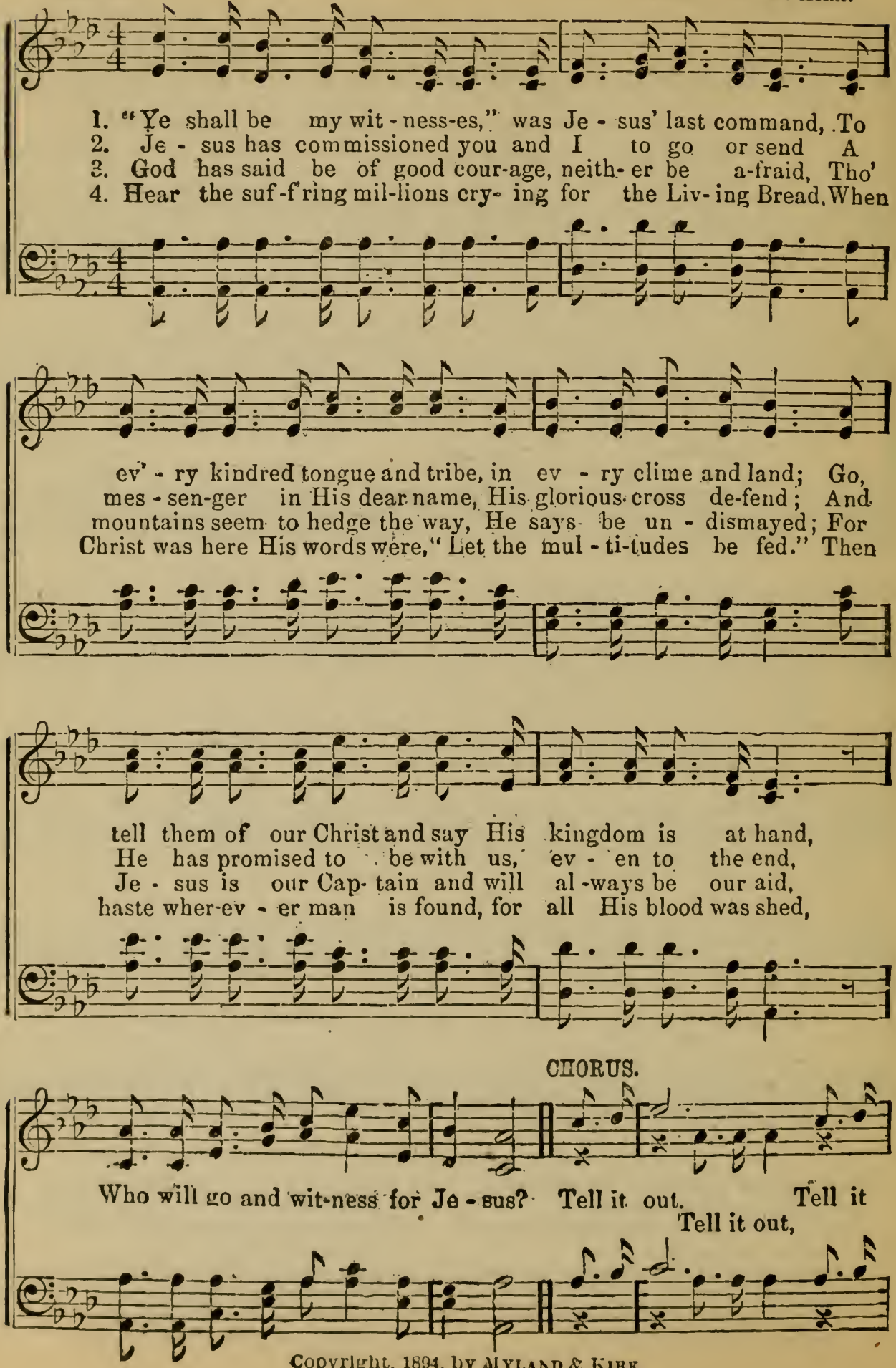
Chorus.
Be true! be true! Let the ho - ly watchword ring;
We'll be true, we'll be true, we'll be true.
Be true to your trust, Be true to your glo-rious King;
We'll be true to our trust, we'll be true,
yes.
Be true! be true! Whether friends be false or few;
We'll be true, we'll be true, we'll be true, we'll be true,
we'll be true,
What-so - e'er be - tide, ev - er at His side, Let Him al - ways find you true.

5 We are going forth with the blessed Spirit,
And the Master always near;
He has told us, "Lo, I am with you always,"
And we need not faint or fear.
With the Master's presence always near us,
Shall we not both dare and do?
With the mighty Holy Ghost within us,
Shall we not be always true?

6 We are going forth with a hope supernal,
'Tis the hope of the "Home, Sweet Home;"
We shall not have gone over all the cities
Till the Son of Man be come.
We are calling out the guests to the marriage,
We are hasting to meet Him too,
May He find us watching and robed and ready;
May He say "Thou hast been true."

No. 180. Who Will Go and Witness for Jesus. ?

J. M. K. By per., Jas. M. Kirk.


1. "Ye shall be my wit - ness-es," was Je - sus' last command, To
2. Je - sus has commissioned you and I to go or send A
3. God has said be of good cour-age, neith- er be a-fraid, Tho'
4. Hear the suf-f'ring mil-lions cry- ing for the Liv- ing Bread, When
ev' - ry kindred tongue and tribe, in ev - ry clime and land; Go,
mes - sen-ger in His dear name, His glorious cross de-fend; And
mountains seem to hedge the way, He says be un - dismayed; For
Christ was here His words were, "Let the mul - ti-tudes be fed." Then
tell them of our Christ and say His kingdom is at hand,
He has promised to be with us, ev - en to the end,
Je - sus is our Cap- tain and will al-ways be our aid,
haste wher-ev - er man is found, for all His blood was shed,
CHORUS.
Who will go and wit-ness for Je - sus? Tell it out. Tell it
Tell it out,

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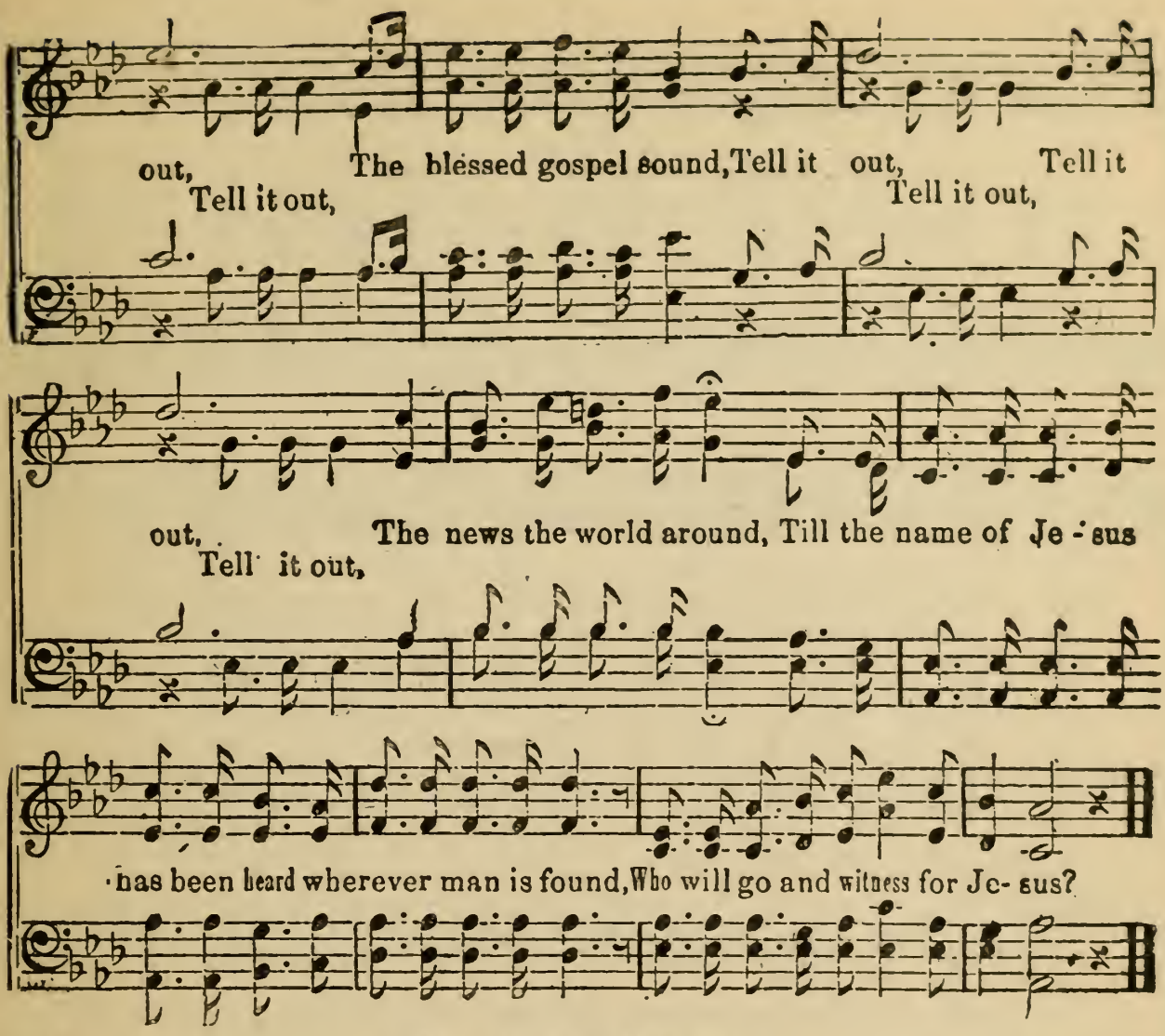
Who Will Go and Witness for Jesus. Concluded.


out, The blessed gospel sound, Tell it out, Tell it
Tell it out, Tell it out,
out, The news the world around, Till the name of Je - sus
Tell it out,
has been heard wherever man is found, Who will go and witness for Je- sus?

No. 181. The Gospel Banner.

WEBB.

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His power throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumphs shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.

No. 182. Arm of the Lord.

L. M.

Arm of the Lord! awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

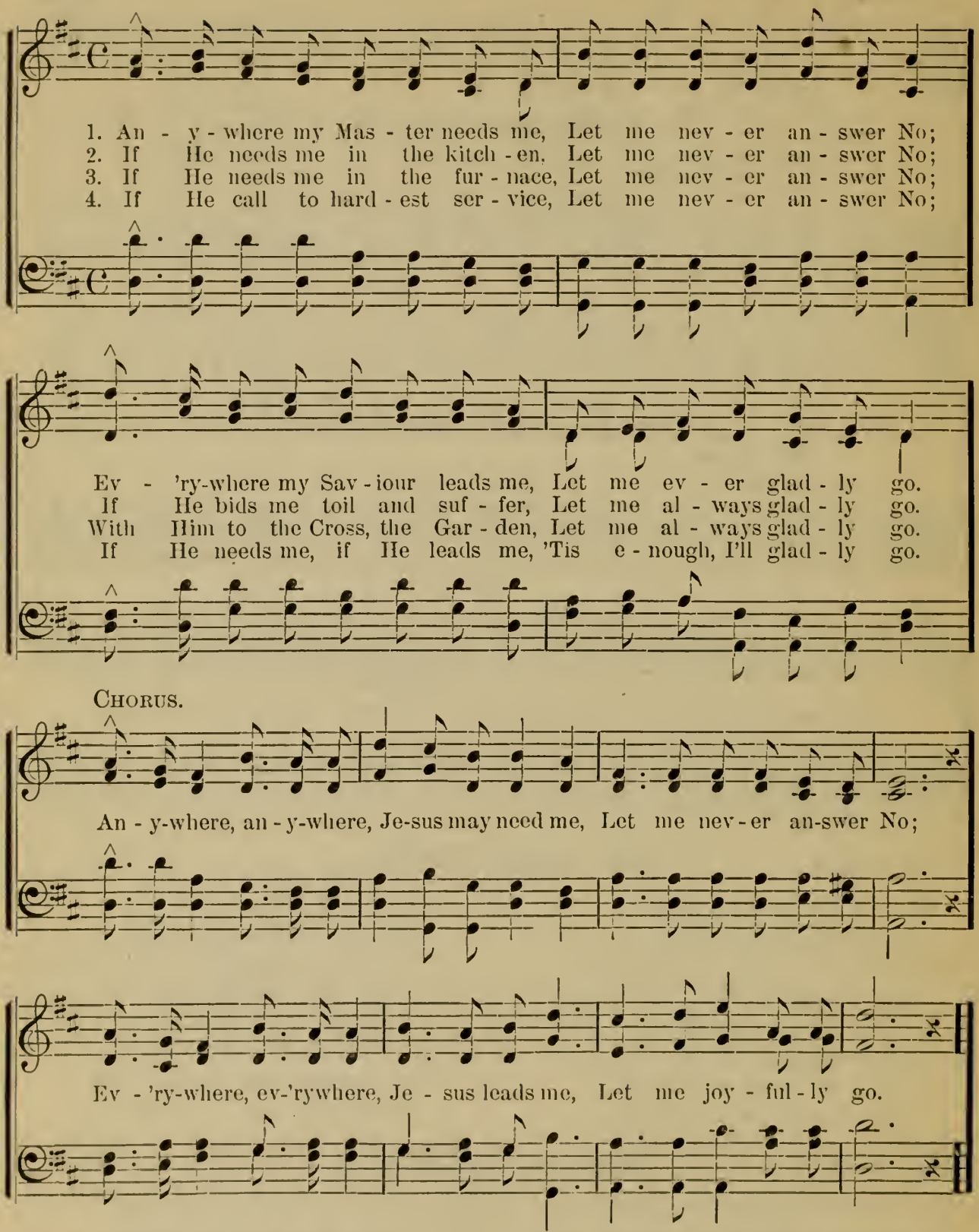
Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt,
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus side.

Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim,
In every land declare Thy name,
Till adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

No. 183. Anywhere, Eeverywhere.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. An - y - where my Mas - ter needs me, Let me nev - er an - swer No;
2. If He needs me in the kitch - en, Let me nev - er an - swer No;
3. If He needs me in the fur - nace, Let me nev - er an - swer No;
4. If He call to hard - est ser - vice, Let me nev - er an - swer No;
Ev - 'ry-where my Sav - iour leads me, Let me ev - er glad - ly go.
If He bids me toil and suf - fer, Let me al - ways glad - ly go.
With Him to the Cross, the Gar - den, Let me al - ways glad - ly go.
If He needs me, if He leads me, 'Tis e - nough, I'll glad - ly go.
Chorus.
An - y-where, an - y-where, Je-sus may need me, Let me nev - er an-swer No;
Ev - 'ry-where, ev-'rywhere, Je - sus leads me, Let me joy - ful - ly go.

5 If to heathen lands He calls me,
Let me never answer No;
Telling out the great salvation,
In His name I'll gladly go.

6 If He needs my gold and silver,
Let me never answer No;
All I am and have I offer,
Gladly helping others go.

7 If He needs my fondest treasures,
Let me never answer no;
Even to Moriah's altar
With my Saviour I would go.

8 If He only needs my silence,
Let me never answer No;
Only waiting for His orders,
Pleased alike to stay or go.

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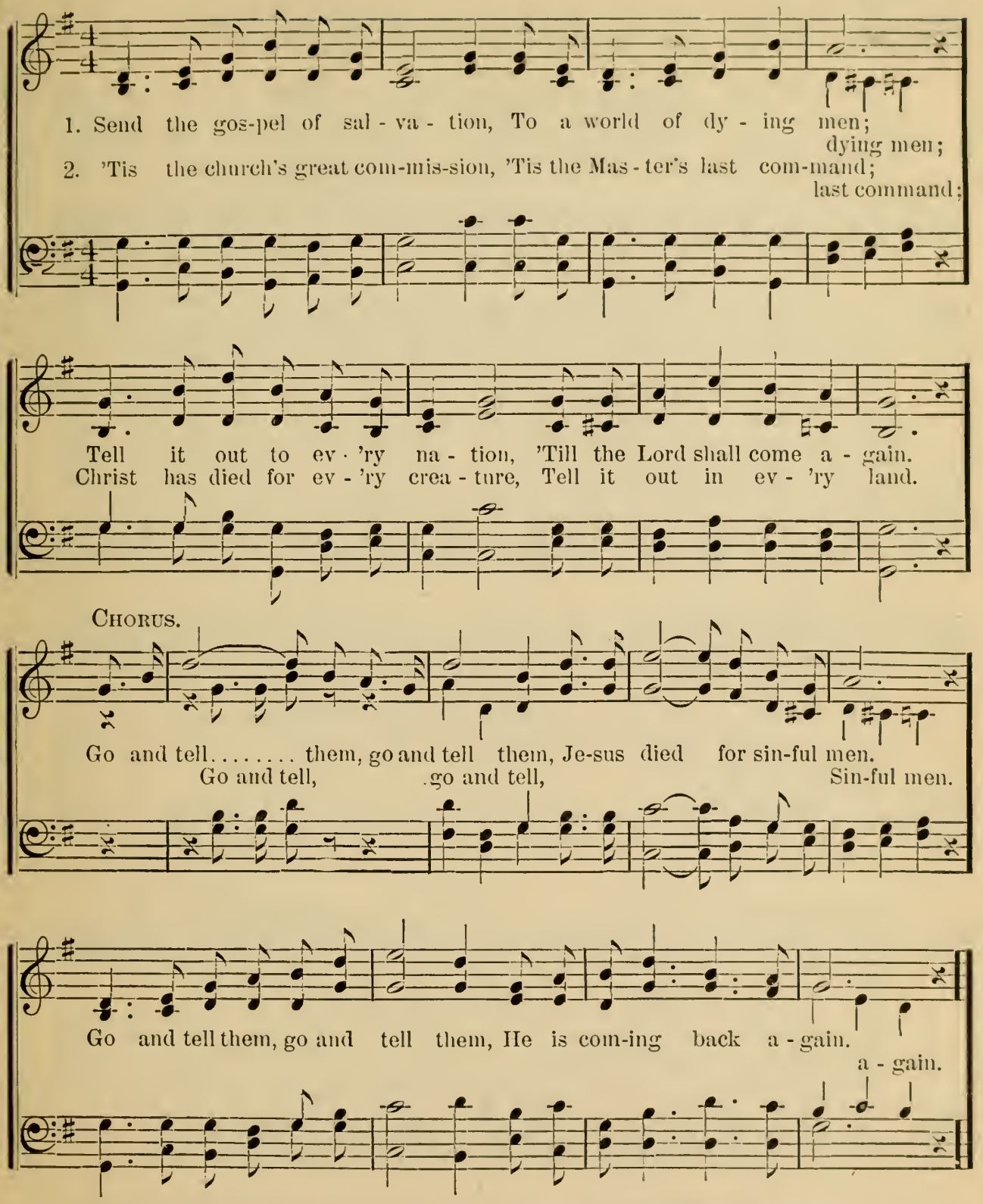
No. 184. Go and Tell.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Send the gos-pel of sal - va - tion, To a world of dy - ing men;
dying men;
2. 'Tis the church's great com-mis-sion, 'Tis the Mas - ter's last com-mand;
last command;
Tell it out to ev - 'ry na - tion, 'Till the Lord shall come a - gain.
Christ has died for ev - 'ry crea - ture, Tell it out in ev - 'ry land.
Chorus.
Go and tell..... them, go and tell them, Je-sus died for sin-ful men.
Go and tell, go and tell, Sin-ful men.
Go and tell them, go and tell them, He is com-ing back a - gain.
a - gain.

3 Tell it out to China's millions,
Tell it out in fair Japan;
Tell it by the mighty Congo,
Tell it in the dark Soudan.

4 'Mid the lone Tibetan mountains,
By the Orinoco's strand;
O'er the burning plains of India,
Tell it out in every land.

5 Christ is gath'ring out a people,
To His name from every race;
Haste to give the invitation,
Ere shall end the day of grace.

6 Give the gospel as a witness,
To a world of sinful men;
Till the Bride shall be completed,
And the Lord shall come again.

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No. 185. Gideon's Band.

A. B. S. [Composed for the Young Men's Crusade.] Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. When of old at Gideon's sum-mons Is - rael's thir - ty thousand came,
2. Once a - gain the hosts of Je - sus Gath - er round His stand-ard true;
3. Who are they, the brave and val iant, Know-ing neith - er doubt nor fear,
4. God is call - ing for our weak-ness, He will give the strength di-vine;
God re-fused the mighty ar - my Lest the glo - ry man might claim,
Once a - gain the Lord is choosing Not the ma - ny, but the few,
Who are they, the wise and wa - ry, Watch-ing when the foe is near?
"Je - sus, take my bro-ken pitch-er, Let my torch more brightly shine,
And the myr - iad hosts of Mi-dian Back were driv - en from the land;
And the Gos - pel of the kingdom Shall be preached in ev - 'ry land;
God is call - ing out His tried ones, In the test - ing day to stand,
Help me swell the Gos - pel trum-pet, Till it rings thro' ev - 'ry land,
Not by Is - rael's thir - ty thousand, But by Gid - eon's lit - tle band.
Not by all the Church's mil-lions, But by Gid - eon's lit - tle band.
Who will join the glo-rious le - gion, Who'll be - long to Gid-eon's band.
Help me win the world for Je - sus, Keep me true to Gid eon's band."
Chorus.
We be-long to Gid-eon's band; We are marching hand in hand,

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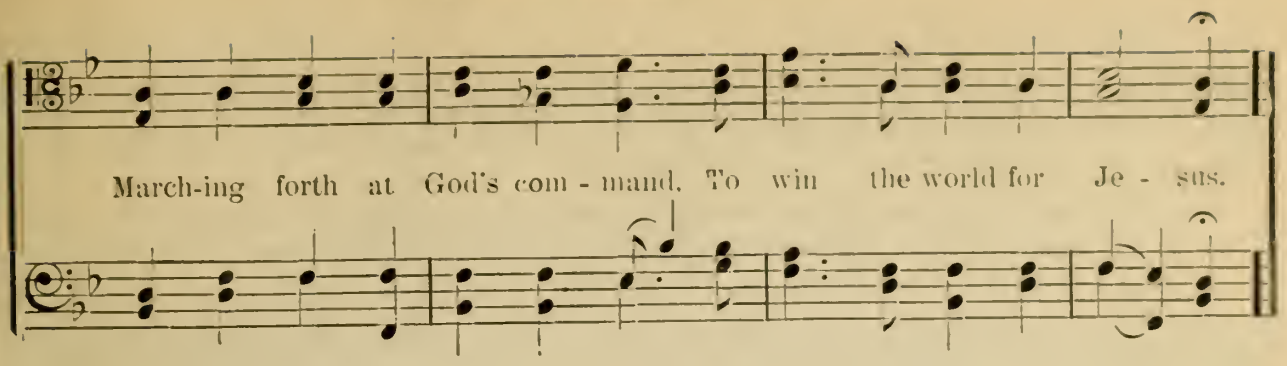
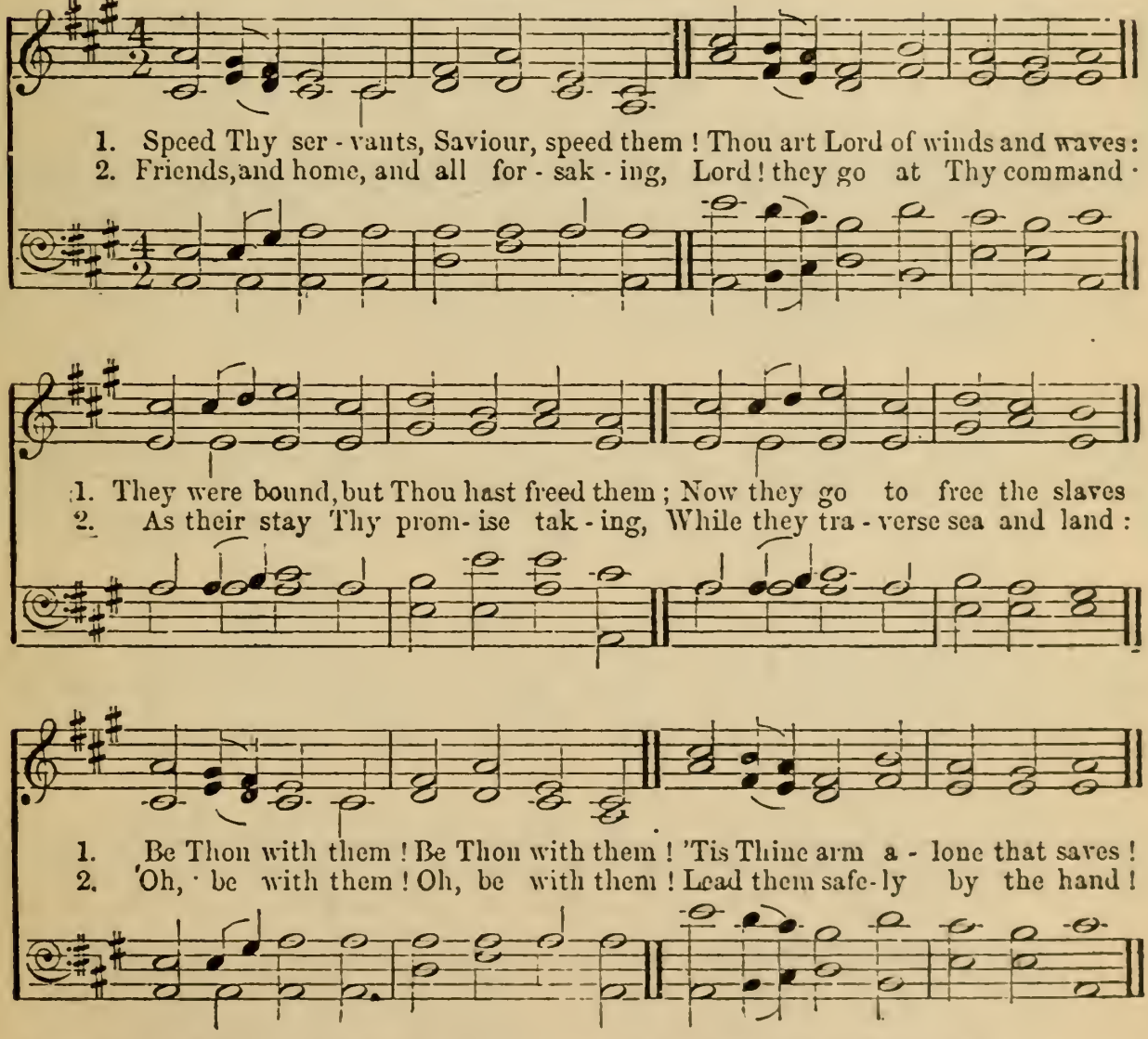
Gideon's Band. Concluded.



No. 186. Speed Thy Servants, Saviour!

(Dismissal. 8.7.8.7.8.7.) Shirley.


1. Speed Thy ser - vants, Saviour, speed them! Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
2. Friends, and home, and all for - sak - ing, Lord! they go at Thy command·
1. They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they go to free the slaves
2. As their stay Thy prom - ise tak - ing, While they tra - verse sea and land:
1. Be Thou with them! Be Thou with them! 'Tis Thine arm a - lone that saves!
2. Oh, be with them! Oh, be with them! Lead them safe - ly by the hand!

3. Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again!

4. In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be:
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see!

No. 187. Go Forward.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

Vigorously. March time.

1. For-ward, for-ward, let the host go for-ward, Hear the mighty watchword from on
2. For-ward, for-ward, leave the past behind thee, Reaching forth unto the things be -
3. For-ward, for-ward, rise to no-bler ser-vice, Fold the tent and bear the ban-ner
high; Raise the ban - ner, lift it high-er, high - er,
- fore; All the Land of Prom-ise lies be - fore thee,
on; There are new and larg - er fields to con-quer,
Hear the mighty watchword.
Reach forth to things before.
And bear the ban-ner on.
Bear it on to glo - rious vic - to - ry. All too long we've
God has great - er bless-ings yet in store. On to vast - er
There are grand-er vic - t'ries to be won; There are souls with
lingered round our campfires, Let the blood-stain'd ban - ner be un-furled;
fields of ho - ly vis - ion. On to loft - ier heights of faith and love;
no one else to care for, There are things that no one else can do;

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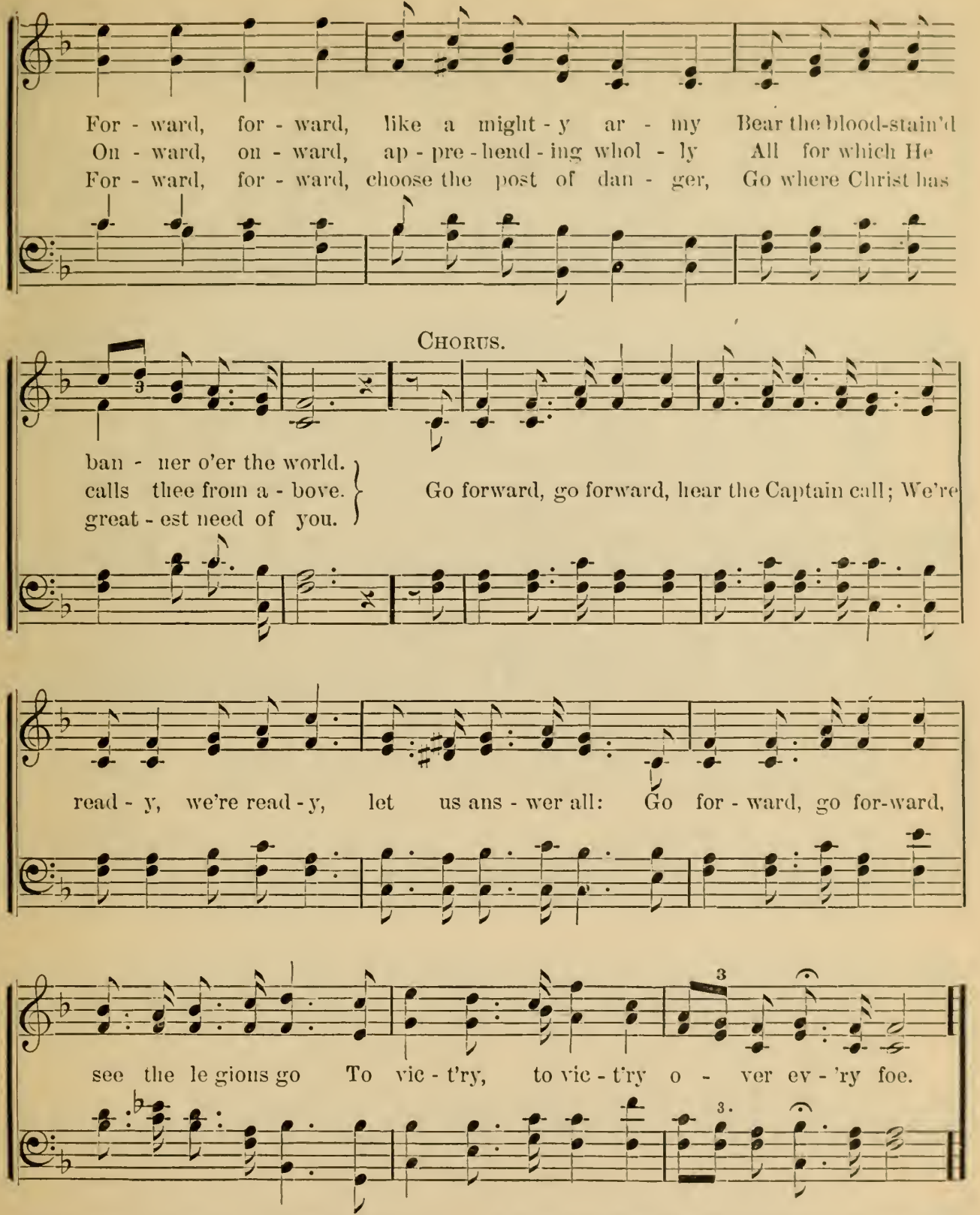
Go Forward. Concluded.

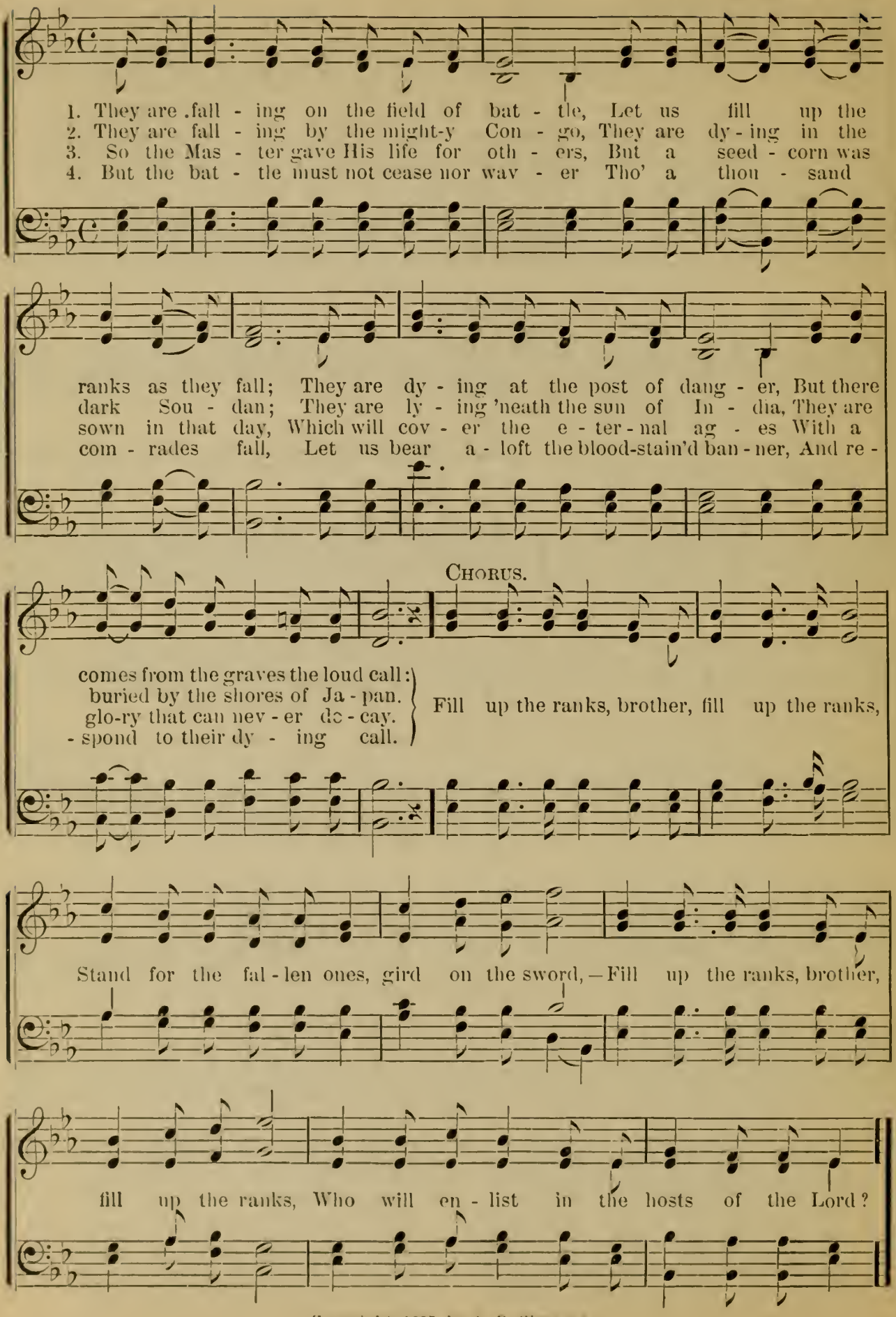

For - ward, for - ward, like a might - y ar - my Bear the blood-stain'd
On - ward, on - ward, ap - pre - hend - ing whol - ly All for which He
For - ward, for - ward, choose the post of dan - ger, Go where Christ has
Chorus.
ban - ner o'er the world.
calls thee from a - bove.
great - est need of you.
Go forward, go forward, hear the Captain call; We're
read - y, we're read - y, let us ans - wer all: Go for - ward, go for-ward,
see the le gions go To vic - t'ry, to vic - t'ry o - ver ev - 'ry foe.

4 Forward, forward, on to every nation,
Give the four-fold gospel to the world,
Over all the lands that lie in darkness
Let the blood-stain'd banner be unfuried.
On till every tongue and tribe and kindred
Hear the glorious gospel's joyful sound;
Forward, forward, till the name of Jesus
Shall re-echo all the world around.

5 Forward, forward, He is leading forward;
Lo! the pillar-cloud is moving on;
We are going forth to meet the Bridegroom
As He comes to claim His advent throne.
Soon the little flock will all be gathered,
Soon the glorious Bride will be complete;
Forward, forward, just a little longer,
And we'll ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

No. 188. Fill Up the Ranks.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. They are fall - ing on the field of bat - tle, Let us fill up the
2. They are fall - ing by the might-y Con - go, They are dy - ing in the
3. So the Mas - ter gave His life for oth - ers, But a seed - corn was
4. But the bat - tle must not cease nor wav - er Tho' a thou - sand
ranks as they fall; They are dy - ing at the post of dang - er, But there
dark Sou - dan; They are ly - ing 'neath the sun of In - dia, They are
sown in that day, Which will cov - er the e - ter - nal ag - es With a
com - rades fall, Let us bear a - loft the blood-stain'd ban - ner, And re -
Chorus.
comes from the graves the loud call:
buried by the shores of Ja - pan.
glo-ry that can nev - er de - cay.
- spond to their dy - ing call.
Fill up the ranks, brother, fill up the ranks,
Stand for the fal - len ones, gird on the sword, — Fill up the ranks, brother,
fill up the ranks, Who will en - list in the hosts of the Lord?

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No. 189. Plod.

A. B. S. Rev A. B. Simpson.

1. There's a sweet and low - ly path - way Lead - ing up to God;
2. If with wrecks of ear - ly prom - ise Many a path is strawed,
3. When of old the hosts of Josh - ua Round the ram - parts trod,
Four short let - ters mark its mile-stones— P - L - O - D, Plod.
'Tis be - cause some ar - dent dream - er Would not learn to plod.
Vic - 'try crowned their sev'n-fold cir - cuit, When they learned to plod.
Chorus.
Let us plod, stead - i - ly plod All a - long the way;
Zeal may fire and hope in - spire, But Plod will win the day.

4 Are you waiting for a promise,
Trusting in your God?
Tho' He tarry He is coming,
Faith must learn to plod.

5 Are you going forth with weeping,
Scatt'ring seeds abroad?
You shall bring your sheaves with singing,
If you'll trust and plod.

6 Are you suff'ring in affliction
'Neath the chast'ning rod?
God is working, wait upon Him,
Wait, and pray, and plod.

7 Yes, we need, along life's pathway,
Feet with patience shod;
Faith to wait and not grow weary,
Lives that love to plod.

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No. 190. Dying Without Jesus.

Anon. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Dy-ing, and she knew not Je - sus; Dy - ing on her bed of pain, (her bed of pain,)
2. She had passed a women's life - time, All her pow'rs of mind were clear (of mind were clear,)
3. But to her the good news came not, You had heard it long a - go, (it long a - go,)
On - ly one a-mong the thou - sands, To whom death cannot be gain;
To have grasp'd the blessed sto - ry Of the Christ you hold so dear;
But the sto - ry of sal - va - tion, She shall nev - er, nev - er know;
Gaze up - on her, as she lies there, 'Tis a woman with a soul;
And she might have been for - giv - en, 'Twas for her, as much as you
And shall oth - ers live in dark-ness, Must it still of them be true;
Which you say must live for - ev-er, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.
That the Sav-iour paid the ran-som, For the man - y, not the few.
Dy - ing, and(they know not Je - sus? Stay, the an-swer lies with you.
Chorus.
Oh! I seem to hear them cry-ing, As they sink in - to the grave;

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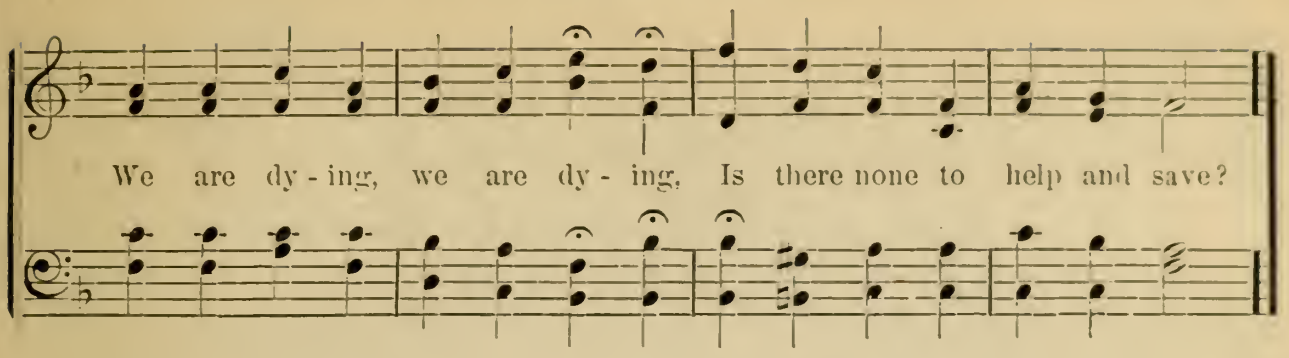
Dying Without Jesus. Concluded.



No. 191. Thy Kingdom Come.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. O Christ my Lord and King, This is the prayer I bring; This
2. Help me to work and pray, Help me to live each day; That
is the song I sing, Thy king - dom come, Thy king - dom come.
all I do may say, Thy king - dom come, Thy king - dom come.

3 Upon my heart's high throne,
Rule Thou, and Thou alone;
Let me be all Thine own;
Thy kingdom come.

4 Through all the earth abroad,
Wherever man has trod,
Send forth Thy word, O God;
Thy kingdom come.

5 Soon may our King appear,
Haste Bright Millennial Year;
We live to bring it near;
Thy kingdom come.

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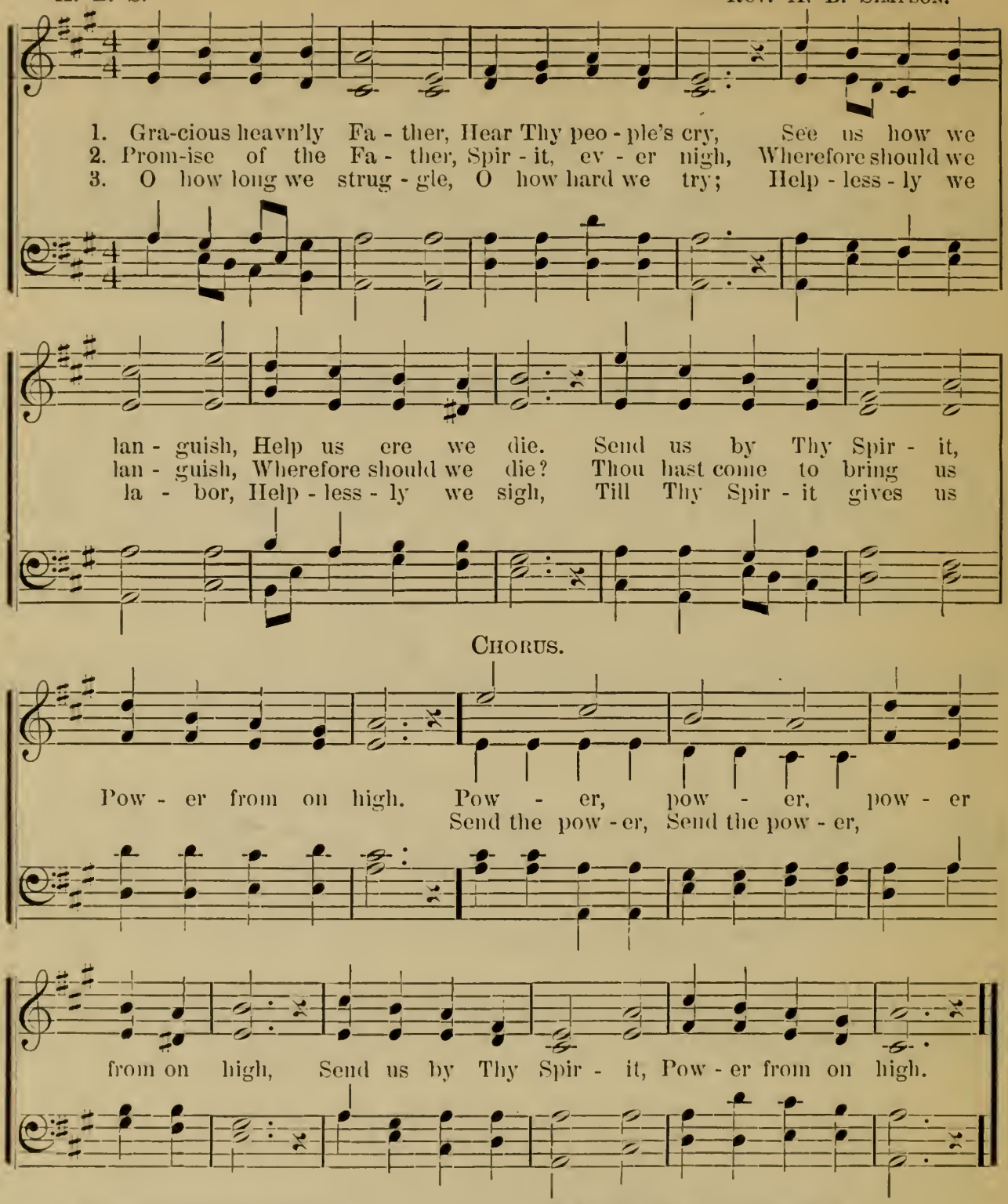
No. 192. Power From On High.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Gra-cious heavn'ly Fa - ther, Hear Thy peo - ple's cry, See us how we
2. Prom-ise of the Fa - ther, Spir - it, ev - er nigh, Wherefore should we
3. O how long we strug - gle, O how hard we try; Help - less - ly we
lan - guish, Help us ere we die. Send us by Thy Spir - it,
lan - guish, Wherefore should we die? Thou hast come to bring us
la - bor, Help - less - ly we sigh, Till Thy Spir - it gives us
Chorus.
Pow - er from on high. Pow - er, pow - er, pow - er
Send the pow - er, Send the pow - er,
from on high, Send us by Thy Spir - it, Pow - er from on high.

4 Send divine conviction,
Bring salvation nigh;
Crucify and quicken,
Save and sanctify.
Blessed Spirit bring us
Power from on high.

5 As the winds of heaven
O'er the ocean fly,
As the flaming light'nings
Flashing o'er the sky,
Send us, mighty Father,
Power from on high.

6 As the heav'nly sunshine
Bringing summer nigh,
As the showers that water
Deserts parched and dry,
Quick'ning Spirit bring us
Power from on high.

7 Father at Thy footstool,
Low Thy people lie,
Waiting for Thy promise;
Hear our helpless cry;
Send us, Father, send us
Power from on high.

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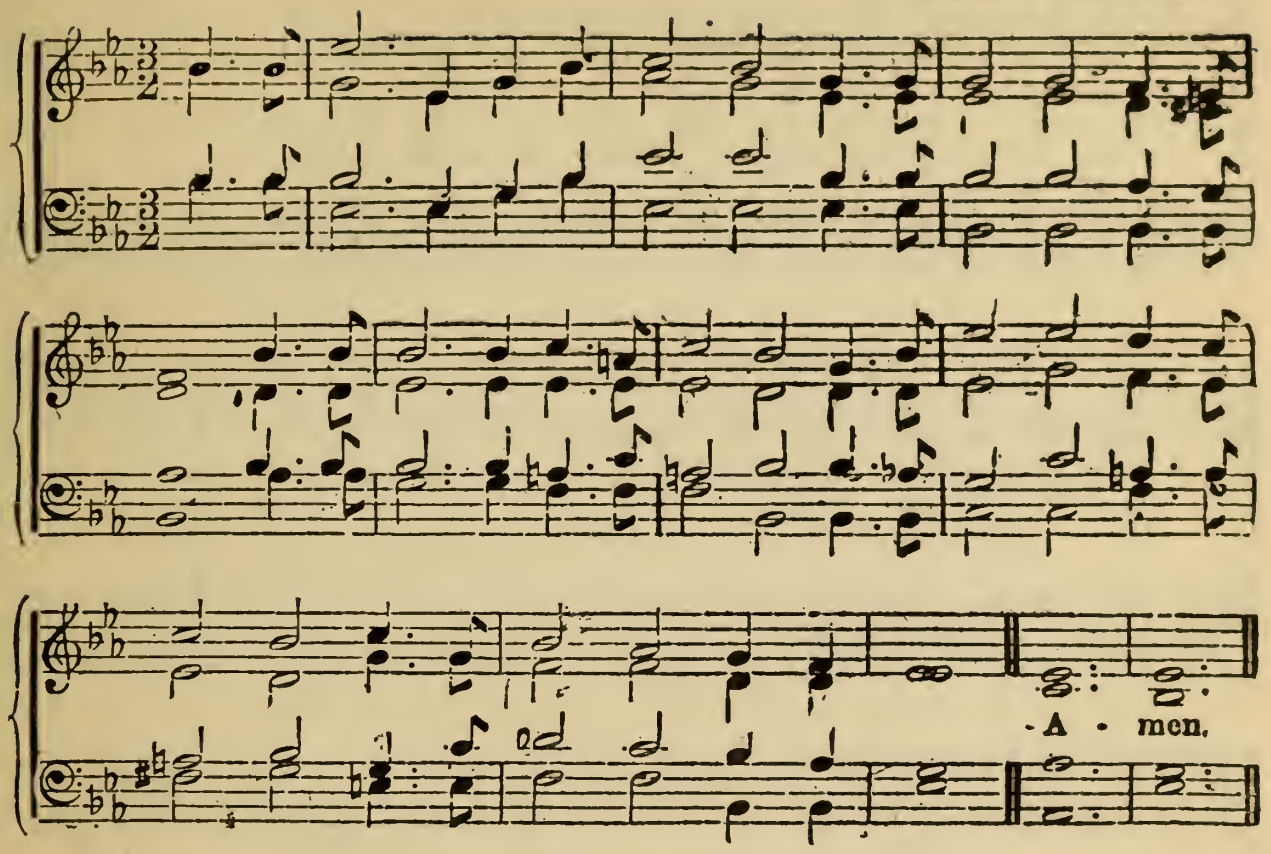
No. 193. Brethren Go!

C. BURKE

CHARLES STRONG.



Brethren, go! The Lord be with you;
He who sends will surely guide,
Resting in His care while sleeping,
Resting in His love while weeping,
Keep ye ever by His side.

Brethren, go! The Master calls you
Forth, to reap His precious grain;
Fear not, tho' wild storms awake you,
Fear not, tho' the rough winds shake you,
Glory cometh after pain.

Brethren, go! The world is waiting
For the coming of our King,
Be it yours to spread the story
Of His shame! And then His glory
Till the whole creation sing.

Brethren, go! The day-dawn breaketh,
Of its glory, go and tell.
In the Father's name we send you,
To His tender love commend you,
God be with you; Fare you well.

No. 194. Ye Christian Heralds.

L. M.

Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation in Emmanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

No. 195. A Macedonian Cry.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. A cry is ev - er sound - ing Up - on my bur-dened ear, A
2. With ev - 'ry puls - e's beat - ing An - oth - er soul is gone, With
3. Oh, how the Mas - ter's bo - som Must swell with love and pain, As
cry of pain and an - guish, A cry of woe and fear; It is the
all its guilt and sor - row, To stand be - fore the throne, And learn with
ev - er-more they meet Him, That sad and cease-less train! And if He
voice of myr - iads Who grope in heath-en night, It is the cry of
awe and won - der The sto - ry of that grace, Which God to us en -
holds us guilt - ty For all our broth-er's blood, What ans - wer can we
Je - sus To rise and send them light.
- trust - ed For all our fal - len race.
of - fer Be - fore the throne of God?
O hear the pleading mes - sage From
ev - 'ry land and na - tion; O haste, and send the ans-wer, Ye her-alds of sal -

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A Macedonian Cry. Concluded.

No. 196. We're Bound to Take the Congo for Jesus.

Tune, "Marching Through Georgia."

We are a band of chosen ones, our Captain's brave and strong;
There's only yet a score enrolled but more will come along,
We're off to "Darkest Africa," where heathen nations throng.
We're bound to take the Congo for Jesus.

Chorus.

March on, march on to set the captives free;
March on, march on to glorious victory;
And this our song of triumph, as we sail across the sea,
We're bound to TAKE the Congo for Jesus.

Though hosts of hell may all unite, and Satan stalk about;
We're trusting fully Jesus' power, and He their ranks will rout,
We'll make old Afric's valleys ring with a Hallelujah shout.
We're bound to take the Congo for Jesus.

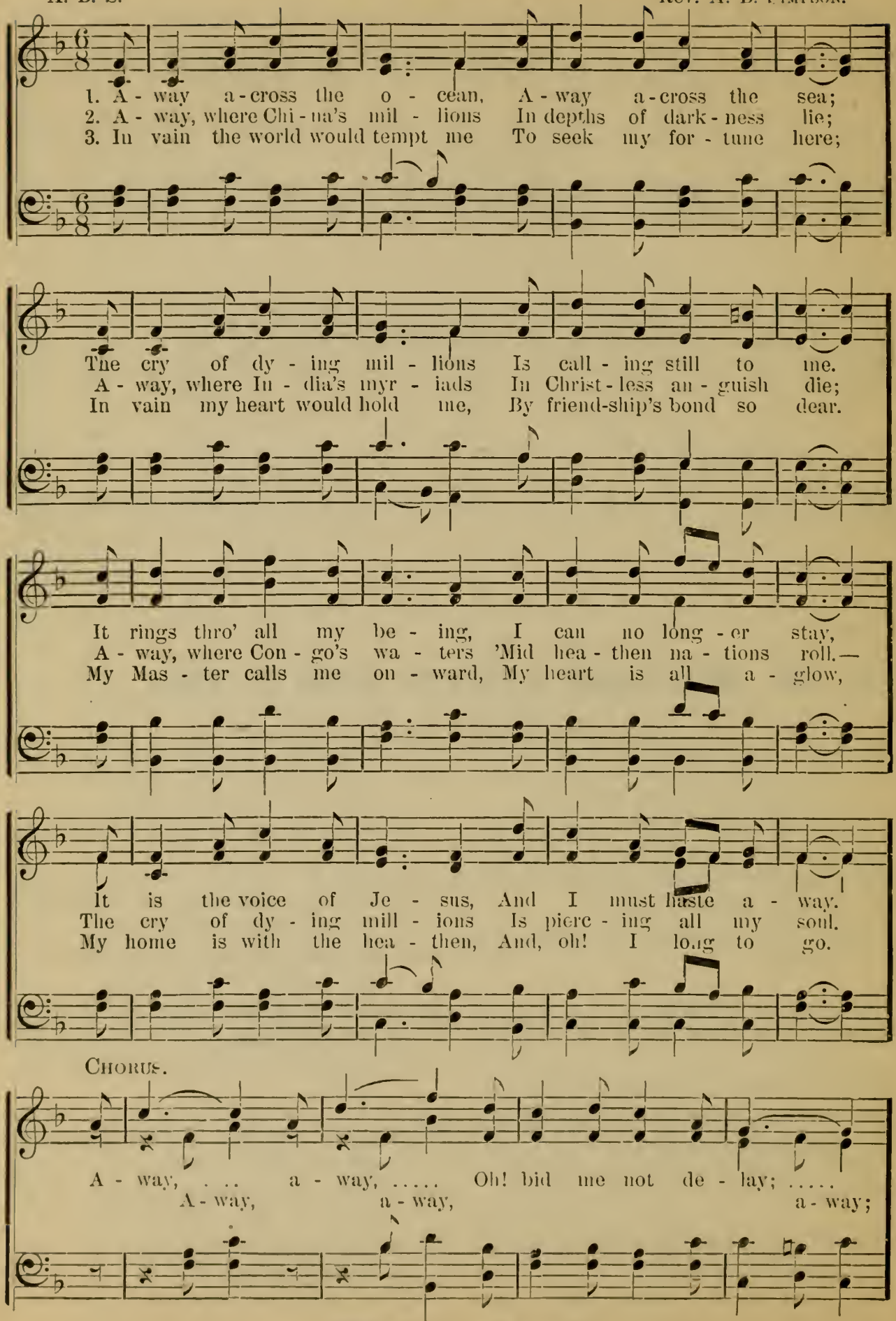
In Christ our needs are all supplied, we ne'er shall lack a thing;
For life abundant, joy and strength His praises will we sing;
He is our Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer, Coming King,
We're bound to take the Congo for Jesus.

We'll gladly leave our earthly all without a doubt or care;
For we've His blessed promise of a mansion "Over There."
We'll gather many thousands for the Meeting in the Air,
We're bound to take the Congo for Jesus.

W. Macomber.

No. 197. Away Across the Ocean.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. A - way a - cross the o - cean, A - way a - cross the sea;
2. A - way, where Chi - na's mil - lions In depths of dark - ness lie;
3. In vain the world would tempt me To seek my for - tune here;
The cry of dy - ing mil - lions Is call - ing still to me.
A - way, where In - dia's myr - iads In Christ - less an - guish die;
In vain my heart would hold me, By friend-ship's bond so dear.
It rings thro' all my be - ing, I can no long - er stay,
A - way, where Con - go's wa - ters 'Mid hea - then na - tions roll.—
My Mas - ter calls me on - ward, My heart is all a - glow,
It is the voice of Je - sus, And I must haste a - way.
The cry of dy - ing mill - ions Is pierc - ing all my soul.
My home is with the hea - then, And, oh! I long to go.
Chorus.
A - way, . . . a - way, ... Oh! bid me not de - lay; . . . . .
A - way, a - way, a - way;

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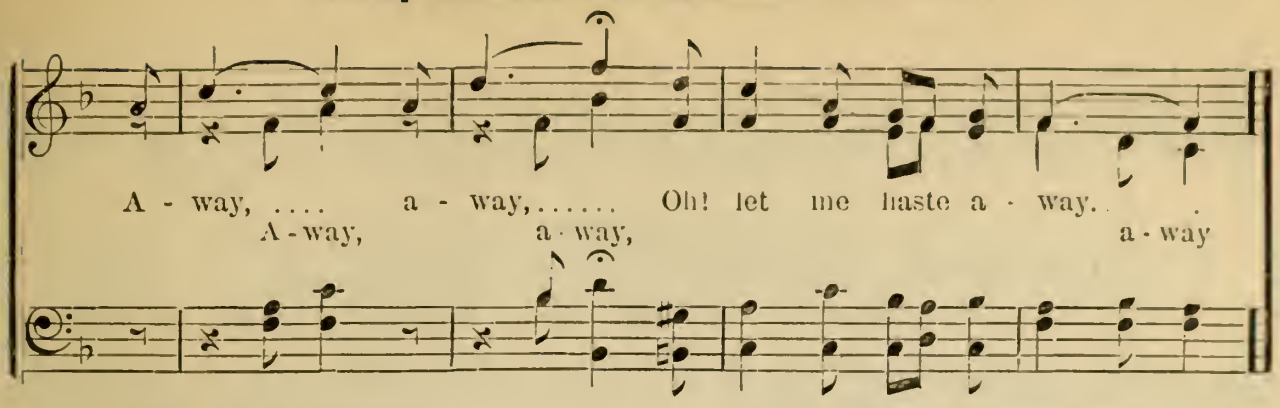
Away Across the Ocean. Concluded.



4 I do not want your pity,
I only feel for you,
For angels well might envy,
The work that I may do.
Farewell, my friends, my kindred,
Think of me when you pray,
I hear my Master calling,
And I must haste away.

5 Some day across the river,
Some day beyond the skies,
There'll be no tearful partings;
There'll be no broken ties.
Oh, shall your crown be studded
With stars, that glorious day?
I go to win my jewels!
Farewell, I haste away.

No. 198. Wave the Gospel Banner.

Wave the gospel banner o'er India's plain,
Thrice a thousand millions lie in heathen chains;
Thrice ten thousand daily die in Christless woe;
Is there none to pity, is there none to go?

Who can tell thy sorrow, who can paint thy shame?
Rites of nameless horror in religion's name,
Woman's deep dishonor, childhood's awful blight,
Soul's immortal sinking into endless night.

Land of many a martyr, many a holy grave,
Let the blood-stained Banner wide o'er India wave;
What if it be crimsoned by thy heart's rich blood?
Is thy blood too precious for the Son of God?

Weak are all our efforts, vain our tears and blood,
India naught can save thee, nothing less than God;
Oh, thou Great Jehovah, speak the word divine,
Then, with all her myriads, India shall be Thine.

No. 199. We Are Living.

8s & 7s.

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth? Is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward for the right!
On! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1840.

No. 200. The Dark Soudan.

A. B. S — Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. I am go - ing to that dark, dark land, That lies by the Ni - ger's
2. They are dy - ing in the dark Sou - dan, That lies by the Ni - ger's
3. Christ hast lov'd ones in the dark Sou - dan, That lies by the Ni - ger's
4. Christ is com - ing to the dark Sou - dan, That lies by the Ni - ger's
shore; I am go - ing at the Lord s com-mand, And I fear not as He
shore, Let us save them while a - lone we can, Ere for them the har-vest -
shore, He has suf-fered for the poor black man, And for him the cru - el
shore, And the glo - ry of the Son of man O'er its val - leys and its
goes be - fore. I am go - ing to the dark Sou - dan, I am
- time is o'er. Ev - 'ry day a thous-and lost ones die, Nine - ty
cross He bore. With a love that dan - ger nev - er shuns, Let us
plains shall pour. Land of deep-est, dark-est heath - en night. Thou shalt
go - ing to the poor black man; Christ is lead-ing in the glo - rious
mil - lions still in dark - ness lie; Let us list - en to their plead - ing
go to find the wand - 'ring ones; Let us go to bring His dark-browed
yet be called the Land of Light; And in that mil - len - nial morn so

Copyright, 1897, by A. B. Simpson.

The Dark Soudan. Concluded.

Chorus.
van, And I fol - low as He goes be - fore.
cry, As it ech - oes from that heath - en shore.
sons To the Fa-ther's wide and o - pen door.
bright, Af - ric's sons at last shall weep no more.
Will you meet me in the
dark, dark land? Will you meet me at the Lord's right hand? Will you
meet me when our glo - rious band Shall gath - er from the dark Sou-dan?

No. 201. I'm Going to the Congo.

Tune, "Going Back to Dixie."

Across the ocean stealing,
For life and health and healing.
A VOICE;—my soul is reaching,
In plaintive tones beseeching,
O'er dusky faces falling,
Their tears are ever calling;
My heart turns to the Congo, and I must go.

Chorus.

I'm going to the Congo, I'm going to the Congo.
The call is growing stronger,
I can't stay here much longer,
O'er dusky faces falling,
Their tears are ever calling;
My heart turns to the Congo, and I must go.

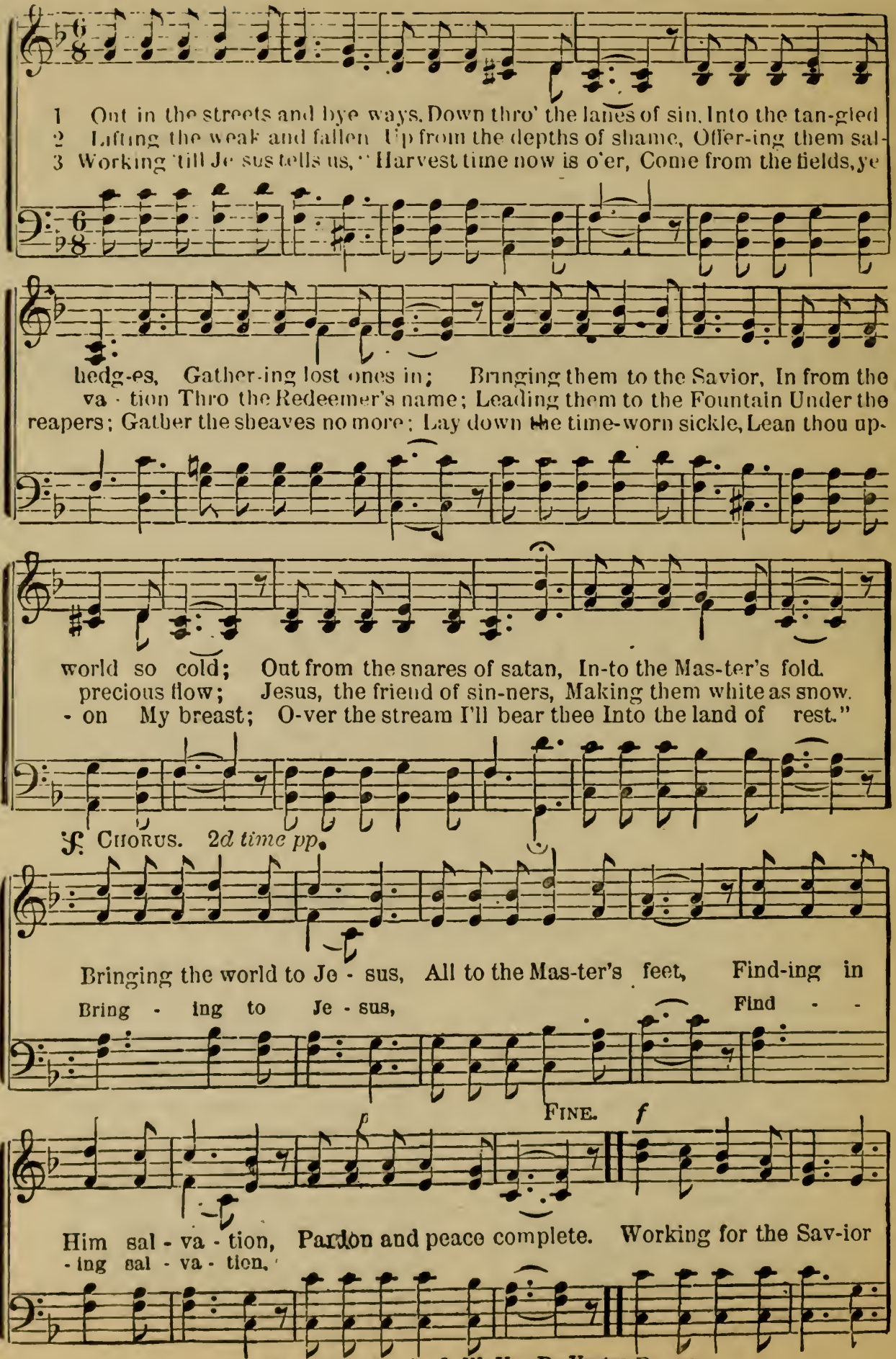
The Master's earnest bidding,
Within my soul is ringing,
"Go thou proclaim glad tiding,"
To teeming millions dying.
All earthly ties forsaking,
And JESUS ONLY taking;
My heart for them is aching, and I must go.

I'm looking for the dawning,
Of earth's redemption morning;
But ere His glad appearing,
Salvation's news so cheering,
Must spread to every nation,
Beyond the rolling ocean,
My heart is on the Congo, and I must go.

W. Macomber.

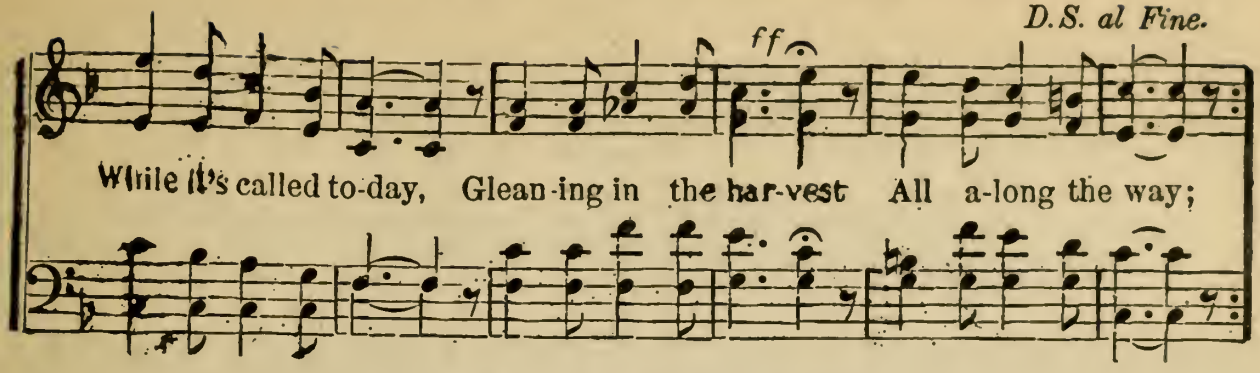
No. 202. Bringing the World to Jesus.

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.
Harmonized by F. J. ST CLAIR.


1 Out in the streets and bye ways, Down thro' the lanes of sin, Into the tan-gled
2 Lifting the weak and fallen Up from the depths of shame, Offer-ing them sal-
3 Working 'till Je sus tells us, "Harvest time now is o'er, Come from the fields, ye
hedg-es, Gather-ing lost ones in; Bringing them to the Savior, In from the
va - tion Thro the Redeemer's name; Leading them to the Fountain Under the
reapers; Gather the sheaves no more; Lay down the time-worn sickle, Lean thou up-
world so cold; Out from the snares of satan, In-to the Mas-ter's fold.
precious flow; Jesus, the friend of sin-ners, Making them white as snow.
- on My breast; O-ver the stream I'll bear thee Into the land of rest."
f CHORUS. 2d time pp.
Bringing the world to Je - sus, All to the Mas-ter's feet, Find-ing in
Bring - ing to Je - sus, Find - -
FINE. f
Him sal - va - tion, Pardon and peace complete. Working for the Sav-ior
- ing sal - va - tion.

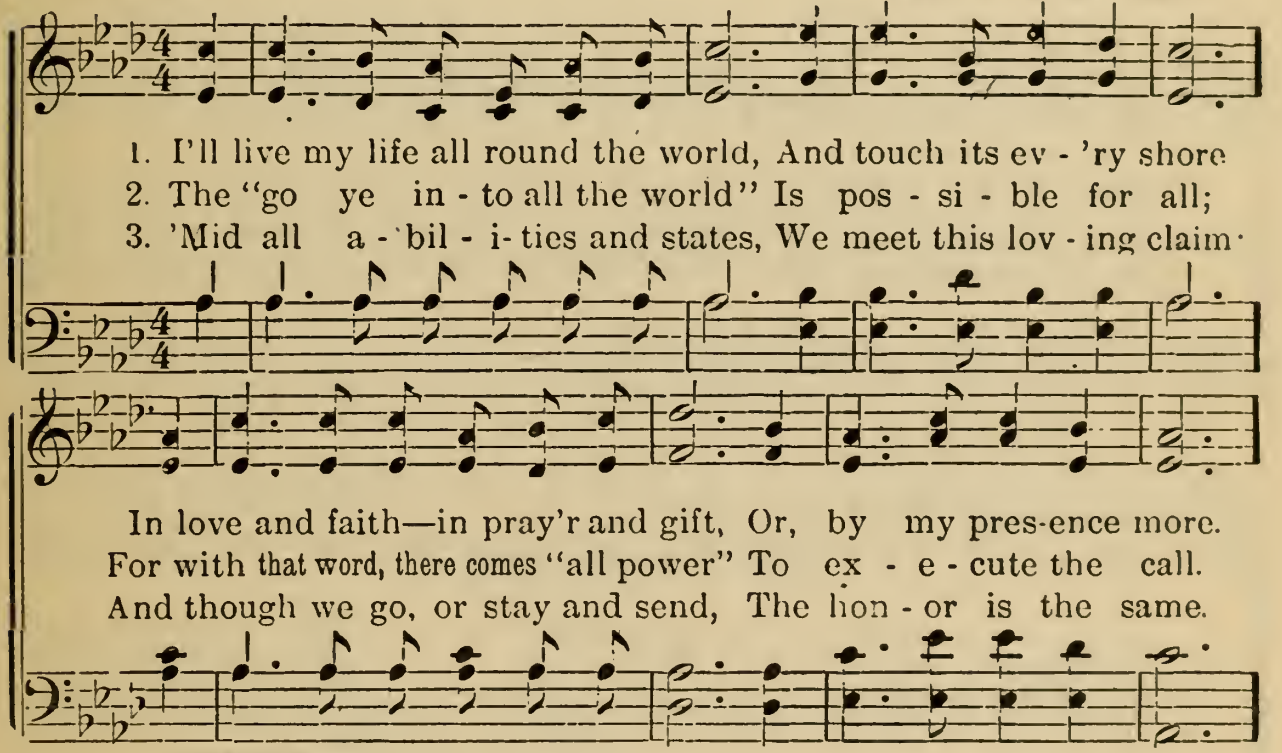
Copyright, 1895, by J. W. Van De Venter. By per.

Bringing the World to Jesus. Concluded.

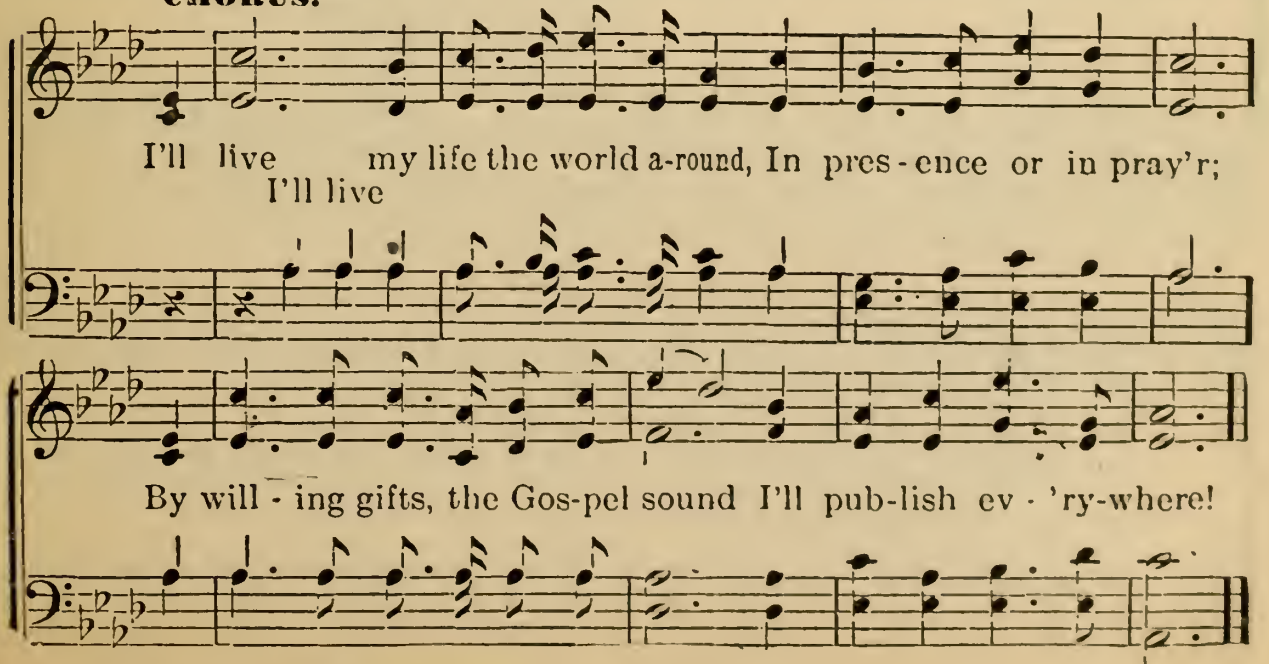


No. 203. I'll Live the world Around.

D W M. REV. D. W. MYLAND.


1. I'll live my life all round the world, And touch its ev - 'ry shore
2. The "go ye in - to all the world" Is pos - si - ble for all;
3. 'Mid all a - bil - i - ties and states, We meet this lov - ing claim·
In love and faith—in pray'r and gift, Or, by my pres-ence more.
For with that word, there comes "all power" To ex - e - cute the call.
And though we go, or stay and send, The hon - or is the same.

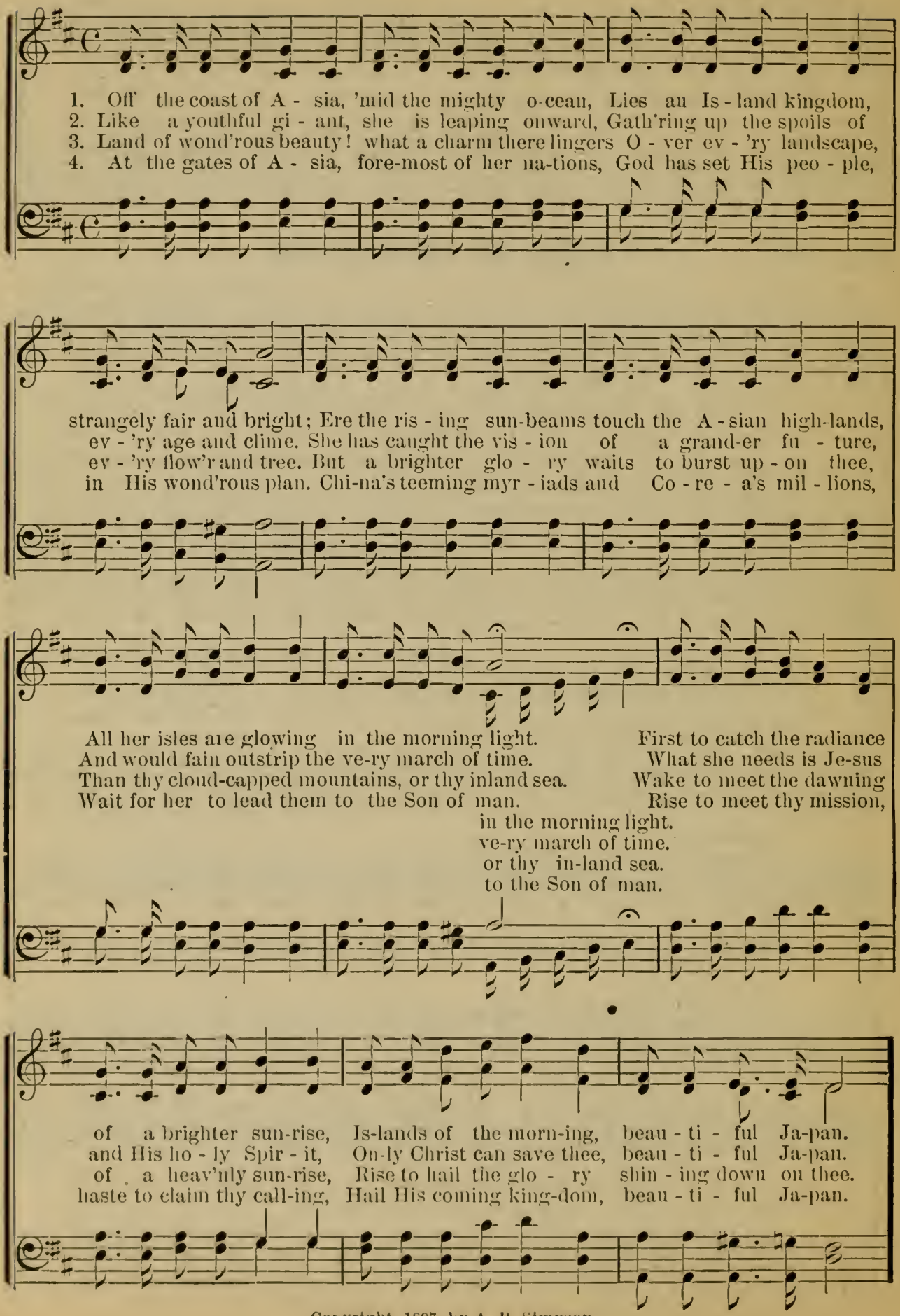
CHORUS.


I'll live my life the world a-round, In pres - ence or in pray'r;
I'll live
By will - ing gifts, the Gos-pel sound I'll pub-lish ev - 'ry-where!

Copyright, 1897, by D. W Myland.

No. 204. Beautiful Japan.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Off the coast of A - sia, 'mid the mighty o-cean, Lies an Is - land kingdom,
2. Like a youthful gi - ant, she is leaping onward, Gath'ring up the spoils of
3. Land of wond'rous beauty! what a charm there lingers O - ver ev - 'ry landscape,
4. At the gates of A - sia, fore-most of her na-tions, God has set His peo - ple,
strangely fair and bright; Ere the ris - ing sun-beams touch the A - sian high-lands,
ev - 'ry age and clime. She has caught the vis - ion of a grand-er fu - ture,
ev - 'ry flow'r and tree. But a brighter glo - ry waits to burst up - on thee,
in His wond'rous plan. Chi-na's teeming myr - iads and Co - re - a's mil - lions,
All her isles are glowing in the morning light.
And would fain outstrip the ve-ry march of time.
Than thy cloud-capped mountains, or thy inland sea.
Wait for her to lead them to the Son of man.
First to catch the radiance
What she needs is Je-sus
Wake to meet the dawning
Rise to meet thy mission,
in the morning light.
ve-ry march of time.
or thy in-land sea.
to the Son of man.
of a brighter sun-rise, Is-lands of the morn-ing, beau - ti - ful Ja-pan.
and His ho - ly Spir - it, On-ly Christ can save thee, beau - ti - ful Ja-pan.
of a heav'nly sun-rise, Rise to hail the glo - ry shin - ing down on thee.
haste to claim thy call-ing, Hail His coming king-dom, beau - ti - ful Ja-pan.

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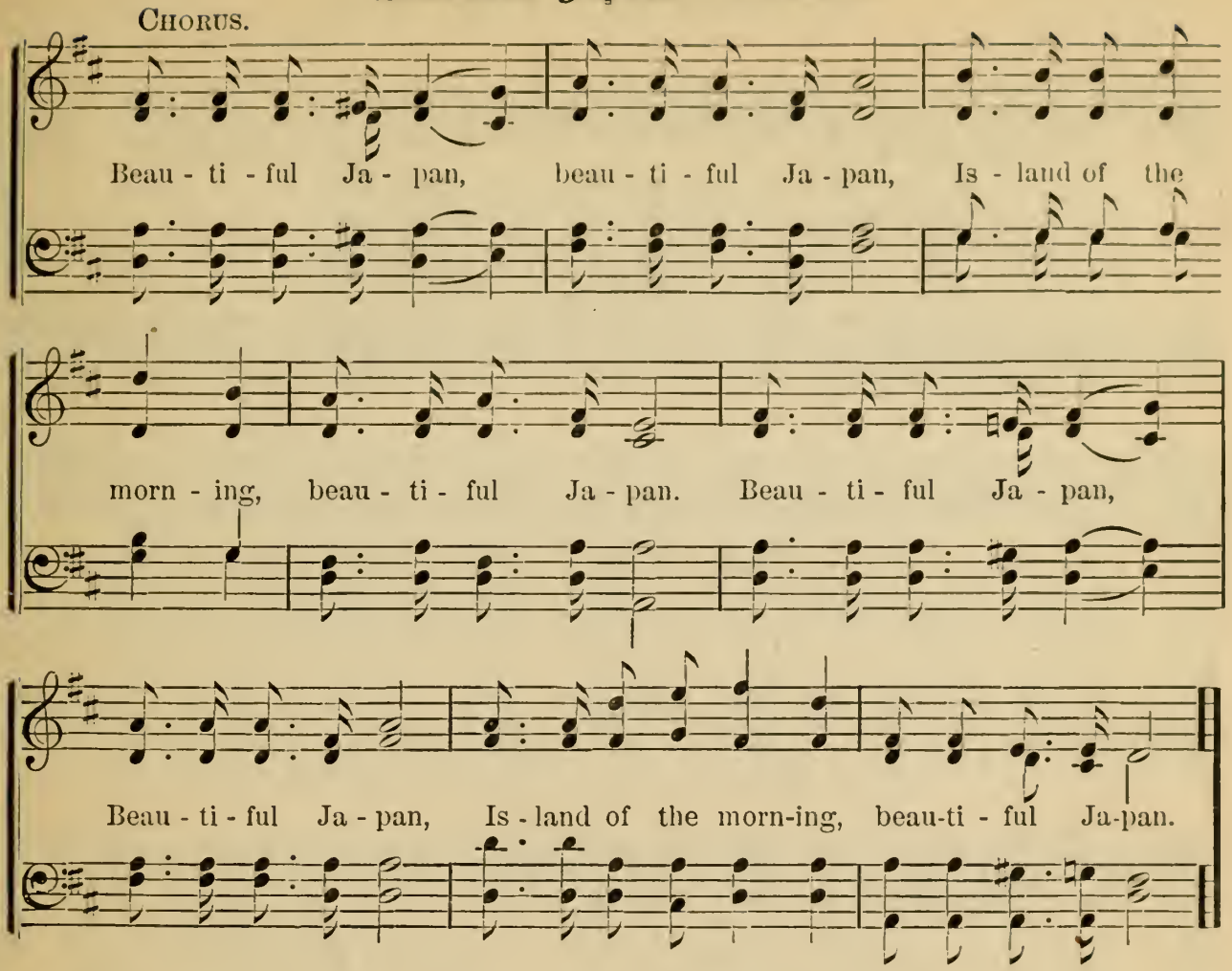
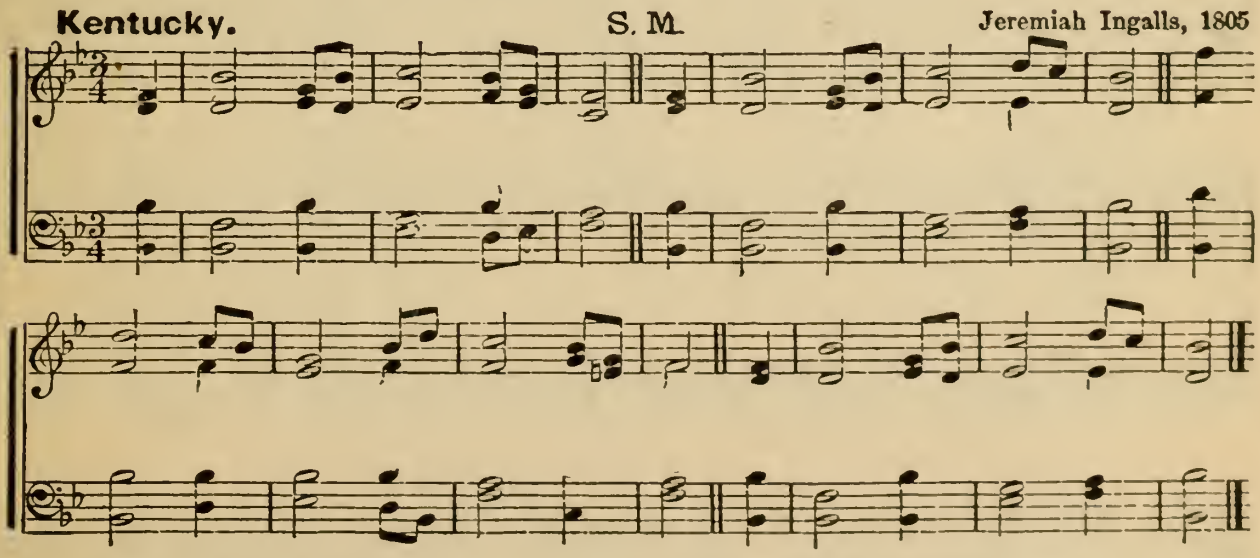
Beautiful Japan. Concluded.


Chorus.
Beau - ti - ful Ja - pan, beau - ti - ful Ja - pan, Is - land of the
morn - ing, beau - ti - ful Ja - pan. Beau - ti - ful Ja - pan,
Beau - ti - ful Ja - pan, Is - land of the morn-ing, beau-ti - ful Ja-pan.

No. 205. A Charge to Keep.



A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

No. 206. The Land of Congo.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Far across the land of Con-go, That dark, dark land. Lo, a ho-ly
2. All across the land of Con-go Our love must reach, In-land sea to
3. But we will not fear or fal-ter, For Christ leads on, Soon the night of
4. Brothers, sisters, won't you join us In that dark land? Won't you oft in
band is march-ing At God's com-mand; Where the Gospel herald's footsteps Have
might-y o-cean. From beach to beach; Many a step and many a camp fire Must
sin and sor-row, Will all be gone; And when Afric's ransom'd millions Be-
prayer re-mem-ber Our Con-go band? O, the joy that fills our be-ing, No
nev-er trod, Pi-o-neers they go to con-quer The land for God.
mark our way, Many a com-rade fall be-side us From day to day.
-fore Him stand, What a crown we'll have for Je-sus. From Con-go land.
tongue can tell; We shall meet you in the morn-ing,—Till then, fare-well!
Chorus.
Say, broth-ers, won't you help us, Won't you join our band?
Won't you help us bring the Gos-pel To Con-go land?

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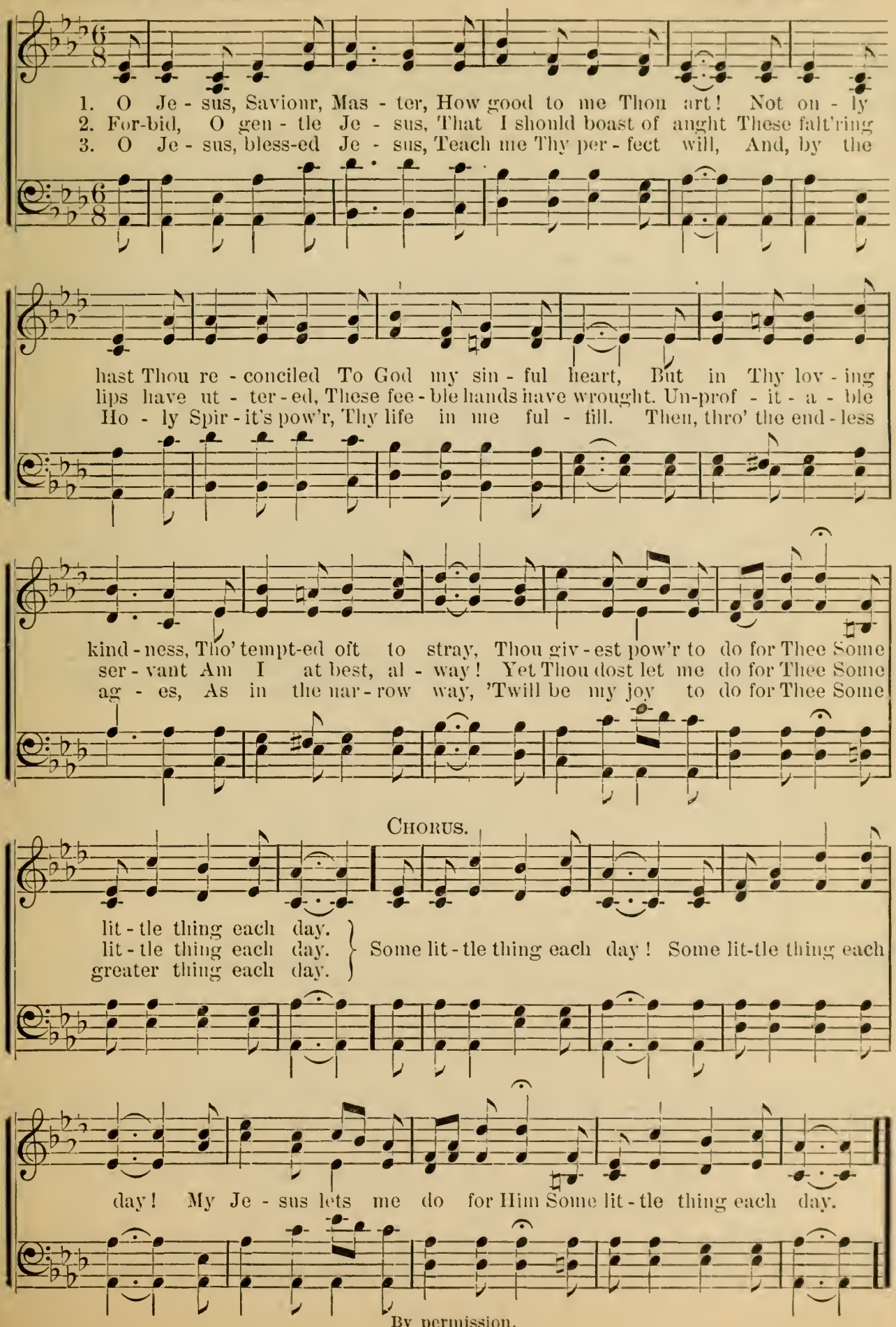
No. 207. Some Little Thing Each Day.

ADELAIDE ADDISON POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.


1. O Je - sus, Savionr, Mas - ter, How good to me Thou art! Not on - ly
2. For-bid, O gen - tle Je - sus, That I should boast of anght These falt'ring
3. O Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Teach me Thy per - fect will, And, by the
hast Thou re - conciled To God my sin - ful heart, But in Thy lov - ing
lips have ut - ter - ed, These fee - ble hands have wrought. Un-prof - it - a - ble
Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r, Thy life in me ful - fill. Then, thro' the end - less
kind - ness, Tho' tempt-ed oft to stray, Thou giv - est pow'r to do for Thee Some
ser - vant Am I at best, al - way! Yet Thou dost let me do for Thee Some
ag - es, As in the nar - row way, 'Twill be my joy to do for Thee Some
CHORUS.
lit - tle thing each day.
lit - tle thing each day.
greater thing each day.
Some lit - tle thing each day! Some lit-tle thing each
day! My Je - sus lets me do for Him Some lit - tle thing each day.

By permission.

No. 208. Jesus Calls Us.

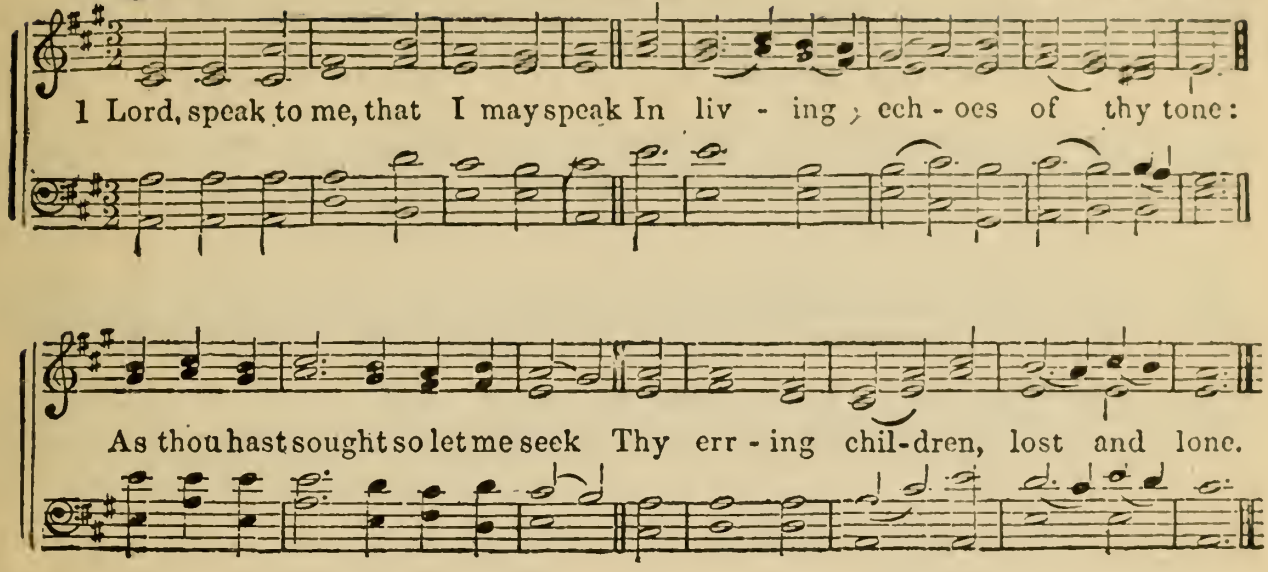
C. F. Alexander. Warren Collins.

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's strange restless sea;
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of this vain world's gold-en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. May the blood of Je - sus heal me, And my sins be all for - giv'n;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, Dear one, fol - low me.
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, Loved one, love me more.
Still He calls in cares and pleas-ures, Chris-tian, love me more than these.
Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal me, Guide me all the way to heav'n.
Chorus.
Fol - low me, Je - sus said, Dear one, learn to fol - low Him;
Fol - low Him, that is all, For He'll nev - er let you fall.

By permission.

No. 209. Lord, Speak to Me.

Migdol. **L. M.** Lowell Mason, 1840.


1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of thy tone:
As thou hast sought so let me seek Thy err - ing chil-dren, lost and lone.

Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet,
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

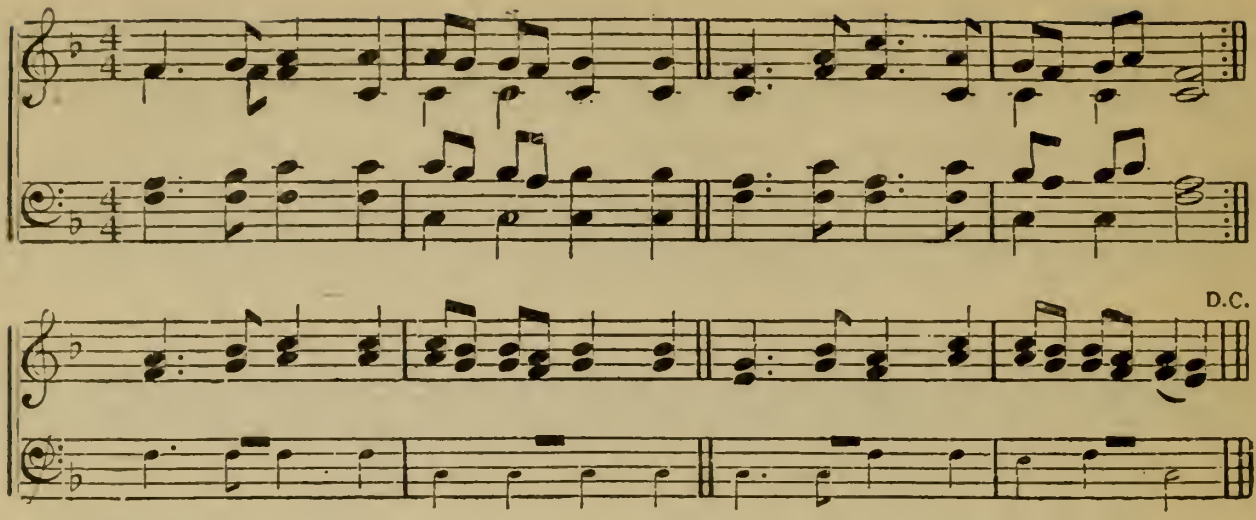
Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1872.

No. 210. Glorious Things. *8, 7s D.*



Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from the banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray

No. 211. Laborers Arise. *6, 6, 8, 6.*

Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore,
And where the sons of sorrow pine
Dispense your hallowed store.

Be faith which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changless love
A mantle round your breast.

No. 212. Hasten Lord. 7s.

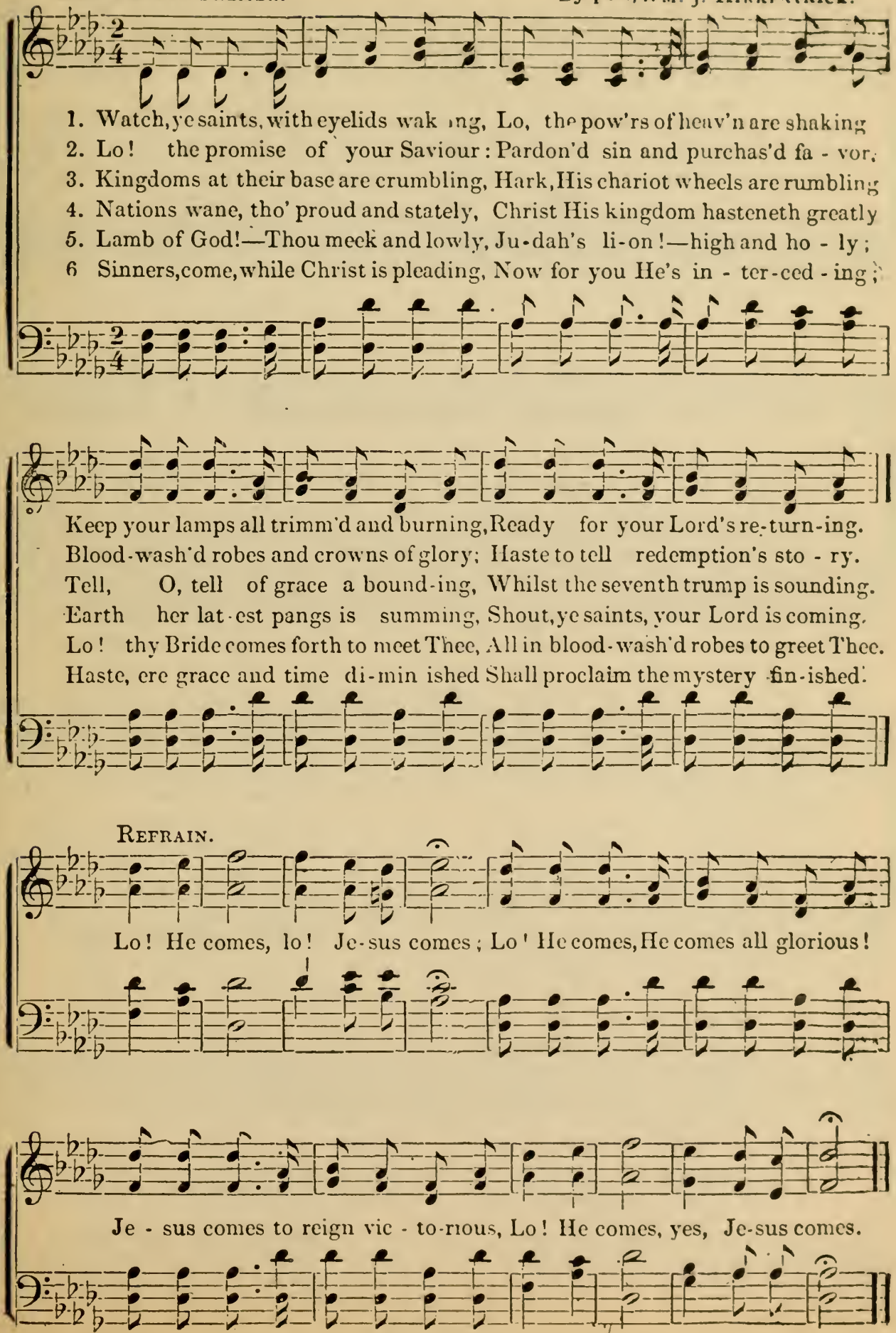
Hasten, Lord! the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel's call obey.

Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

No. 213. Lo, Jesus Comes!

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER. By per., WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids wak ing, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking
2. Lo! the promise of your Saviour: Pardon'd sin and purchas'd fa - vor.
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, His chariot wheels are rumbling
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ His kingdom hasteneth greatly
5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and lowly, Ju-dah's li-on!—high and ho - ly;
6 Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in - ter-ced - ing;
Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Ready for your Lord's re-turn-ing.
Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's sto - ry.
Tell, O, tell of grace a bound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
Earth her lat-est pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.
Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet Thee, All in blood-wash'd robes to greet Thee.
Haste, ere grace and time di-min ished Shall proclaim the mystery fin-ished.
REFRAIN.
Lo! He comes, lo! Je-sus comes; Lo! He comes, He comes all glorious!
Je - sus comes to reign vic - to-rious, Lo! He comes, yes, Je-sus comes.

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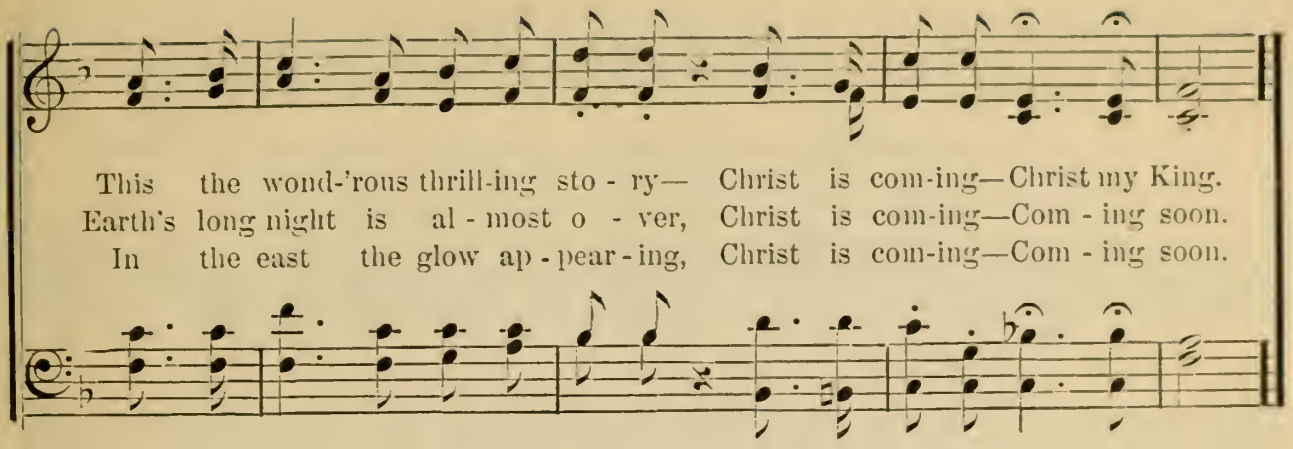
No. 214. Christ Is Coming.

W. M. W. Macomber.

1. In the glow of ear - ly morn-ing, In the sol - emn hush of night;
2. Oft methinks I hear His foot-steps, Steal - ing down the paths of time;
3. Long we've wait - ed, blest Re-deem - er, Wait - ed for the first bright ray
Down from heav - en's o - pen por - tals, Steals a mes - sen-ger of light,
And the fu - ture dark with shad-ows, Bright - ens with this hope sub-lime.
Of the morn when sin and sor - row At Thy pres - ence flee a - way;
Whisp-'ring sweet - ly to my spir - it, While the hosts of heav - en sing;
Sound the soul - in - spir - ing an - them; An - gel hosts, your harps at - tune;
But our vig - il's near - ly o - ver Hope of heav'n; oh, price - less boon!
This the wond-'rous thrill-ing sto - ry: Christ is com-ing— Christ my King.
Earth's long night is al - most o - ver, Christ is com-ing— Com - ing soon.
In the east the glow ap-pear - ing, Christ is com-ing— Com - ing soon.

Copyright, by per.

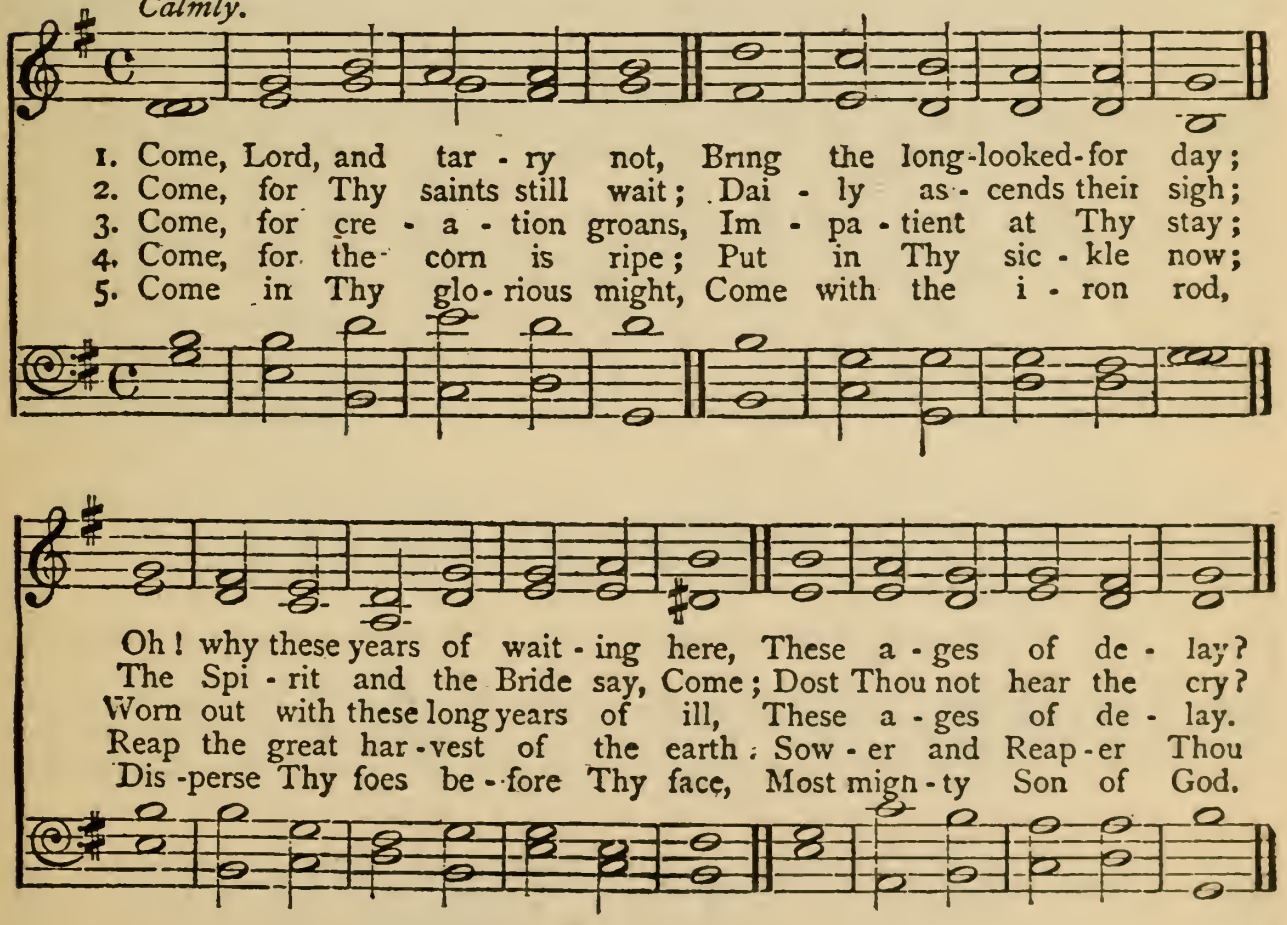
Christ Is Coming. Concluded.


This the wond-'rous thrill-ing sto - ry— Christ is com-ing—Christ my King.
Earth's long night is al - most o - ver, Christ is com-ing—Com - ing soon.
In the east the glow ap - pear - ing, Christ is com-ing—Com - ing soon.

No. 215. Come, Lord and Tarry Not.

DR. H. BONAR.

Calmly.


1. Come, Lord, and tar - ry not, Bring the long-looked-for day;
2. Come, for Thy saints still wait; Dai - ly as - cends their sigh;
3. Come, for cre - a - tion groans, Im - pa - tient at Thy stay;
4. Come, for the corn is ripe; Put in Thy sic - kle now;
5. Come in Thy glo - rious might, Come with the i - ron rod,
Oh! why these years of wait - ing here, These a - ges of de - lay?
The Spi - rit and the Bride say, Come; Dost Thou not hear the cry?
Worn out with these long years of ill, These a - ges of de - lay.
Reap the great har - vest of the earth; Sow - er and Reap - er Thou
Dis - perse Thy foes be - fore Thy face, Most migh - ty Son of God.

6 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded paradise,
Creation's second birth.

7 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself
Great King of Righteousness!

No. 216. The Comforter Has Come.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Oh, have you heard the glorious word Of hope and ho - ly cheer;
2. A - rise, a - rise, lift up your eyes, Wipe off the fall - ing tear,
3. Oh, hearts that sigh there's suc-cor nigh, The Com - fort - er is near;
From heav'n a - bove its tones of love Are ling'ring on my ear;
Why should we bear such loads of care, Why should we doubt or fear?
He comes to bring us to our King, And fit us to ap - pear.
f cres. ff
The bless - ed Com-fort - er has come, And Christ will soon be here.
The bless - ed Com fort - er has come, And Christ will soon be here.
I'm glad the Com-fort - er has come, And Christ will soon be here.
Chorus.
Oh, the Com - fort - er is come, Oh, the Com - fort - er is come,
The bless - ed Com-fort - er is come, And Christ will soon be here.

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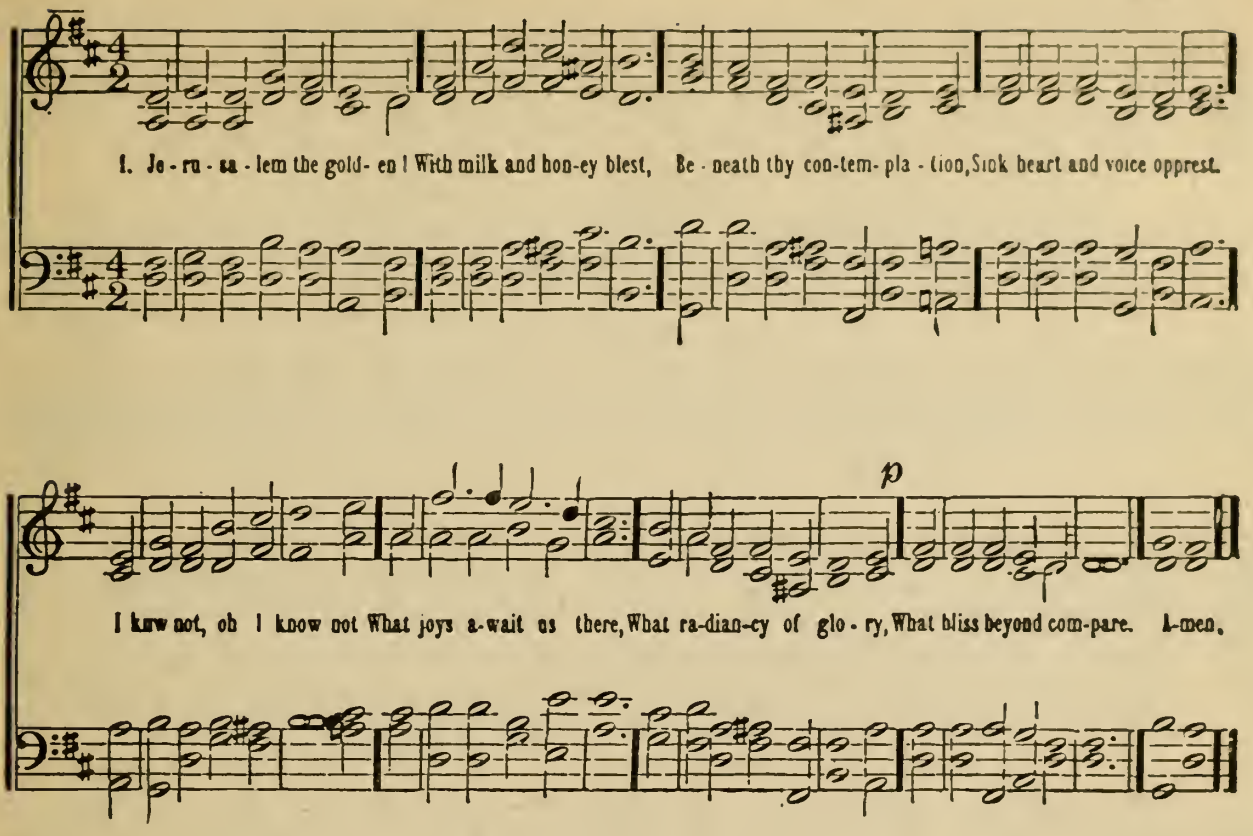
No. 217. Jerusalem the Golden.

EWING.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold- en! With milk and hon-ey blest, Be - neath thy con-tem- pla - tion, Sick heart and voice oppress.
I knew not, oh I know not What joys a-wait us there, What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com-pare. A-men.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pasture of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

Thou hast no shore fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise Thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And shine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest:
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

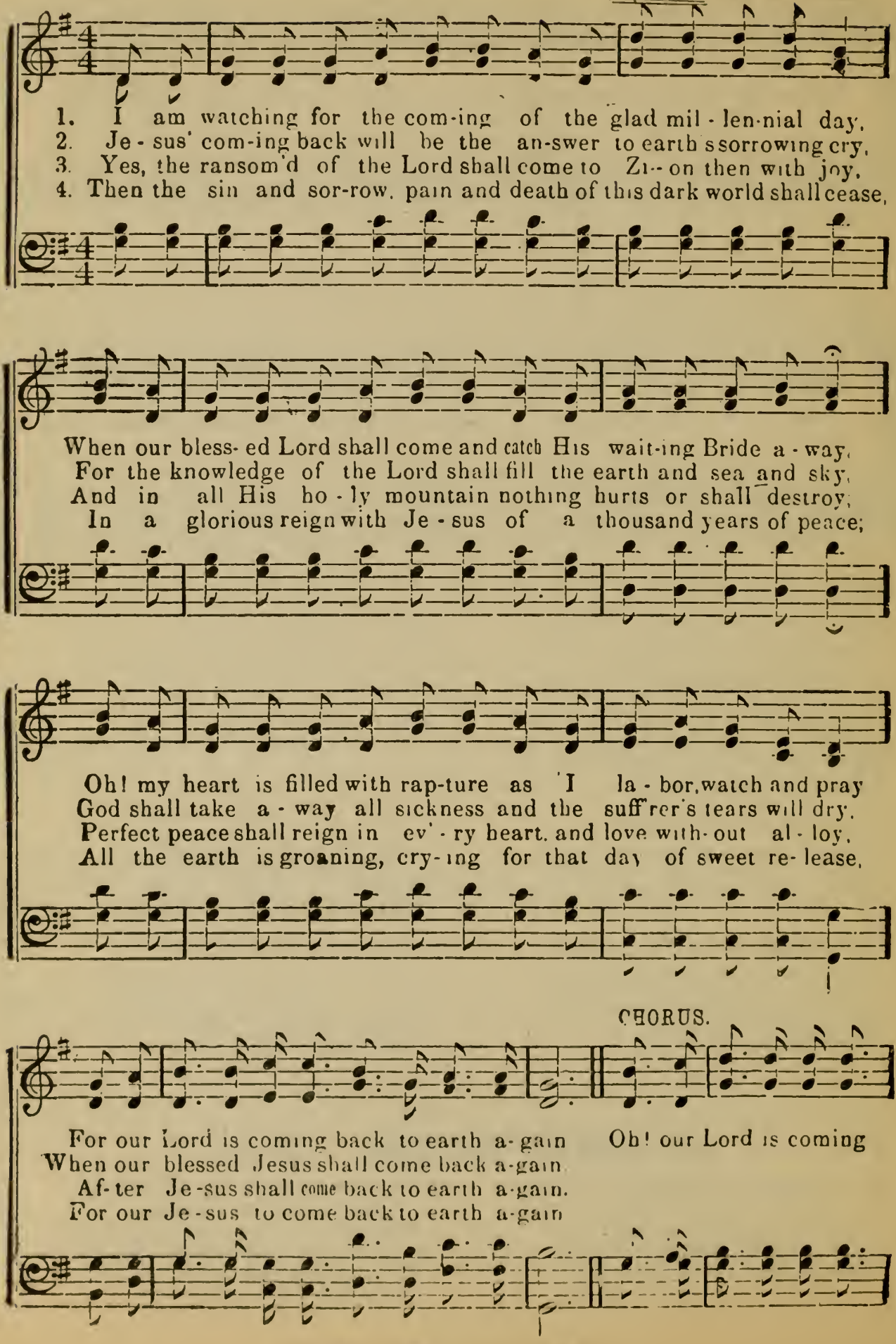
The Comforter Has Come. Concluded.

4 Oh, sweetest word heart ever heard,
Proclaim it far and near;
Oh, let it roll from pole to pole,
'Till all the nations hear:
The blessed Comforter is come,
And Christ will soon be here.

5 Oh, sleeper, wake; thy sin forsake,
The Lord will soon appear;
What wilt thou say, in that great day,
If thou this word should'st hear:
The Comforter has come and gone,
And Christ Himself is here.

No. 218. Our Lord's Return.

J. M. K. By per., Jas. M. Kirk.


1. I am watching for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,
2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ransom'd of the Lord shall come to Zi--on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,
When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch His wait-ing Bride a-way,
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky,
And in all His ho-ly mountain nothing hurts or shall destroy;
In a glorious reign with Je-sus of a thousand years of peace;
Oh! my heart is filled with rap-ture as I la-bor, watch and pray
God shall take a-way all sickness and the suff'rer's tears will dry,
Perfect peace shall reign in ev'-ry heart, and love with-out al-loy,
All the earth is groaning, cry-ing for that day of sweet re-lease,
CHORUS.
For our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain Oh! our Lord is coming
When our blessed Jesus shall come back a-gain
Af-ter Je-sus shall come back to earth a-gain.
For our Je-sus to come back to earth a-gain

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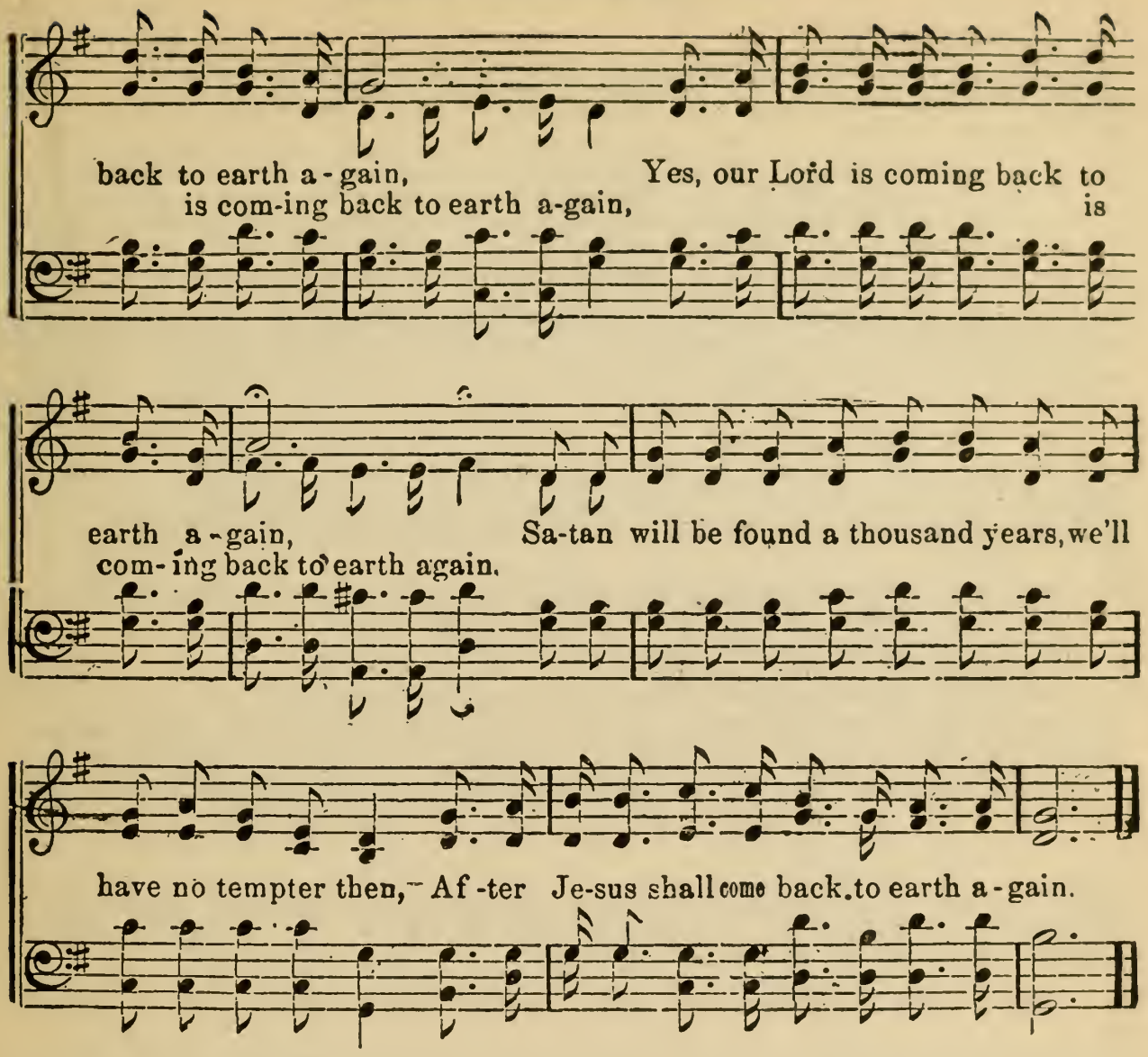
Our Lord's Return. Concluded.


back to earth a-gain, Yes, our Lord is coming back to
is com-ing back to earth a-gain, is
earth a-gain, Sa-tan will be found a thousand years, we'll
com-ing back to earth again.
have no tempter then,— Af-ter Je-sus shall come back to earth a-gain.

No. 219. Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me:
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin and sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

No. 220. The King in His Beauty.

By per.,

A. J. G., 1893. A. J. GORDON.

1. I shall see the King in His beau - ty, In the land that is far a - way, When the
2. To be - hold the Chief of Ten Thousand, Ah! my soul this were joy e-nough; 'Twill suf-
3. Who can tell the rap-tur-ous meet-ing, When the Lord shall bring home His own? With one
4. Oh! to none will the King be a stranger Of the throngs who sur-round His seat; For the
5. I shall see Him, I shall be like Him, By one glance of His face transformed; And this
CHORUS.
shad-ows at length have lift - ed, And the darkness has turned to-day. I shall see Him in the
fice for the bliss of heav - en, That the Lamb is the light there - of.
sight all His saints are rav-ished, The Lamb in the midst of the throne.
hearts of the sav-ed will know Him, By the prints of the nails in His feet.
bo - dy of sin and dark-ness To the im-age of Christ con-formed.
glo - ry,— The Lamb that once was slain; How I'll then re - sound the sto - ry, With
all the ran-somed train! Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! To the Lamb that once was
slain; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

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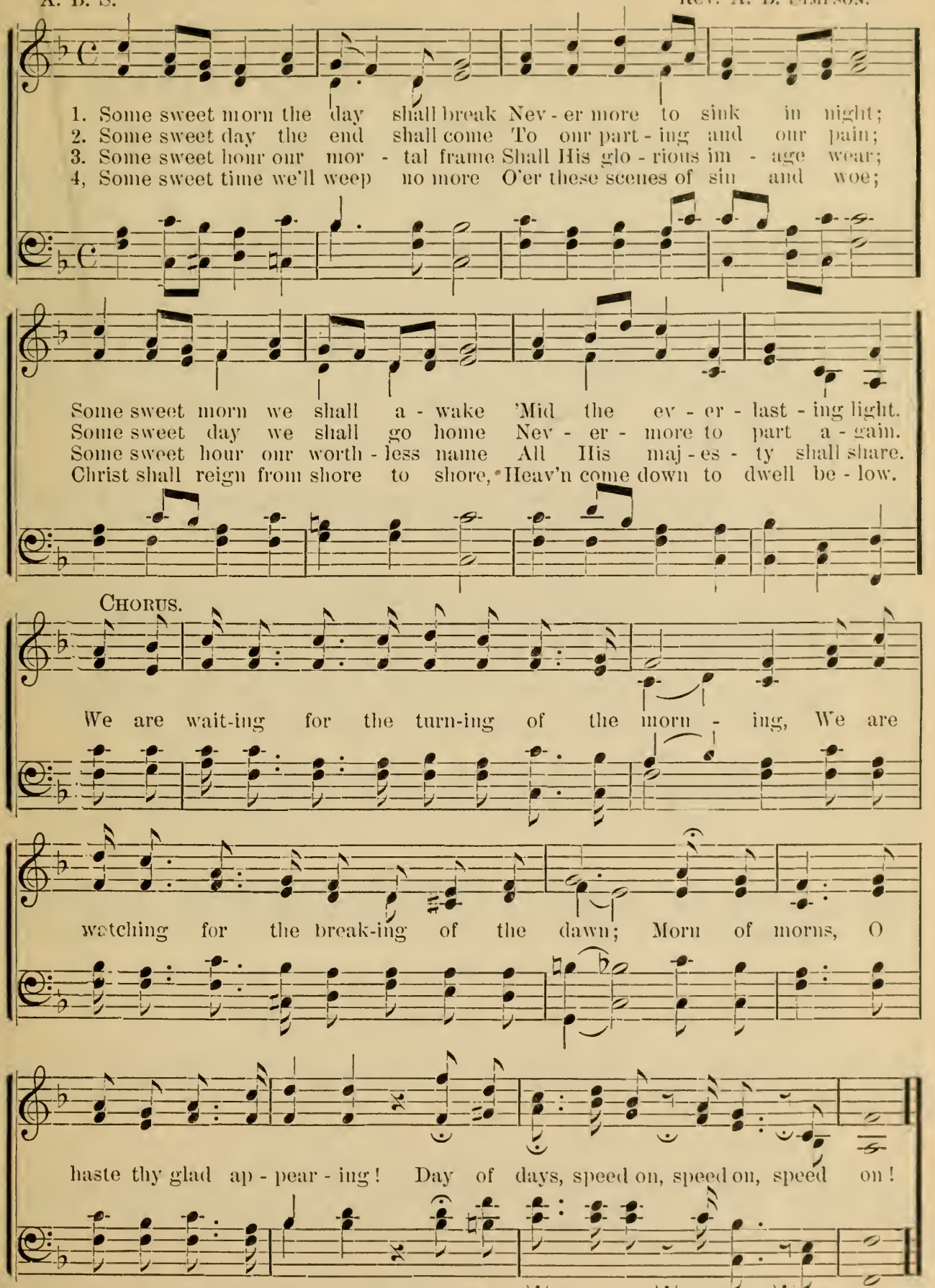
No. 221. Some Sweet Morn.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Some sweet morn the day shall break Nev - er more to sink in night;
2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our part - ing and our pain;
3. Some sweet hour our mor - tal frame Shall His glo - rious im - age wear;
4, Some sweet time we'll weep no more O'er these scenes of sin and woe;
Some sweet morn we shall a - wake 'Mid the ev - er - last - ing light.
Some sweet day we shall go home Nev - er - more to part a - gain.
Some sweet hour our worth - less name All His maj - es - ty shall share.
Christ shall reign from shore to shore, Heav'n come down to dwell be - low.
Chorus.
We are wait-ing for the turn-ing of the morn - ing, We are
watching for the break-ing of the dawn; Morn of morns, O
haste thy glad ap - pear - ing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!

5 Some sweet day our tongue shall tell
All the story of His love;
Some sweet day our song shall swell
Loud and sweet as songs above.

6 Some sweet morn we'll see His face,
And we shall be satisfied;
Some sweet day in His embrace,
We shall evermore abide.

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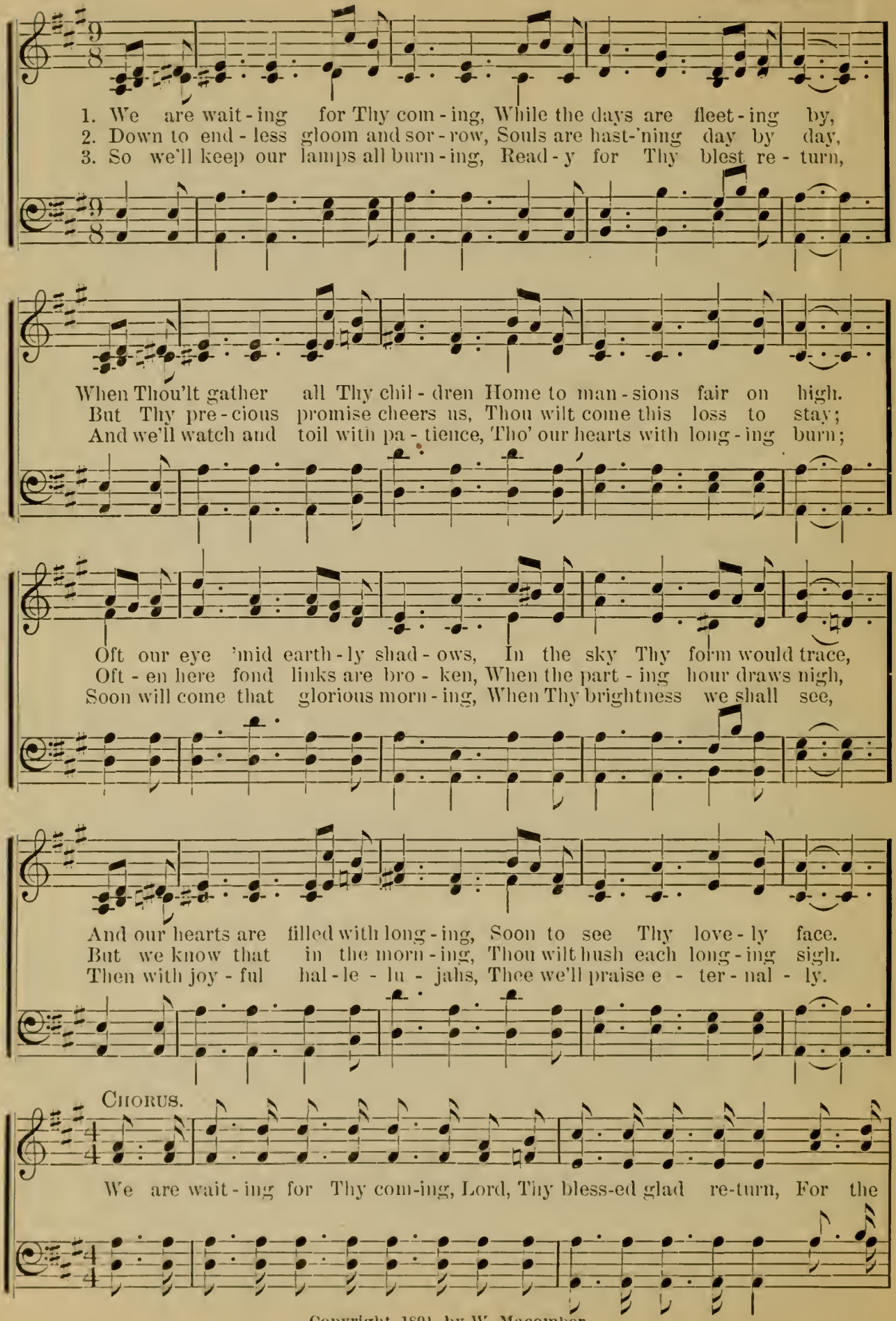
No. 222. We are Waiting for Thy Coming.

W. M. W. MACOMBER.


1. We are wait - ing for Thy com - ing, While the days are fleet - ing by,
2. Down to end - less gloom and sor - row, Souls are hast-'ning day by day,
3. So we'll keep our lamps all burn - ing, Read - y for Thy blest re - turn,
When Thou'lt gather all Thy chil - dren Home to man - sions fair on high.
But Thy pre - cious promise cheers us, Thou wilt come this loss to stay;
And we'll watch and toil with pa - tience, Tho' our hearts with long - ing burn;
Oft our eye 'mid earth - ly shad - ows, In the sky Thy form would trace,
Oft - en here fond links are bro - ken, When the part - ing hour draws nigh,
Soon will come that glorious morn - ing, When Thy brightness we shall see,
And our hearts are filled with long - ing, Soon to see Thy love - ly face.
But we know that in the morn - ing, Thou wilt hush each long - ing sigh.
Then with joy - ful hal - le - lu - jahs, Thee we'll praise e - ter - nal - ly.
CHORUS.
We are wait - ing for Thy com-ing, Lord, Thy bless-ed glad re-turn, For the

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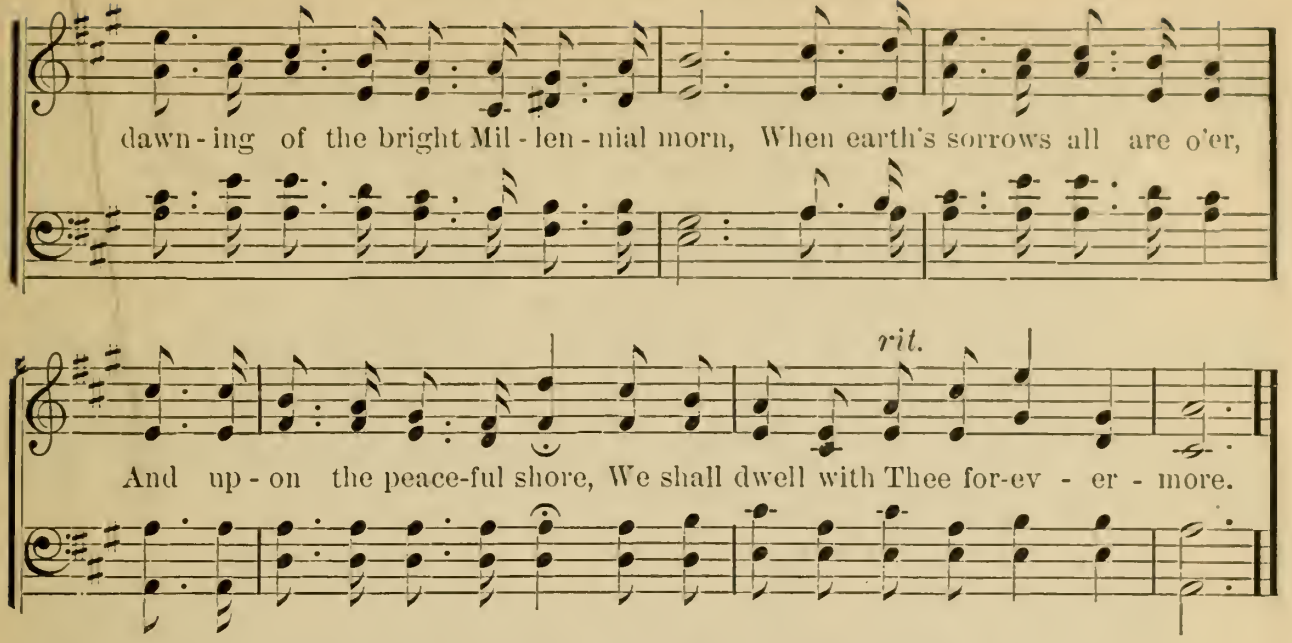
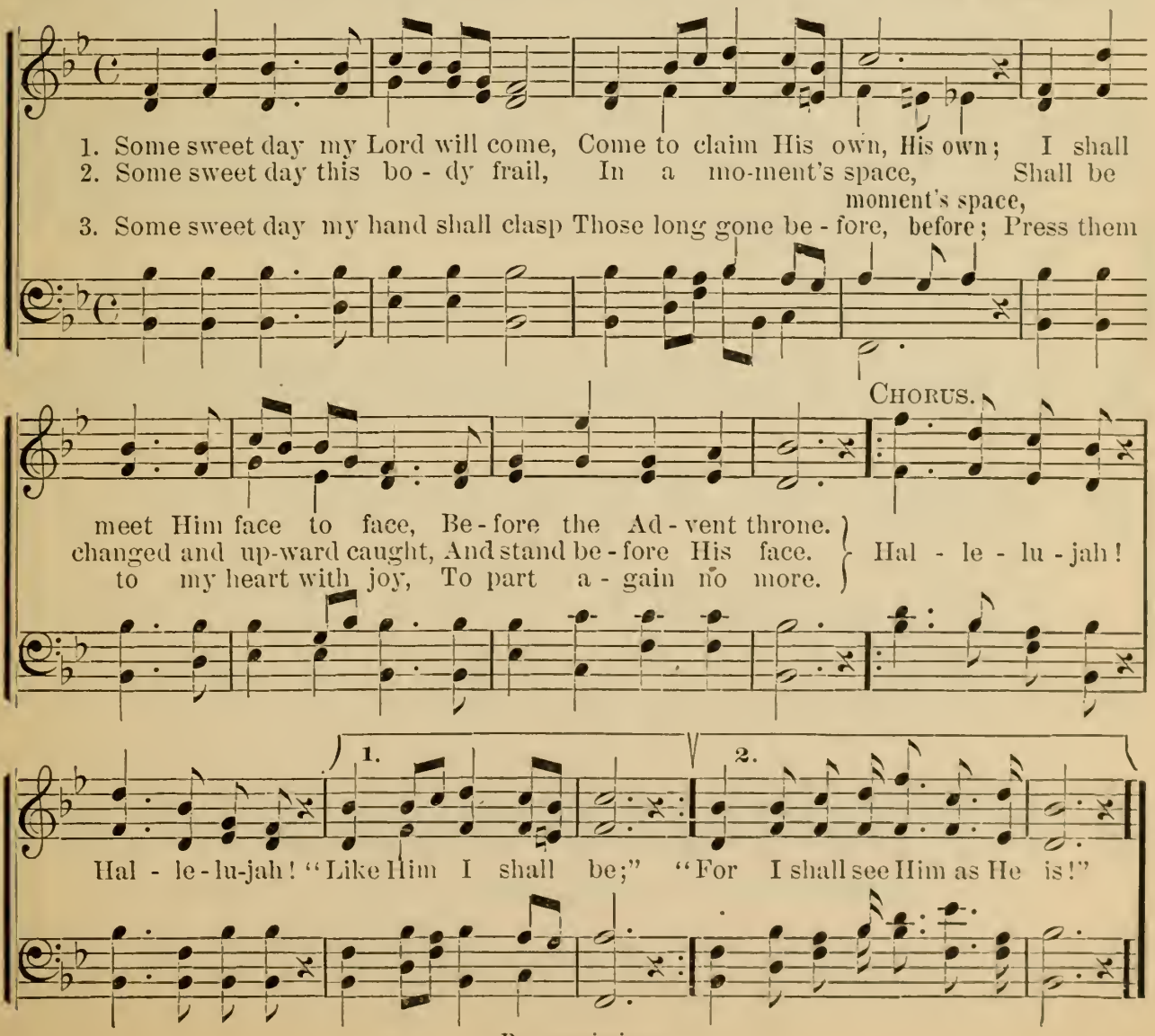
We are Waiting for Thy Coming. Concluded.


dawn-ing of the bright Mil-len-nial morn, When earth's sorrows all are o'er,
rit.
And up-on the peace-ful shore, We shall dwell with Thee for-ev - er - more.

No. 223. Some Sweet Day My Lord Will Come.

J. O. H. J. O. HILLYER.


1. Some sweet day my Lord will come, Come to claim His own, His own; I shall
2. Some sweet day this bo-dy frail, In a mo-ment's space, Shall be
moment's space,
3. Some sweet day my hand shall clasp Those long gone be-fore, before; Press them
CHORUS.
meet Him face to face, Be-fore the Ad-vent throne.
changed and up-ward caught, And stand be-fore His face.
to my heart with joy, To part a-gain no more.
Hal - le - lu - jah!
1.
2.
Hal - le-lu-jah! "Like Him I shall be;" "For I shall see Him as He is!"

By permission.

No. 224. Let Us Live in the Light.

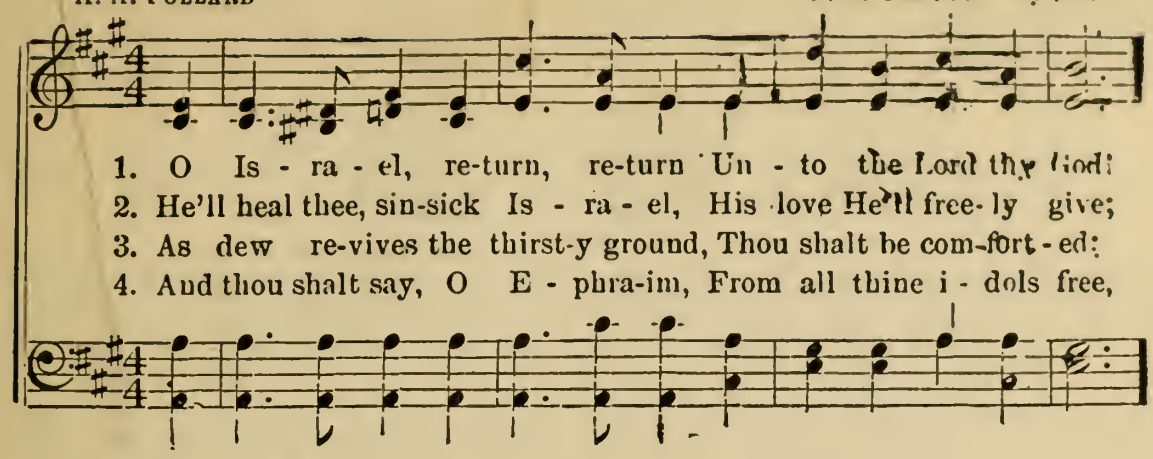
L. S. LOUISE SHEPARD.

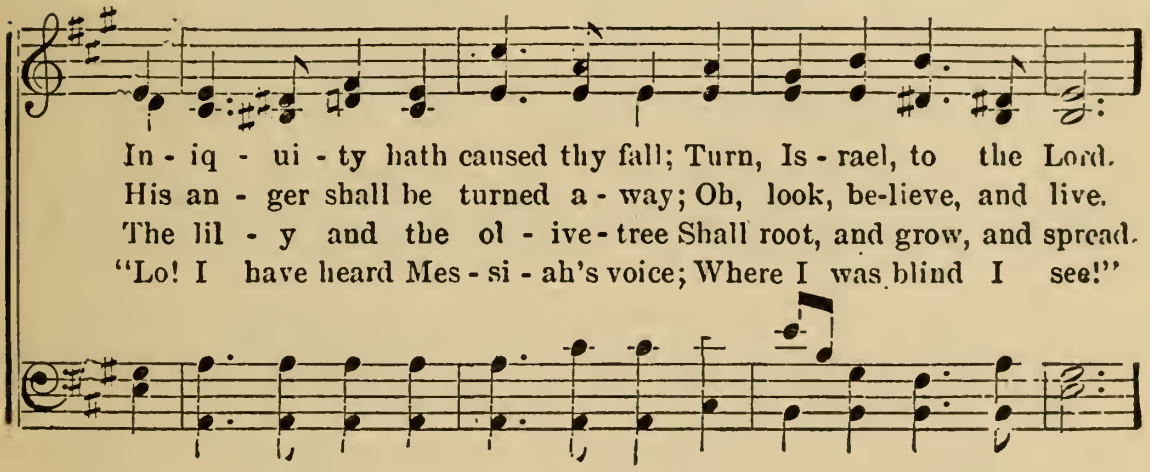
1. Let us live in the light of His com - ing, In all that He calls us to do, That He an - y mo - ment may find us, In
2. Let us walk in the light of His com - ing, Not plan - ning for sea - sons to come; But walk - ing as pil - grims and strang - ers, And
3. Let us live in the light of His com - ing, With spir - its bap - - tized from a - bove; Not seek - ing our self - ish en - joy - ment, But
4. Let us work in the light of His com - ing, Our plans in ac - cord with our King; Sent forth to be wit - ness - es on - ly, Thus
CHORUS.
peace, spotless, blameless and true.
trav'-lers that haste to their home.
lift - ing our friends by our love.
hast'ning His king-dom to bring.
Let us live in the light, Let us live in the light,
live..... in the light of His com - ing; Let us work and
Let us live
pray, Let us watch al - way, And live in the light of His com-ing.

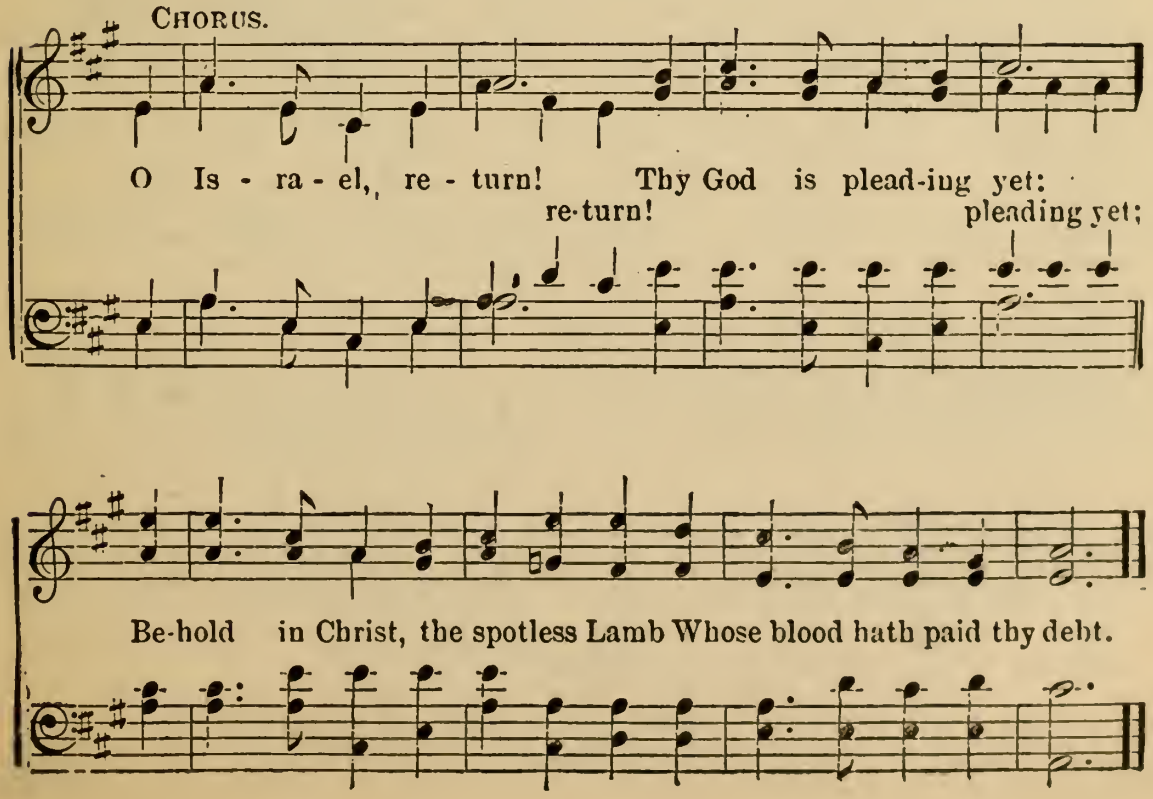
Copyright, 1897, by Louise Shepard.

No 225. O Israel. Return.

A. A. POLLARD D. B. TOWNER. By per.


1. O Is - ra - el, re-turn, re-turn Un - to the Lord thy God!
2. He'll heal thee, sin-sick Is - ra - el, His love He'll free - ly give;
3. As dew re-vives the thirst-y ground, Thou shalt be com-fort - ed:
4. And thou shalt say, O E - phra-im, From all thine i - dols free,


In - iq - ui - ty hath caused thy fall; Turn, Is - rael, to the Lord.
His an - ger shall be turned a - way; Oh, look, be-lieve, and live.
The lil - y and the ol - ive - tree Shall root, and grow, and spread.
"Lo! I have heard Mes - si - ah's voice; Where I was blind I see!"


CHORUS.
O Is - ra - el, re - turn! Thy God is plead-ing yet:
re-turn! pleading yet;
Be-hold in Christ, the spotless Lamb Whose blood hath paid thy debt.

No. 226. Jesus is Coming Again.

Acts I; 11.

Words and Music by Jas. M. Kirk.

By per.

1. Our Lord, whom we've not seen, yet whom we dear - ly love,
2 Oh, bless - ed, glo - rious hope, when Je - sus shall ap - pear
3 This Gos - pel of the King to all the world shall go,
4 He said we shall be changed in the twink-ling of an eye,
5. We shall reign up - on the earth with Christ a thousand years,
This same Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
This same Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
E'er this same Je - sus shall come a - gain.
When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain. 1 Thess. 4: 17.
When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain. Rev. 7: 17.
The an - gels left us word just
Oh! Bride of Christ, a-wake! sure-
He said the end shall come, when
Yes, soul - in-spir-ing hope, to
In the mil-len-nial day there
as He went a - bove,
ly the time is near,
ev' - ry tongue shall know,
see Him and not die,
will be no more tears,
This same Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
When this same Je - sus shall come a - gain.
This same Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
When this same Je - sus shall come a - gain.
This same Je - sus shall come a - gain.
CHORUS.
Com - ing, com - ing, This same Je-sus is com-ing a - gain;
Je - sus is com-ing, Je - sus is com-ing,
Com - ing, com - ing, This same Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
Je - sus is com-ing, Je - sus is com-ing,

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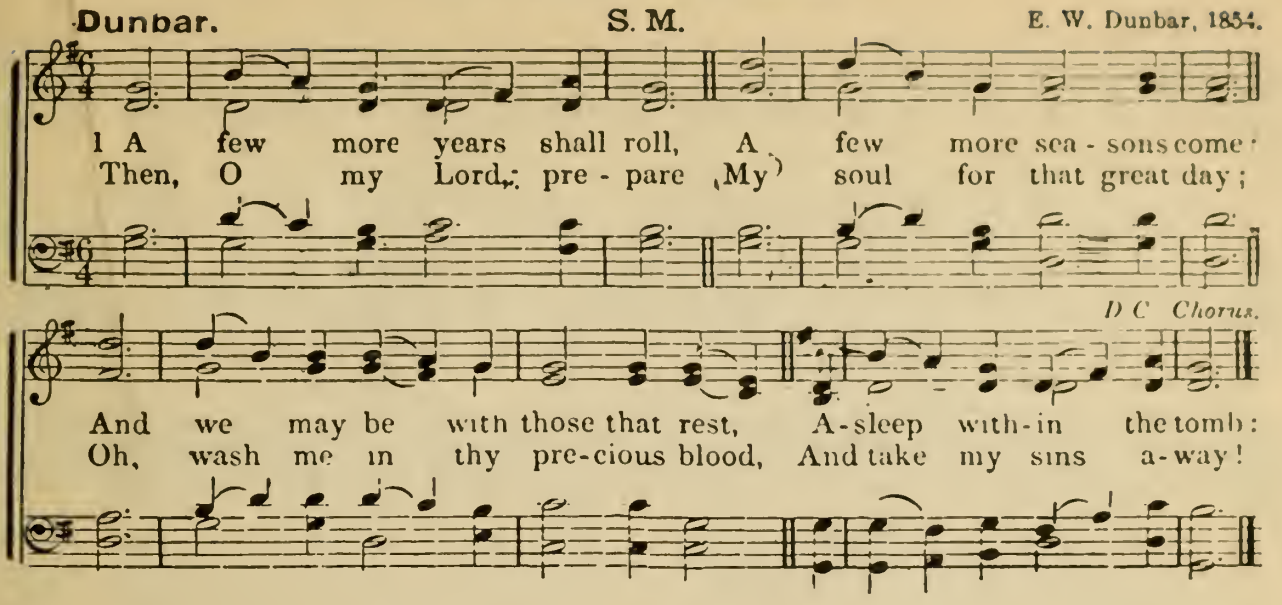
No. 227. A Few More Years.


Dunbar.
S. M.
E. W. Dunbar, 1854.
1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come:
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
D. C. Chorus.
And we may be with those that rest, A-sleep with-in the tomb:
Oh, wash me in thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a-way!

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we may with Him reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

HORATIUS BONAR, D., 1808.

No. 228. Far From These Scenes.

Tune, "I'll be there."

Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more.

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom
And endless pleasure reigns.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

No. 229. Even as He.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Oh! what a won - der - ful place Je - sus has giv - en to me!
2. One in His death on the tree, One as He rose from the dead;
3. One in His mer - its I stand, One as I pray in His name;
Sav - ed by His glo-rious grace, I may be ev - en as He.
I from the curse am as free. E'en as my glo - ri - ous Head.
All that His worth can com-mand, I can with con - fi - dence claim.
When with my Lord I ap - pear Like Him I know I shall be;
One on the throne by His side, One in His son-ship di - vine;
One in His faith and His love, One in His life I may be.
But while I walk with Him here, I may be ev - en as He.
One as the Bridegroom and Bride, One as the Branch and the Vine.
Sealed by the Heav - en - ly Dove, I may be ho - ly, as He
Chorus.
Ev - en as He, . . . ev - en as He, ...
Ev - en as He, ev - en as He,

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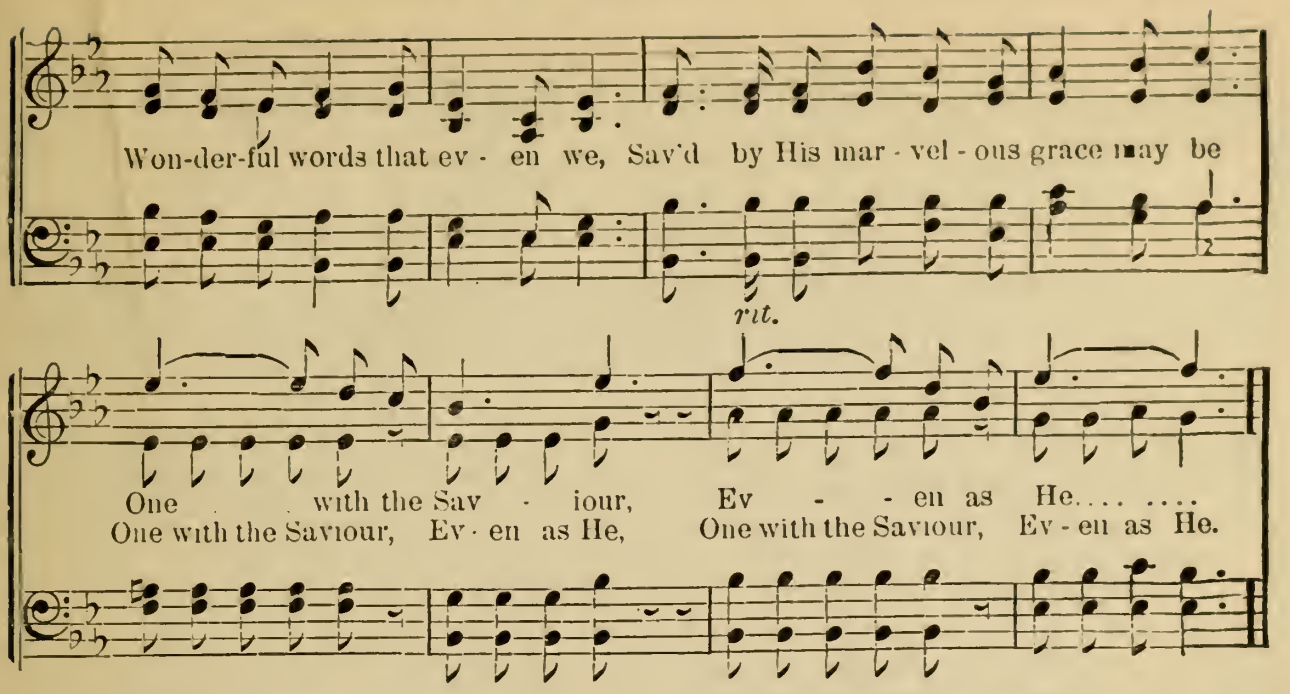
Even as He Concluded.

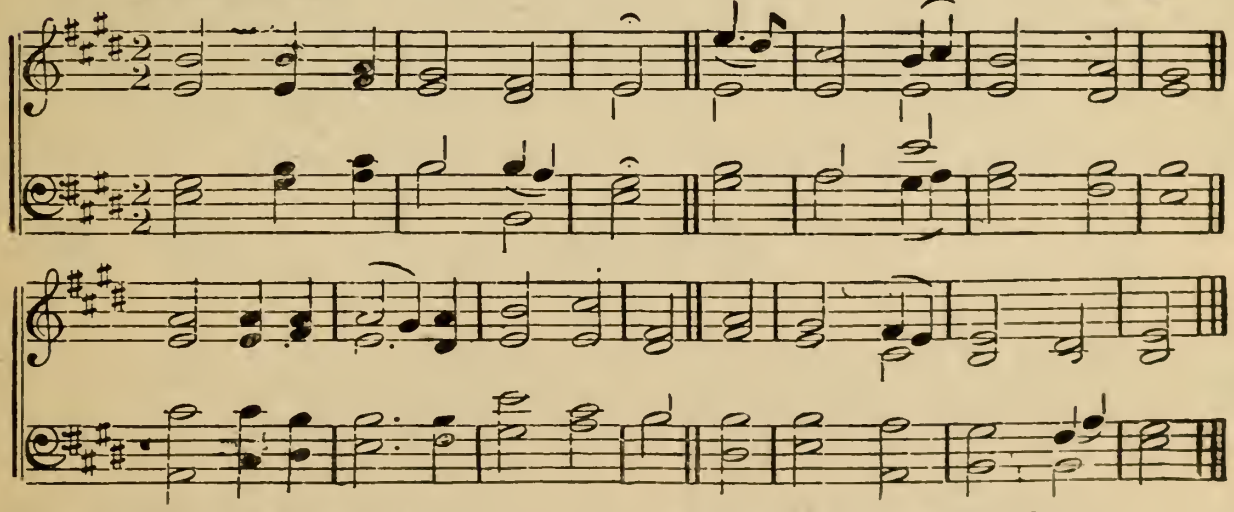

Won-der-ful words that ev - en we, Sav'd by His mar - vel - ous grace may be
rit.
One with the Sav - iour, Ev - en as He.... ....
One with the Saviour, Ev - en as He, One with the Saviour, Ev - en as He.

4 One in the sorrows He bore,
One in His service so true,
Even His tears I may share,
Even His works I may do.
Even His peace and His joy
Jesus hath given to me;
What can distress or annoy?
I am as happy as He.

5 One in the rapturous hour,
When He shall come for His own;
Raised by His glorious power,
I shall sit down on His throne.
All that He has shall be mine,
All that He is I shall be;
Robed in His glory divine,
I shall be even as He.

No. 230. The Church Has Waited.

MORNINGTON. S. M.



The church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see,
And still in lonliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

Saint after saint on earth
Has lived and loved and died,
And as they left us one by one
We laid them side by side—

We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.

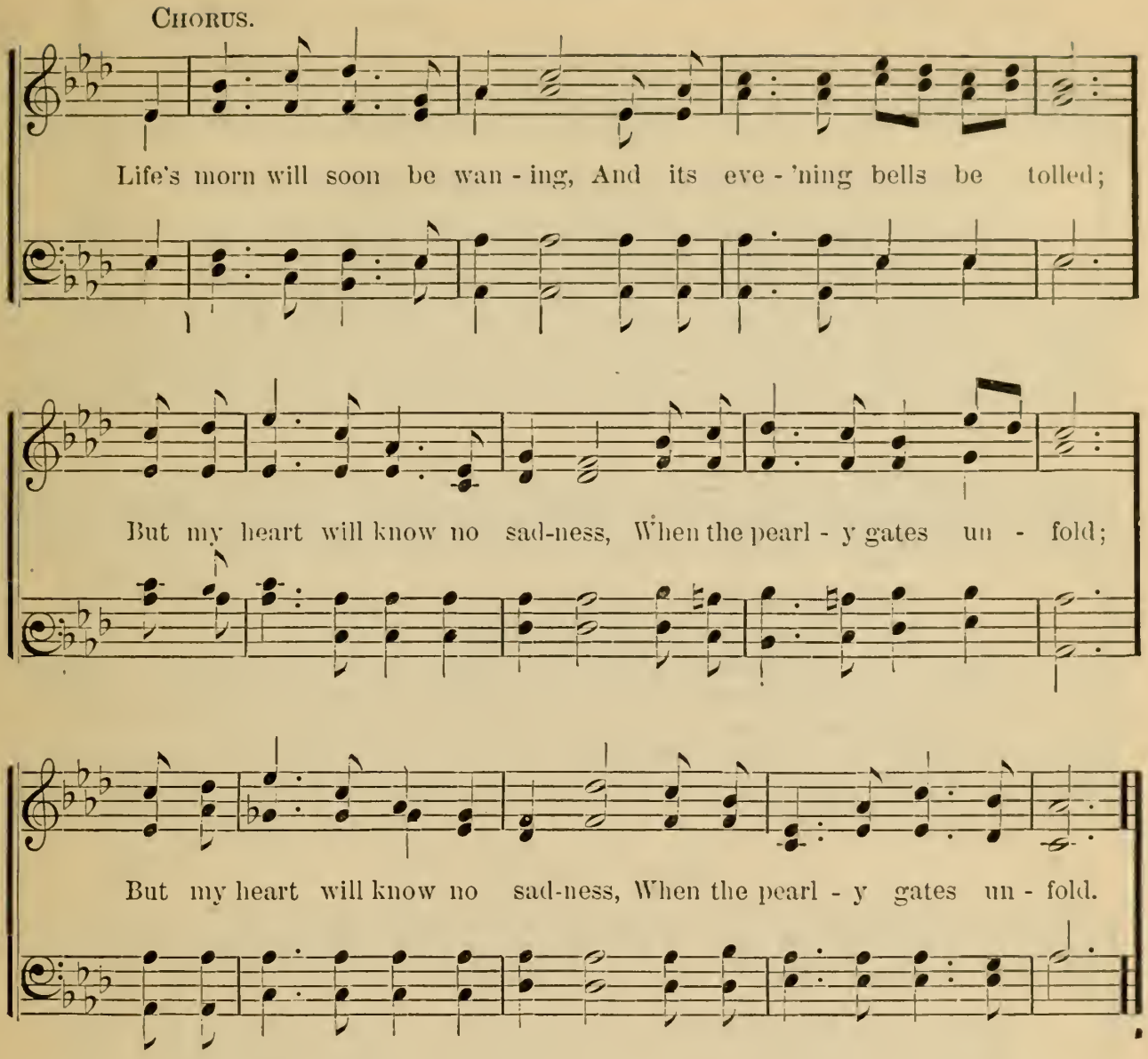
Come, Lord! and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

No. 231. When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

Miss J. Graham, changed. Arranged.

1. I have giv'n my heart to Je - sus, This vain world is naught to me;
All its fol - lies are for - got - ten, In re-mem-b'ring Cal - va - ry.
Tho' my friends de-spise, for - sake me, And the world on me looks cold.
I've a Friend that will stand by me, Till the pearl - y gates un - fold;
I've a Friend that will stand by me, Till the pearl - y gates un - fold.
2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, With His ac - cents soft and low;
I will lean up - on His bo - som, Thro' the val - ley as I go.
I will claim His pre-cious prom - ise, Worth far more than worlds of gold,
"Fear no e - vil! I'll be with thee, Till the pearl - y gates un - fold;"
"Fear no e - vil! I'll be with thee, Till the pearl - y gates un - fold."
3. In that land of wondrous beau - ty, Long by saints and an - gels trod;
Where the stream of life is ev - er, Flow-ing from the throne of God.
In His pres-ence joys a - bound-ing, Sweetest mu - sic, bliss un - told,
With my loved ones I shall wan-der, When the pearl - y gates un - fold;
With my loved ones I shall wan - der, When the pearl - y gates un - fold.

When the Pearly Gates Unfold. Concluded.


Chorus.
Life's morn will soon be wan - ing, And its eve - 'ning bells be tolled;
But my heart will know no sad-ness, When the pearl - y gates un - fold;
But my heart will know no sad-ness, When the pearl - y gates un - fold.

No. 232. 'Tis Come.

C. M.

'Tis come—the glad millenial morn—
The Son of David reigns,
Sing, sing, O earth! for thou art free,
And Satan is in chains.

Rejoice, for thou shalt fear no more
The ruthless tyrant's rod;
Nor lose again the gracious smile
Of thine incarnate God.

But chiefly thou, O Solyma!
Thou queen of cities, sing!
With shouts of triumph welcome now
Thy Morning Star, thy King.

O blessed Lord we little dreamed
Of such a morn as this:
Such rivers of unmingled joy—
Such full unbounded bliss.

And O how sweet the happy thought
That all we taste and see
We owe it to the dying Lamb
We owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Sir Edward Denny, 1870.

No. 233. The Coming Christ.

G. B. ALLDRIDGE. By per. Rev. D. W. Myland
Arr. by Jas. M. Kirk

1. Ye saints of the Lord, rejoice and be glad, Jesus is coming a - gain;
2. O'er-comers in Je-sus, hark the glad sound, Jesus is coming a - gain;
3. Ye servants of sin, bewail your sad state, Jesus is coming a - gain;
4. Ye servants of Christ, now arm for the fight, Jesus is coming a - gain;
Lift up your hearts, for why are you sad, Jesus is coming a - gain.
Vict'ry is yours, the angels resound, Jesus is coming a - gain.
Your cry for peace will then be too late, Jesus is coming a - gain.
Put on th'whole armor and stand in His might, Jesus is coming a - gain.
He's coming to claim His own chosen Bride, Jesus is coming a - gain;
The blood of the Lamb our watchword shall be, Jesus is coming a - gain;
His pow'r and glory all eyes shall behold, Jesus is coming a - gain;
The har-vest is ripe, the lab'rers are few, Jesus is coming a - gain;
With Him forev-er we then shall abide, Jesus is coming a - gain.
From sin and the world you soon shall be free, Jesus is coming a - gain.
Sinner, make haste, now flee to the fold, Jesus is coming a - gain.
He's calling for me, He's calling for you; Jesus is coming a - gain.

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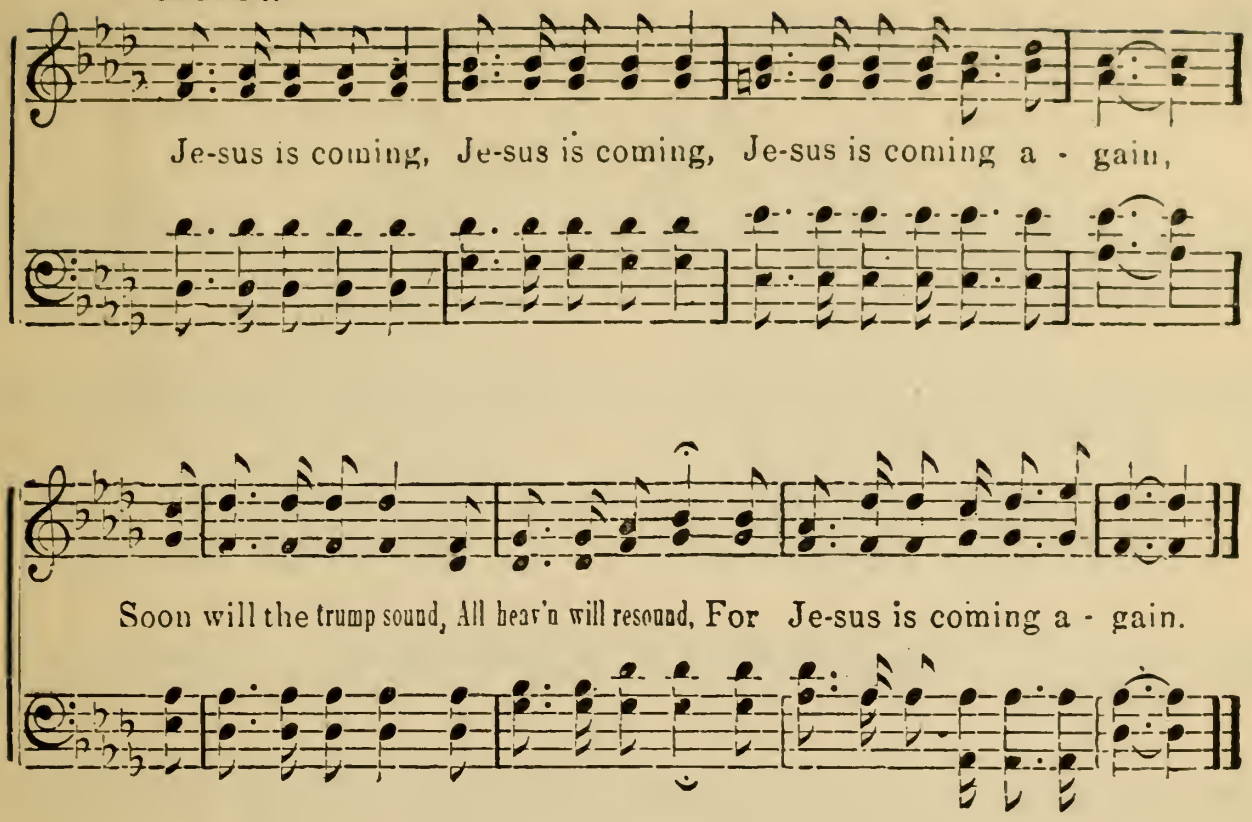
The Coming Christ, Concluded.

CHORUS.


Je-sus is coming, Je-sus is coming, Je-sus is coming a - gain,
Soon will the trump sound, All hear'n will resound, For Je-sus is coming a - gain.

No. 234. The City of Gold.

There's a city that looks o'er the valley of death,
And its glories may never be told,
There the sun never sets, and the leaves never fade,
In that beautiful city of gold.

Chorus.

There the sun never sets
And the leaves never fade,
There the eyes of the faithful their Saviour behold,
In that beautiful city of gold.

There the King our Redeemer, the Lord whom we love,
Will the faithful with rapture behold;
There the righteous forever shall shine as the stars,
In that beautiful city of gold.

Every soul we have led to the foot of the cross,
Every lamb we have brought to the fold,
Will be kept as bright jewels our crown to adorn
In that beautiful city of gold.

There sickness and sorrow and death are unknown,
There glories on glories unfold,
There the Lamb is the light in the midst of the throne
In that beautiful city of gold.

No. 235. Even So.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. There's a sweet and sa - cred pray'r On the Bi - ble's lat - est page,
2. "E - ven so." We sel - dom dream What these might - y words im - ply,
3. Let us live our bless - ed Hope, Let us prove our Ad-vent pray'r;
Breath'd by John on Pat - mos' Isle, Left to us from age to age.
How they tell of lives con-formed To a Hope, so great, so high!
Let us watch, and work, and live For His com - ing to pre - pare.
Ech - o of the Mas-ter's voice, Lo, I come, I quick - ly come;
Tell of hearts trans-form'd and free, Read - y at His call to go;
Let us send the Gos - pel forth Till the world His name shall know,
And the Bride re-peats the cry: "E - ven so, Lord Je - sus, come."
All our life one liv - ing page, "Come, Lord Je - sus, e - ven so."
And the Bride com-plete shall cry: "Come, Lord Je - sus, e - ven so."
Chorus.
3
E - ven so; yes, e - ven so; Words that set, our hearts aglow;
E-ven so; e-ven so; Words that set, hearts aglow;

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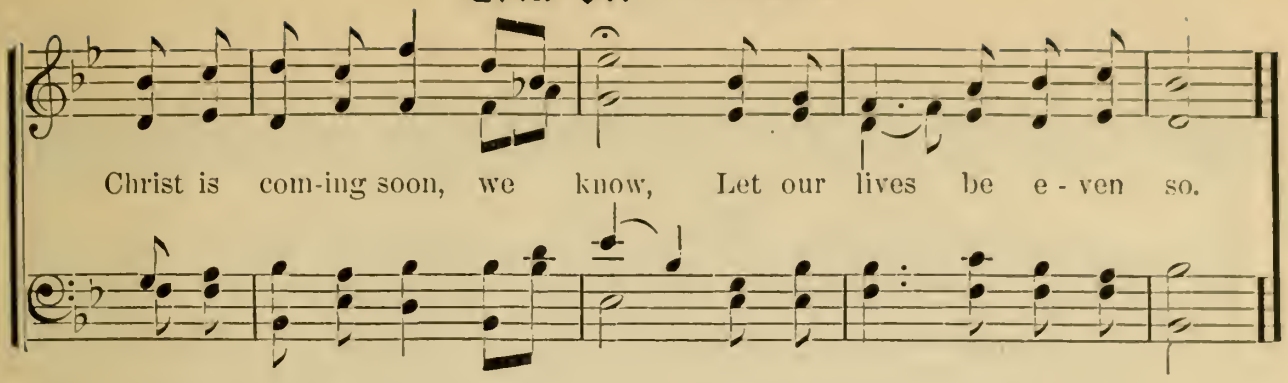
Even So. Concluded.

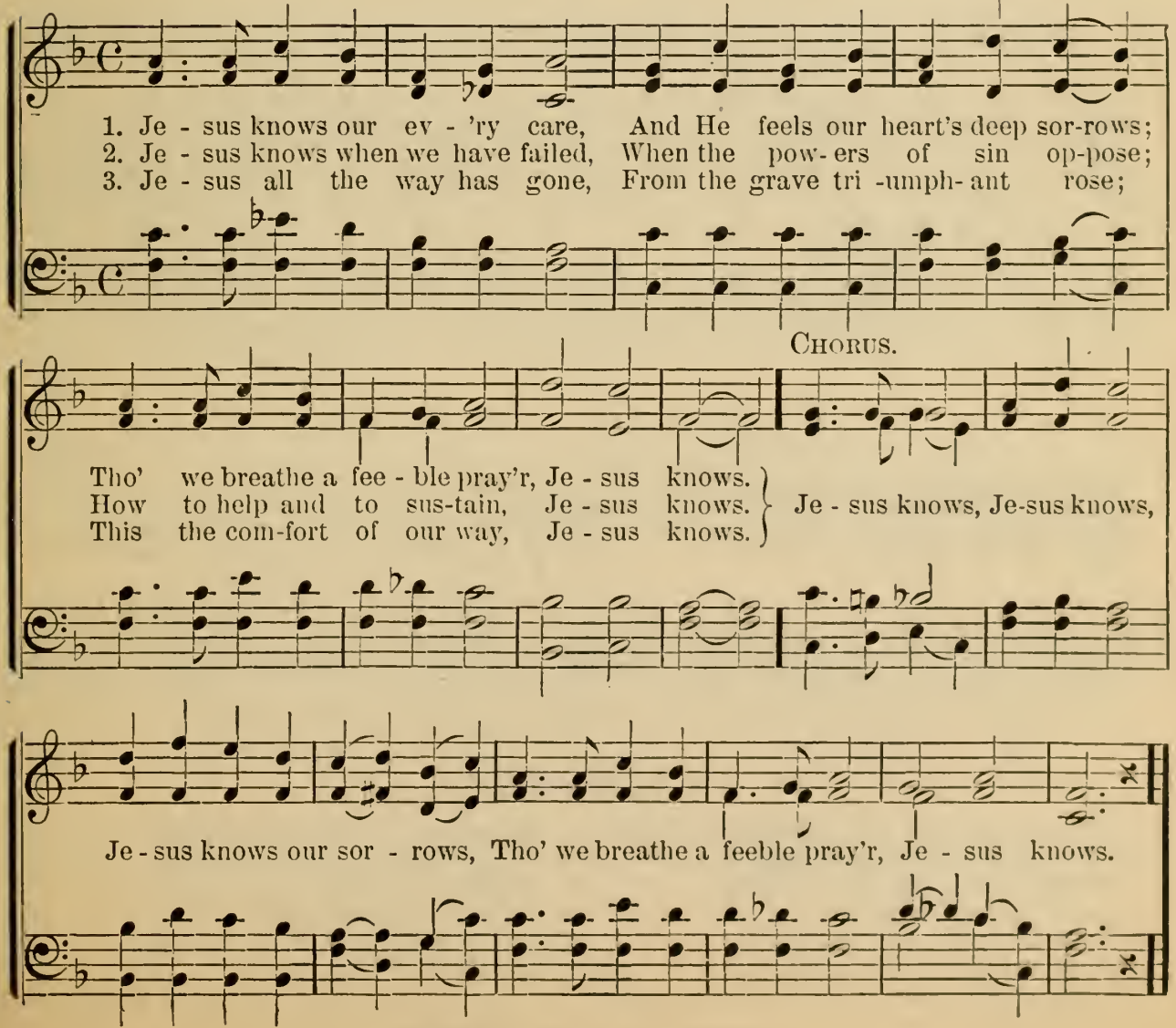


4 "Even so," O, blessed Hope!
Lift our souls to things on high,
Let our hearts be centered there,
Hold our treasures in the sky;
Let us walk as strangers here,
And inscribe on all below,
"Naught of earth we call our own,
Christ is coming, even so."

5 "Even so." O, let us all
Haste to help that day to bring!
Let us work, and watch, and pray
For the coming of the King.
"Even so," the Spirit cries,
And the whole creation dumb;
"Even so," the Church replies.
"Even so, Lord Jesus, come."

No. 236. Jesus Knows Our Every Care.

A. S. ANNA SIMPSON.


1. Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry care, And He feels our heart's deep sor-rows;
2. Je - sus knows when we have failed, When the pow-ers of sin op-pose;
3. Je - sus all the way has gone, From the grave tri -umph- ant rose;
CHORUS.
Tho' we breathe a fee - ble pray'r, Je - sus knows.
How to help and to sus-tain, Je - sus knows.
This the com-fort of our way, Je - sus knows.
Je - sus knows, Je-sus knows,
Je - sus knows our sor - rows, Tho' we breathe a feeble pray'r, Je - sus knows.

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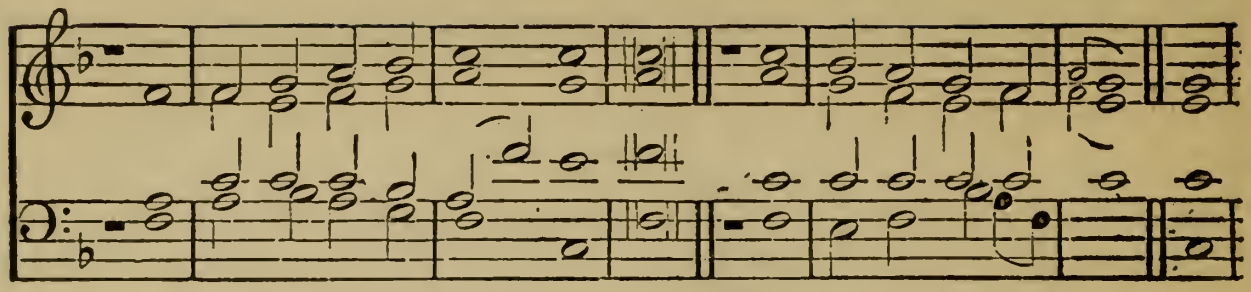
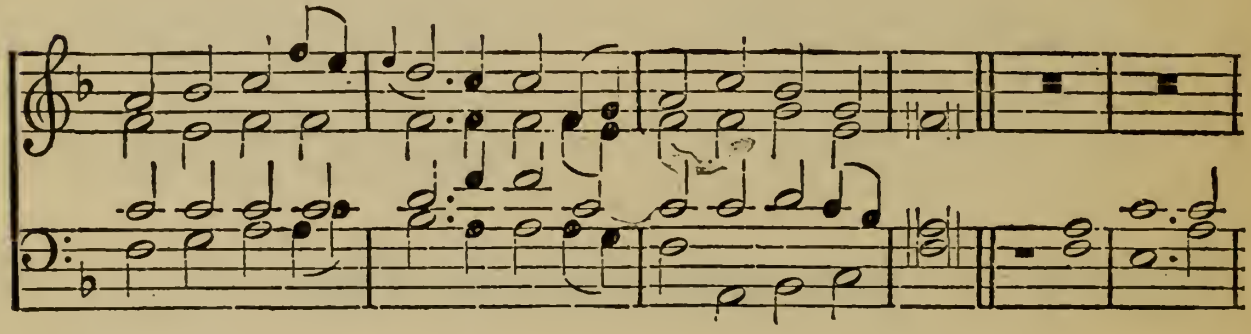
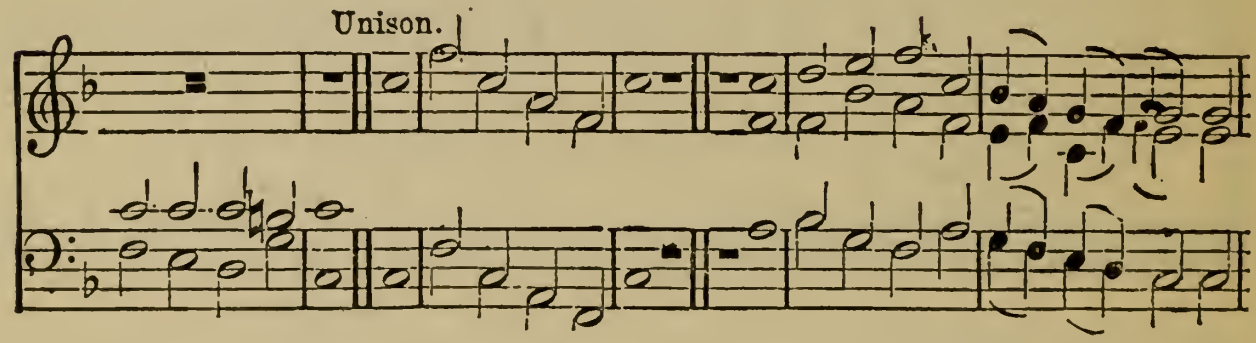
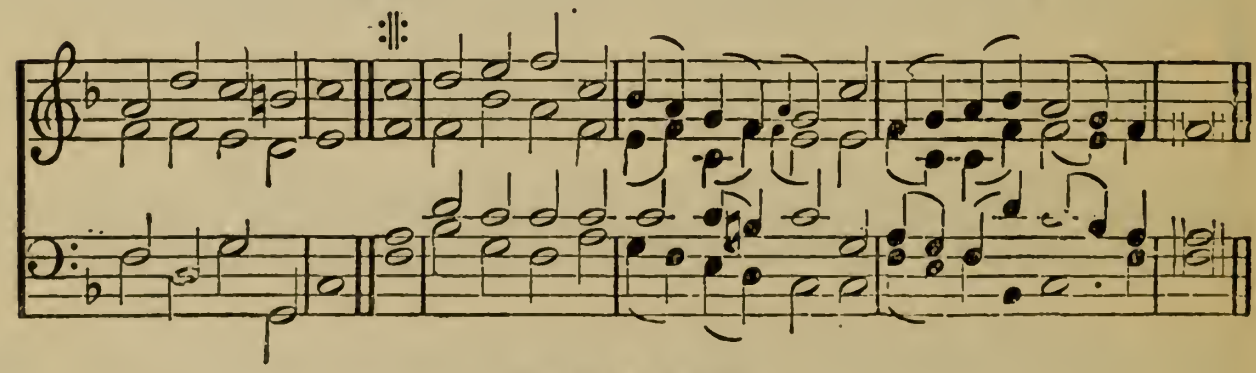
No. 237 **The King of Glory.**

D. C. M.









PSALM XXIV.

YE gates, lift up your heads on high;
ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
of glory enter may.
But who of glory is the King?
The mighty Lord is this;
Ev'n that same Lord, that great in might,
and strong in battle is.

Ye gates, lift up your heads on high;
doors that do last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
of glory enter may.
But who is he that is the King
of glory? who is this?
The Lord of hosts, and none but he,
the King of glory is.

No. 238. In Glory.

F. S. Shephard. Anna S. B Rue.

1. A few more years of toil and pain, Then glo - ry, glo - ry!
2. A few more years of fight - ing here, Then glo - ry, glo - ry!
3. A few more years of ser - vice sweet, Then glo - ry, glo - ry!
A few more years of loss and gain, Then glo - ry, glo - ry!
A few more years of hope and fear, Then glo - ry, glo - ry!
A few more years at Je - sus' feet, Then glo - ry, glo - ry!
A few more years of tri - al here, And then they all will dis - ap - pear,
A few more years, at most how brief! And then fare-well to ev - 'ry grief,
A few more years and we shall see Our King in all His ma - jes - ty,
A few more years, then end - less cheer, In glo - ry, glo - ry!
A few more years, then blest re - lief, In glo - ry, glo - ry!
A few more years, and then we'll be, In glo - ry, glo - ry!

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No. 239. I Always will Remember Thee.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

Solo.
1. Sweet Gal - i - lee, ... sweet Gal-i - lee, ... Where Jesus
Chorus. 1. Sweet Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal-i - lee,
walked..... up - on the sea, ... Where Jesus once .....
Where Jesus walked up - on the sea, Where Je - sus once
rit.
His won-ders wrought.. .... And words of love..... and wis-dom
His wonders wrought And words of love
taught, ... And where the sick ..... and blind and lame, ...
rit.
and wisdom taught, And where the sick and blind and lame,
rit.

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I Always will Remember Thee. Concluded.

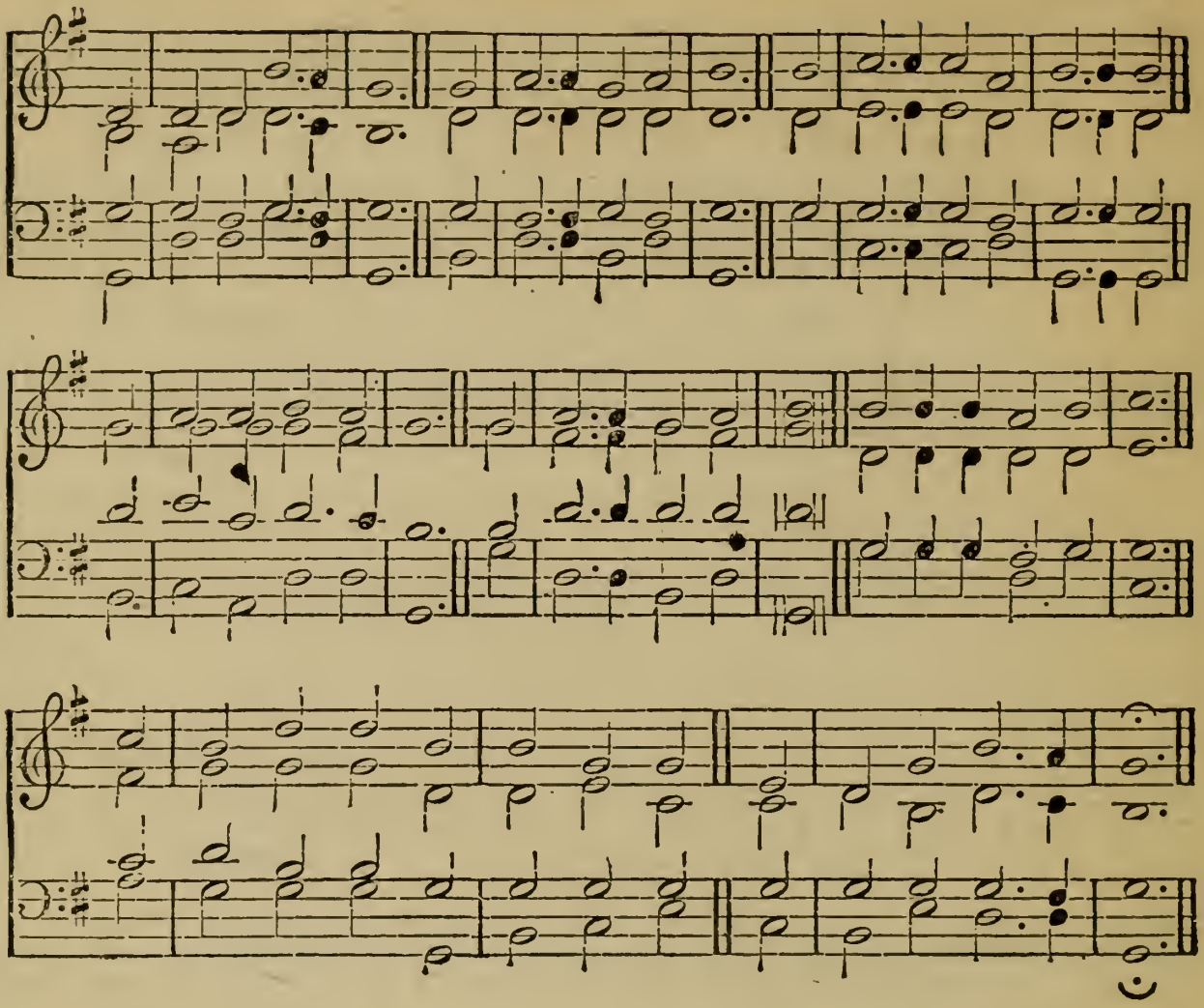
For help and sight..... ..... and heal - ing came. ....
For help and sight and heal - ing came.
Sweet Gal - i - lee,.... ..... sweet Gal - i - lee,.....
Sweet Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee,
rit.
I al - ways will ..... re - mem - ber thee. .....
rit.
I al - ways will re - mem - ber thee.

2 Sweet Calvary, sweet Calvary!
Where Jesus gave His life for me;
Where Jesus shed His precious blood,
To bring my guilty soul to God.
And where He taught my heart to die,
And self and sin to crucify.

3 Sweet Olivet! Sweet Bethany!
Where Jesus loved so much to be;
Where Jesus rose to heaven above
With hands outstretched in parting love.
And whence some glorious day He'll come,
To take His waiting people home.

No. 240. Forever With The Lord.

D. S. M.



FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

For ever with the Lord!'
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

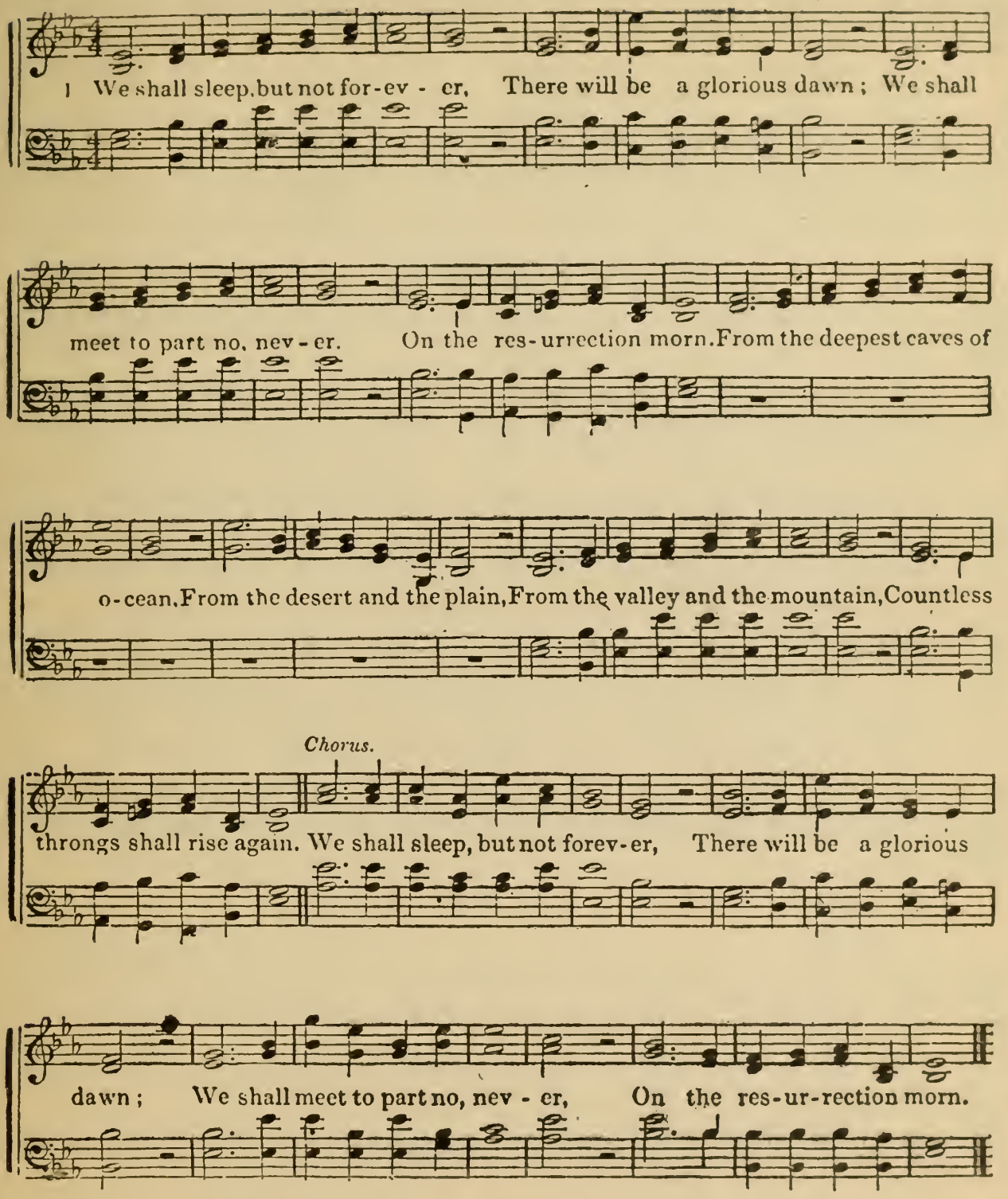
So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord!"
The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.

Then, upward as they fly,
That resurrection-word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord!"
That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more,—"For ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be!

No. 241. We Shall Sleep.

8s & 7s. S. C. Hancock, 1828-1874.


1 We shall sleep, but not for-ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall
meet to part no, nev-er. On the res-urrection morn. From the deepest caves of
o-cean, From the desert and the plain, From the valley and the mountain, Countless
Chorus.
throngs shall rise again. We shall sleep, but not forev-er, There will be a glorious
dawn; We shall meet to part no, nev - er, On the res-ur-rection morn.

When we see a precious blossom,
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair.
Round its little grave we linger
Till the setting sun is low.
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.

We shall sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In that bright, eternal city,
Death can never, never come;
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to home sweet home.

No. 242. He Is Coming for Me.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Would you know why I'm long-ing For the com - ing of the Lord,
2. Would you know why He's rob'd me, In His gar-ments pure and white,
3. Would you know why no long - er I can call the world my home,
4. Would you know why I'm send - ing Out the tid - ings un - to all,
And watch - ing His glo - ry to see? 'Tis be - cause He's my Bridegroom,
And bid - den me read - y to be, With the oil in my ves - sel,
My heart from its fet - ters is free? 'Tis be - cause I am wait-ing
And warn - ing from judg-ment to flee? He has sent me His guests to
Be - loved and a - dored, And I know He is com-ing for me.
My lamp trimm'd and bright? 'Tis be-cause He is com-ing for me.
My Bride-groom to come, And I know He is com-ing for me.
The wed - ding to call, For He's com - ing, and com-ing for me.
Chorus.
Yes, He is com - ing for me, for me, My Be -
- lov - ed is com - ing for me; ..... I am so glad He is

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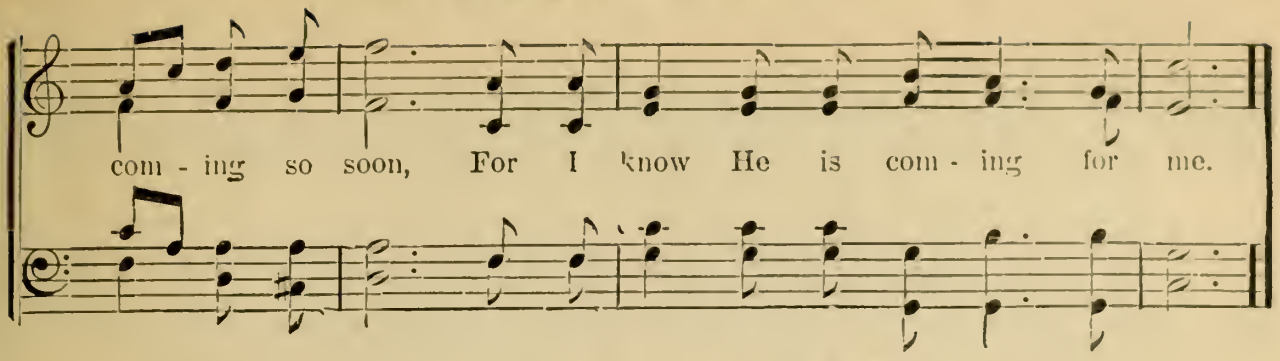
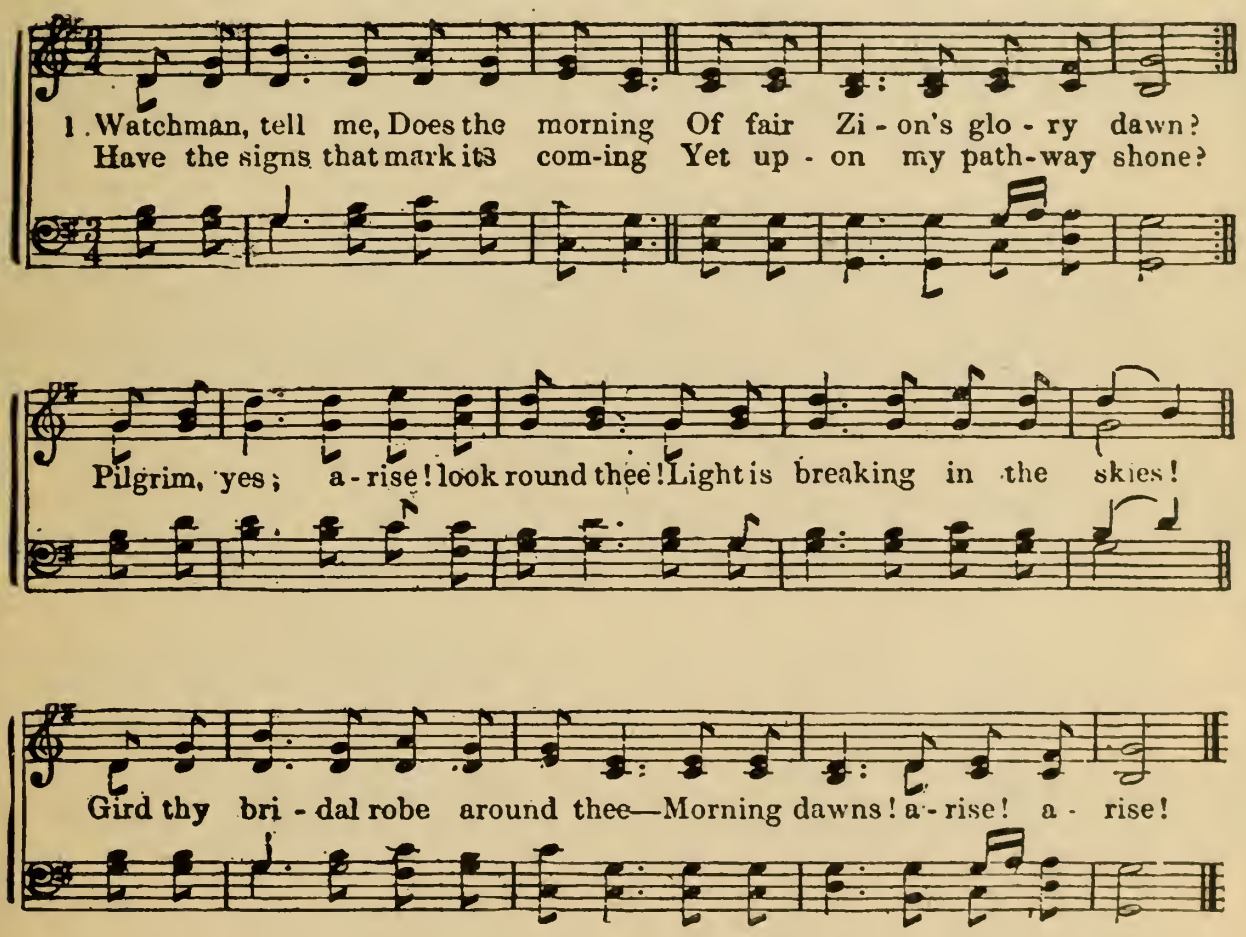
He Is Coming for Me. Concluded.



No. 243. Watchman Tell Me.

8s & 7s. Arr. H., 1879.


1. Watchman, tell me, Does the morning Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn?
Have the signs that mark its coming Yet up - on my path-way shone?
Pilgrim, yes; a - rise! look round thee! Light is breaking in the skies!
Gird thy bri - dal robe around thee—Morning dawns! a - rise! a - rise!

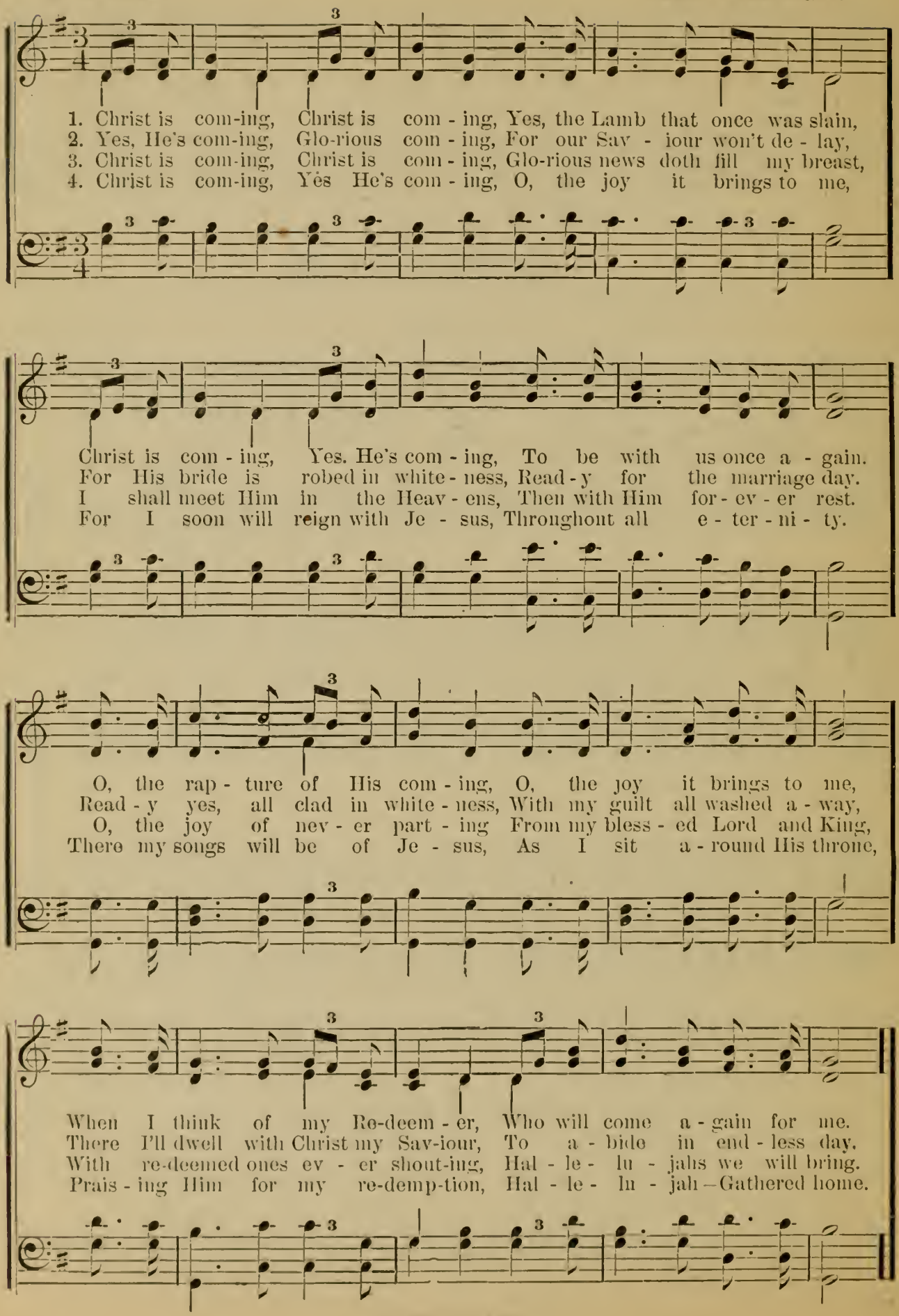
Watchman, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon the way!
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day.
When the Jubal Trumpet, sounding,
Shall awake, from land and sea,
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

Watchman, see! the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers!
On! just yonder, oh, how cheering,
Bloom forever Eden's bowers.
Hark! the choral strains there ringing
Wafted on the balmy air!
See the millions! hear them singing!
Soon the pilgrims will be there!

Sidney Smith Brewer, A.B., 1853.

No. 244. Christ Is Coming.

R. E. Shaw. Miss Clemmie Gay.


1. Christ is com-ing, Christ is com - ing, Yes, the Lamb that once was slain,
2. Yes, He's com-ing, Glo-rious com - ing, For our Sav - iour won't de - lay,
3. Christ is com-ing, Christ is com - ing, Glo-rious news doth fill my breast,
4. Christ is com-ing, Yes He's com - ing, O, the joy it brings to me,
Christ is com - ing, Yes. He's com - ing, To be with us once a - gain.
For His bride is robed in white - ness, Read - y for the marriage day.
I shall meet Him in the Heav - ens, Then with Him for - ev - er rest.
For I soon will reign with Je - sus, Throughout all e - ter - ni - ty.
O, the rap - ture of His com - ing, O, the joy it brings to me,
Read - y yes, all clad in white - ness, With my guilt all washed a - way,
O, the joy of nev - er part - ing From my bless - ed Lord and King,
There my songs will be of Je - sus, As I sit a - round His throne,
When I think of my Re-deem - er, Who will come a - gain for me.
There I'll dwell with Christ my Sav-iour, To a - bide in end - less day.
With re-deemed ones ev - er shout-ing, Hal - le - lu - jahs we will bring.
Prais - ing Him for my re-demp-tion, Hal - le - lu - jah—Gathered home.

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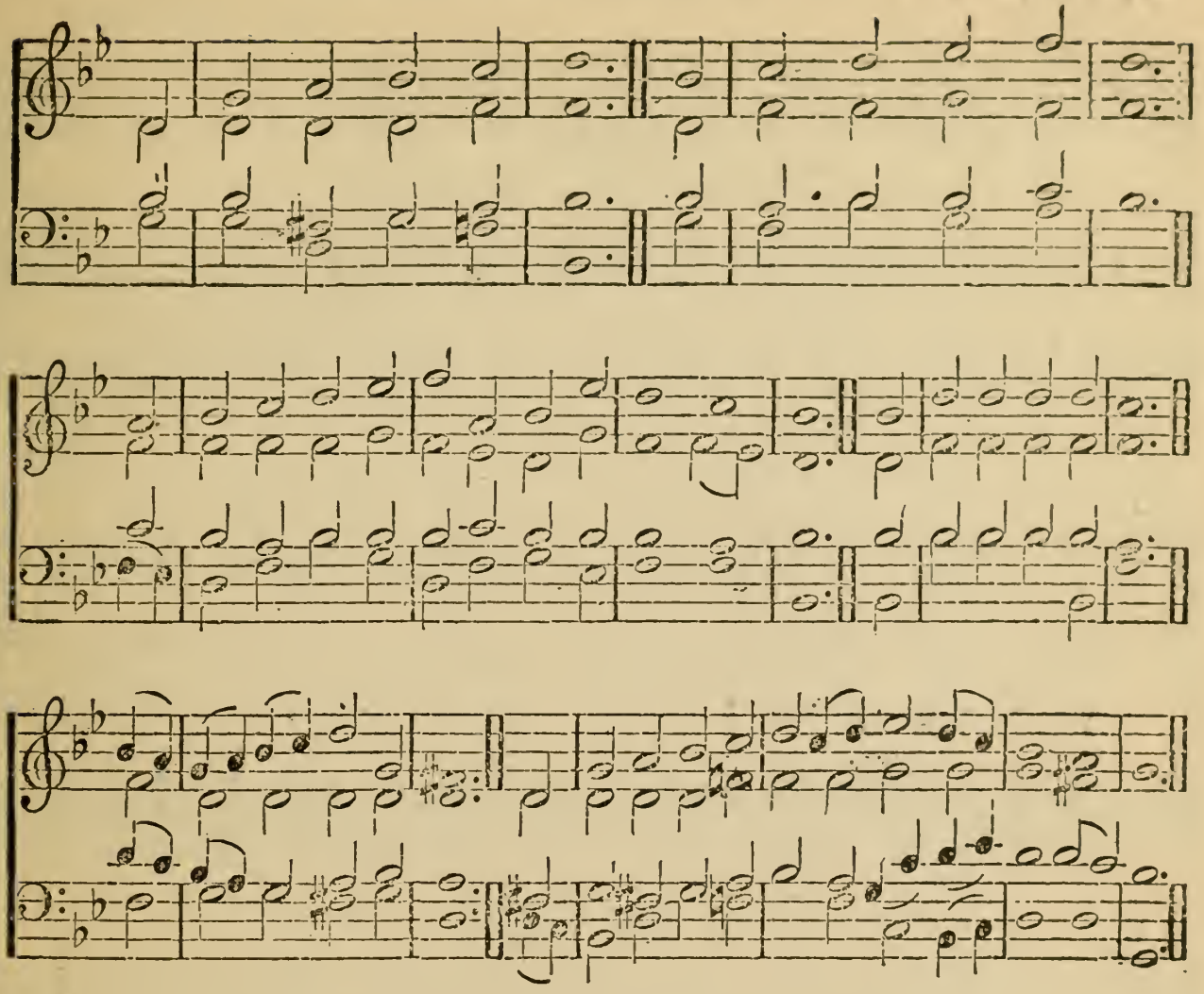
No. 245. The God Of Abraham Praise.

6, 6, 8, 4; 6, 6, 8, 4.



THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah! great I Am!
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest!

The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

The God of Abraham praise!
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood!

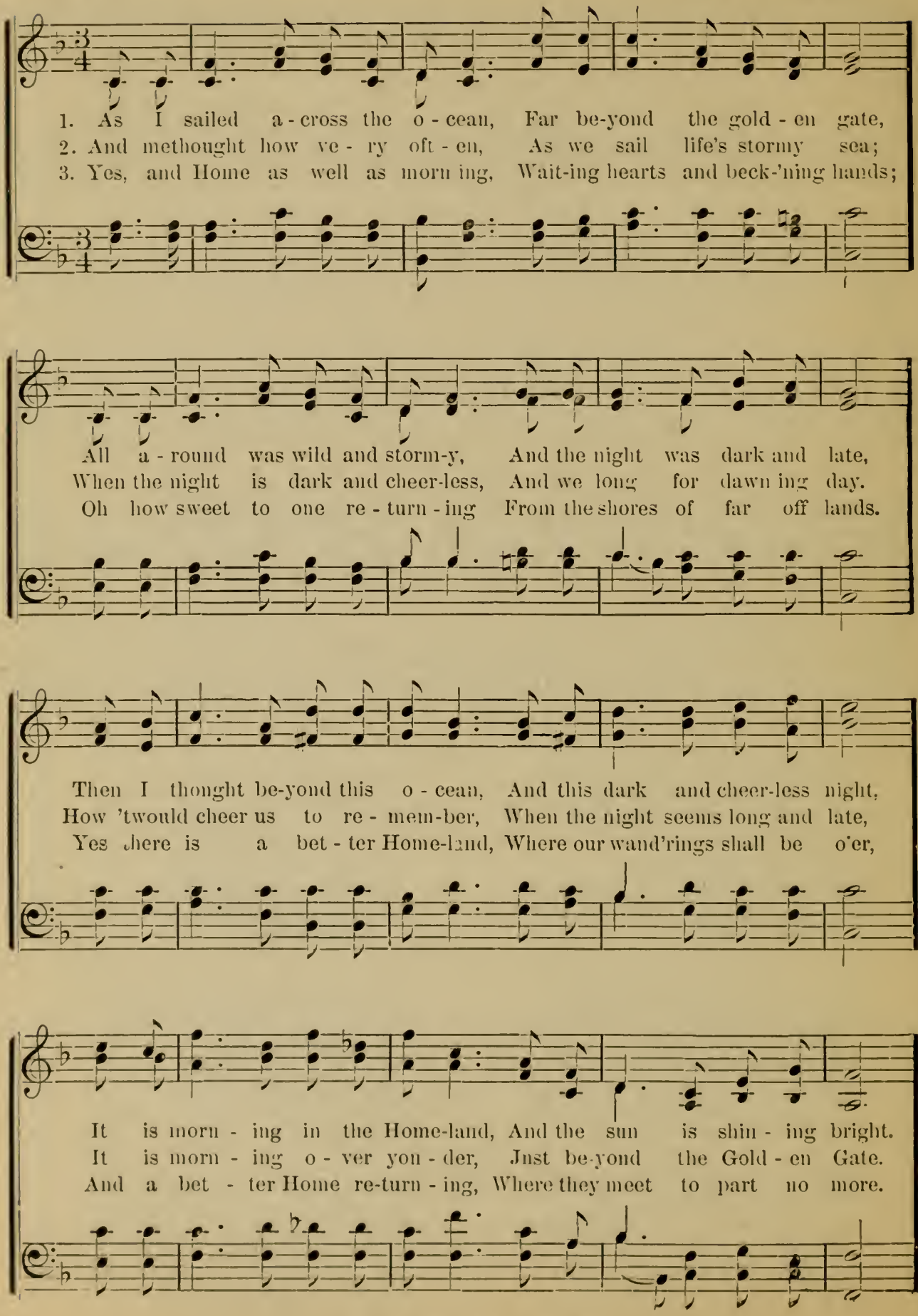
He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore!

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I Am,
We worship Thee."

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise!

No. 246. Just Beyond the Golden Gate.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. As I sailed a-cross the o-cean, Far be-yond the gold-en gate,
2. And methought how ve-ry oft-en, As we sail life's stormy sea;
3. Yes, and Home as well as morn-ing, Wait-ing hearts and beck-'ning hands;
All a-round was wild and storm-y, And the night was dark and late,
When the night is dark and cheer-less, And we long for dawn-ing day.
Oh how sweet to one re-turn-ing From the shores of far off lands.
Then I thonght be-yond this o-cean, And this dark and cheer-less night,
How 'twould cheer us to re-mem-ber, When the night seems long and late,
Yes there is a bet-ter Home-land, Where our wand'rings shall be o'er,
It is morn-ing in the Home-land, And the sun is shin-ing bright.
It is morn-ing o-ver yon-der, Just be-yond the Gold-en Gate.
And a bet-ter Home re-turn-ing, Where they meet to part no more.

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Just Beyond the Golden Gate. Concluded.

Chorus.
How our hearts would weep with won - der, When the night is dark and
late; If we'd on - ly stop to pon - der, It is
ritard.
morn - ing o - ver yon - der, Just be - yond the Gold - en Gate.

No. 247. Peace to the World.

L. M.

Peace to the world! the Lord is come;
Its days of conflict now are o'er;
The Prince of Peace ascends the throne
And war has ceased from shore to shore!

Joy to the earth! Messiah reigns!
Earth's diadems are on His brow;
Its rebel kingdoms are become
His everlasting kingdom now.

Rest to the nations, blessed rest!
The storm is hushed above, below:
Joy to creation; welcome sound!
After six thousand years of woe.

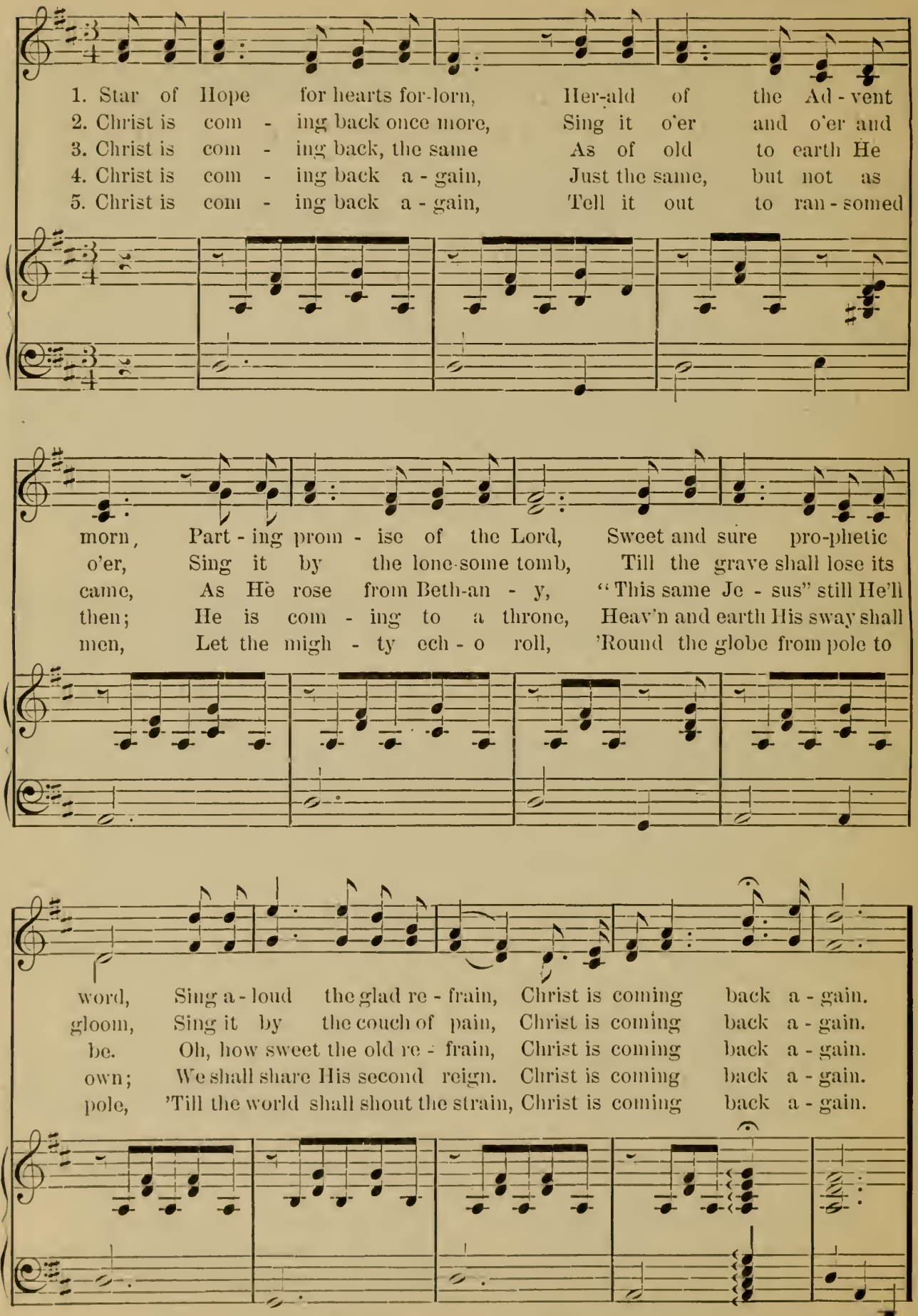
The earth again is Paradise,
The desert blossoms as the rose,
Far happier place than Eden this,
Far brighter, sweeter days than those!

Oh! long expected, absent long,
Star of creation's troubled gloom!
Let heaven and earth break forth in song,
Messiah, Saviour, Thou art come.

Horatius Bonar, 1859.

No. 248. Yes, He'll Come Again.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Star of Hope for hearts for-lorn, Her-ald of the Ad - vent
2. Christ is com - ing back once more, Sing it o'er and o'er and
3. Christ is com - ing back, the same As of old to earth He
4. Christ is com - ing back a - gain, Just the same, but not as
5. Christ is com - ing back a - gain, Tell it out to ran - somed
morn, Part - ing prom - ise of the Lord, Sweet and sure pro-phetic
o'er, Sing it by the lone-some tomb, Till the grave shall lose its
came, As He rose from Beth-an - y, "This same Je - sus" still He'll
then; He is com - ing to a throne, Heav'n and earth His sway shall
men, Let the migh - ty ech - o roll, 'Round the globe from pole to
word, Sing a - loud the glad re - frain, Christ is coming back a - gain.
gloom, Sing it by the couch of pain, Christ is coming back a - gain.
be. Oh, how sweet the old re - frain, Christ is coming back a - gain.
own; We shall share His second reign. Christ is coming back a - gain.
pole, 'Till the world shall shout the strain, Christ is coming back a - gain.

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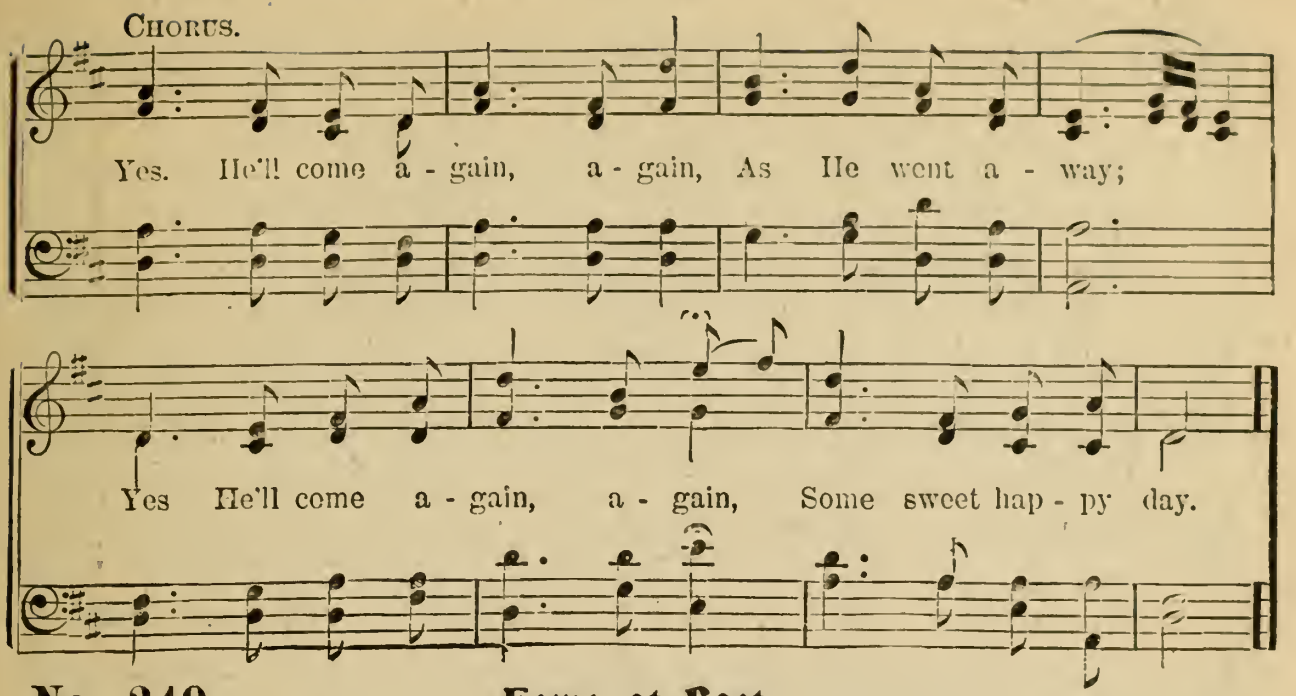
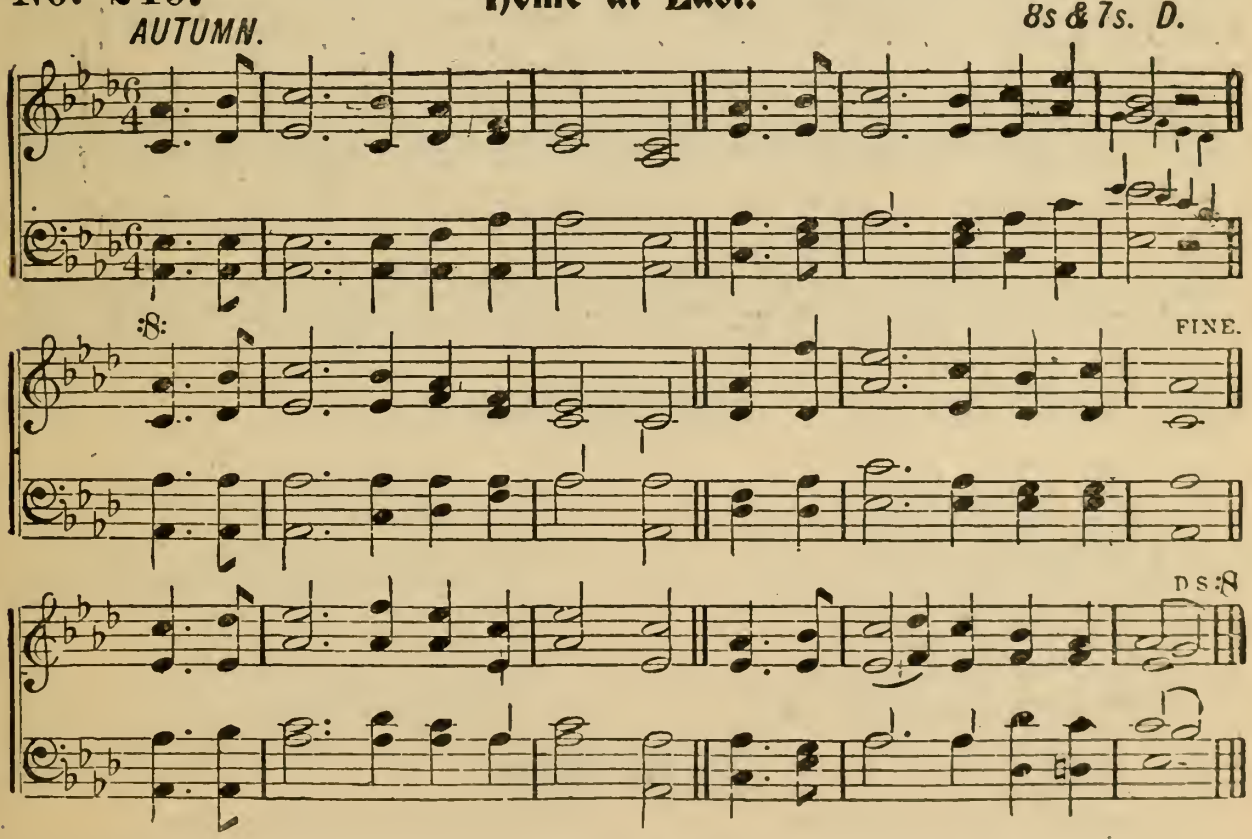
Yes, He'll Come Again. Concluded.



No. 249. Home at Last.



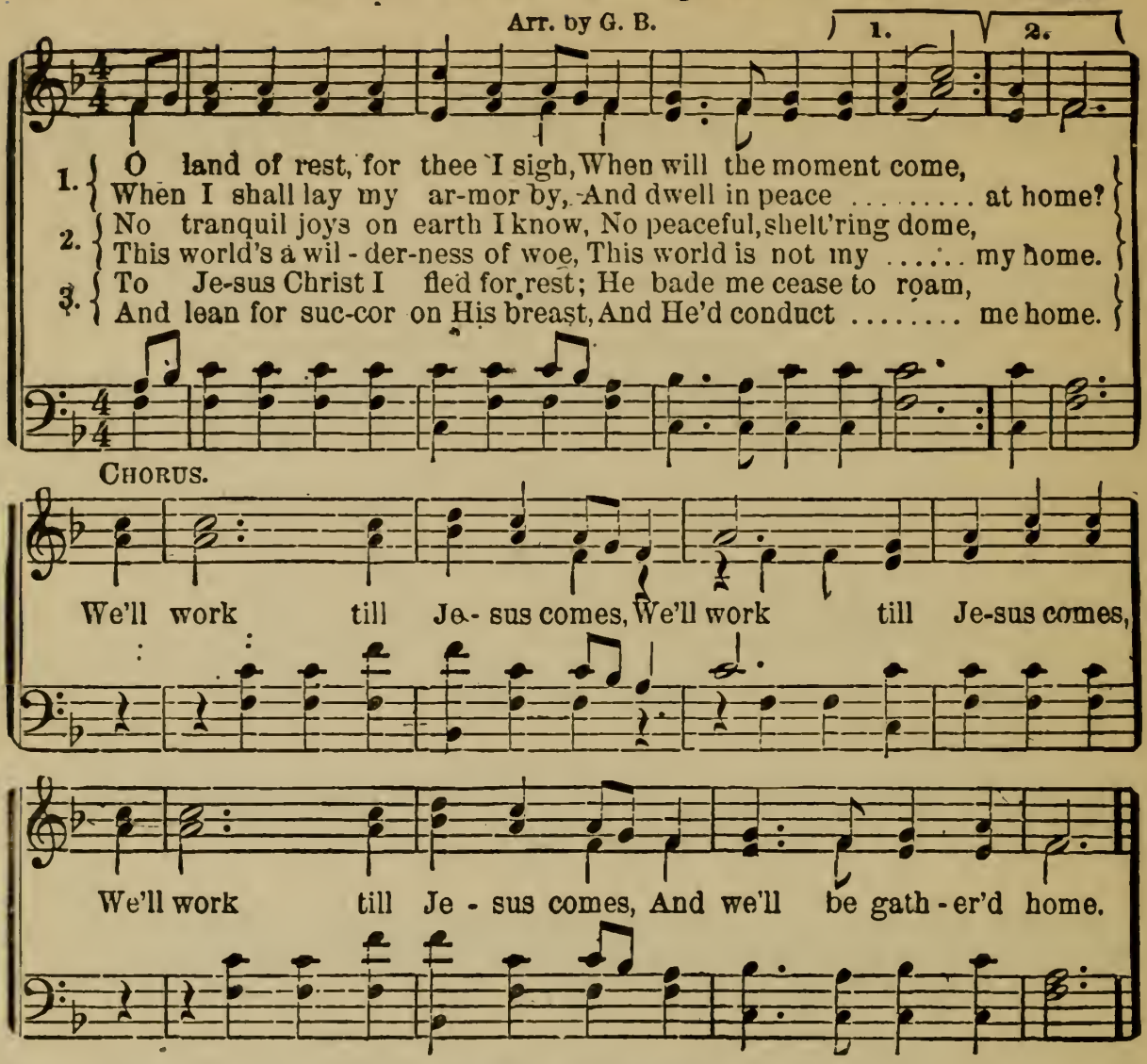
"Home at last" on heavenly mountains,
Heard the "Come and enter in;"
Saved by life's fair flowing fountains,
Saved from earthly taint and sin.
Free at last from all temptation,
No more need of watchful care;
Joyful in complete salvation,
Given the victor's crown to wear.

Welcomed at the pearly portal,
Welcomed by the angel band;
Welcomed to the life immortal,
In the blessed kingdom-land.
"Home, sweet home," our home forever,
Weary pilgrimages past;
Welcomed home to wander never,
Saved thro' Jesus—"Home at last."

Maria Alger Crozier, cir., 1870.

No. 250. We'll Work 'Till Jesus Comes. Dr. Miller.

Arr. by G. B.


1.
2.
1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace ..... at home?
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome,
This world's a wil - der-ness of woe, This world is not my ..... my home.
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for suc-cor on His breast, And He'd conduct ..... me home.
Chorus.
We'll work till Je- sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,
We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - er'd home.

No. 251. Hark the Song.

7s. D.

Hark! the song of jubilee!
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign.
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end,—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ is God,
God in Christ is all in all!

James Montgomery, 1819.

No. 252. To Be There.

8s.

We speak of realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the firstborn above;
But what must it be to be there!

Do thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe,
For glory our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

Elizabeth Mills, 1805-182

No. 253. Little Children.

MAY AGNEW. J. O. HILLYER.

1. Bring the chil - dren to Je - sus, lead them gent - ly to His side; Much they need His care and keeping day by day; Ere life's storms 'round them gather to a faith - ful Guide commit, Who will safe - ly lead them in the heav'nly way.
2. Once when Je - sus was teaching His dis - ci - ples here on earth Lov - ing mothers bro't their lit - tle ones to Him, That His touch and His bless-ing might in sweetness rest on them Fill - ing all their lives with sunshine to the brim.
3. "Let them come," said the Sav-iour, "for of such my king-dom is," Hap - py children they to hear His gen-tle tone, And up - on His kind bo - som lay their heads, and know His love Nev - er - more would suf-fer them to walk a - lone.
CHORUS.
Jesus loves them, Jesus loves them, And in heaven 'round the throne they sing and play,
In the glo - ry, in the glo - ry And the sunshine of God's e - ter - nal day.

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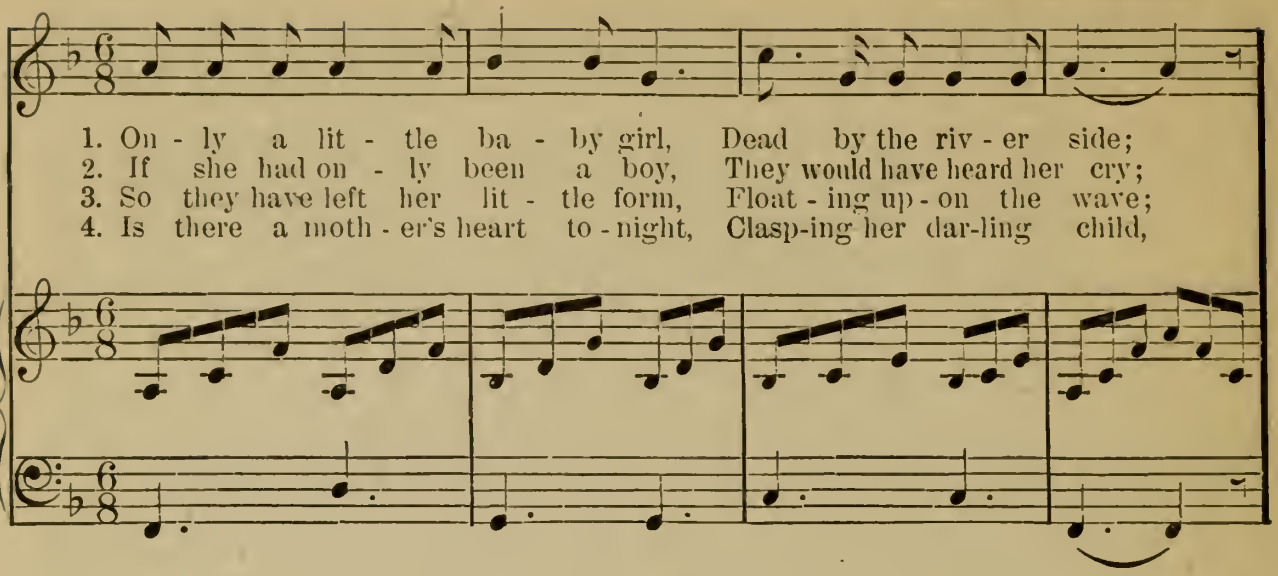
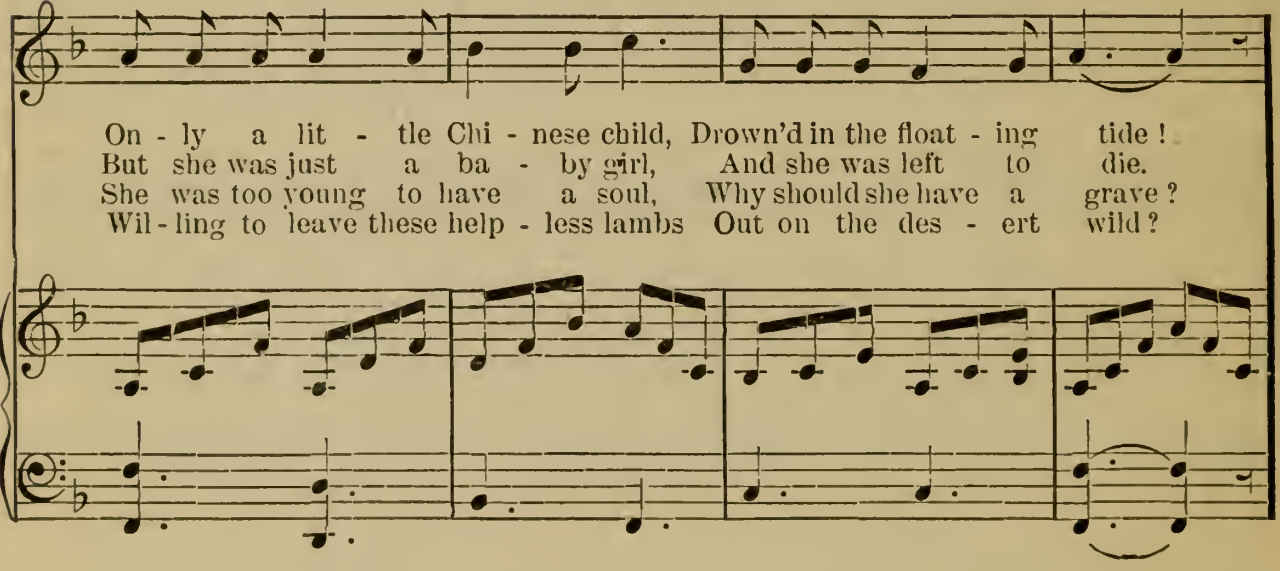
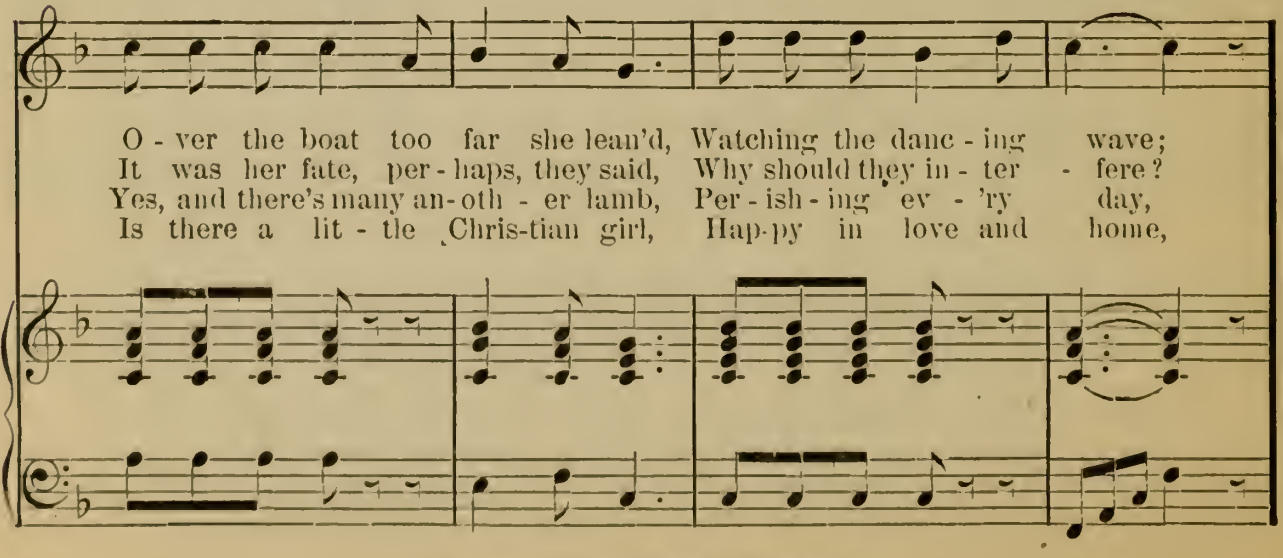
No. 254. Only A Little Baby Girl.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. On - ly a lit - tle ba - by girl, Dead by the riv - er side;
2. If she had on - ly been a boy, They would have heard her cry;
3. So they have left her lit - tle form, Float - ing up - on the wave;
4. Is there a moth - er's heart to - night, Clasp-ing her dar-ling child,


On - ly a lit - tle Chi - nese child, Drown'd in the float - ing tide!
But she was just a ba - by girl, And she was left to die.
She was too young to have a soul, Why should she have a grave?
Wil - ling to leave these help - less lambs Out on the des - ert wild?


O - ver the boat too far she lean'd, Watching the danc - ing wave;
It was her fate, per - haps, they said, Why should they in - ter - fere?
Yes, and there's many an - oth - er lamb, Per - ish - ing ev - 'ry day,
Is there a lit - tle Chris-tian girl, Hap-py in love and home,

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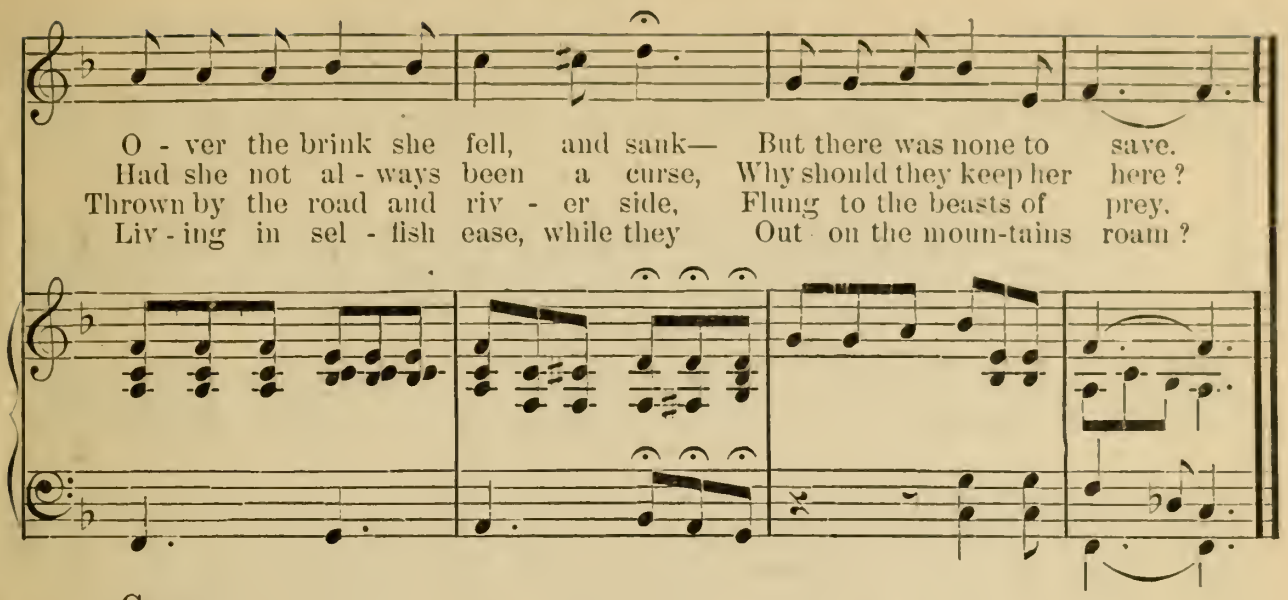
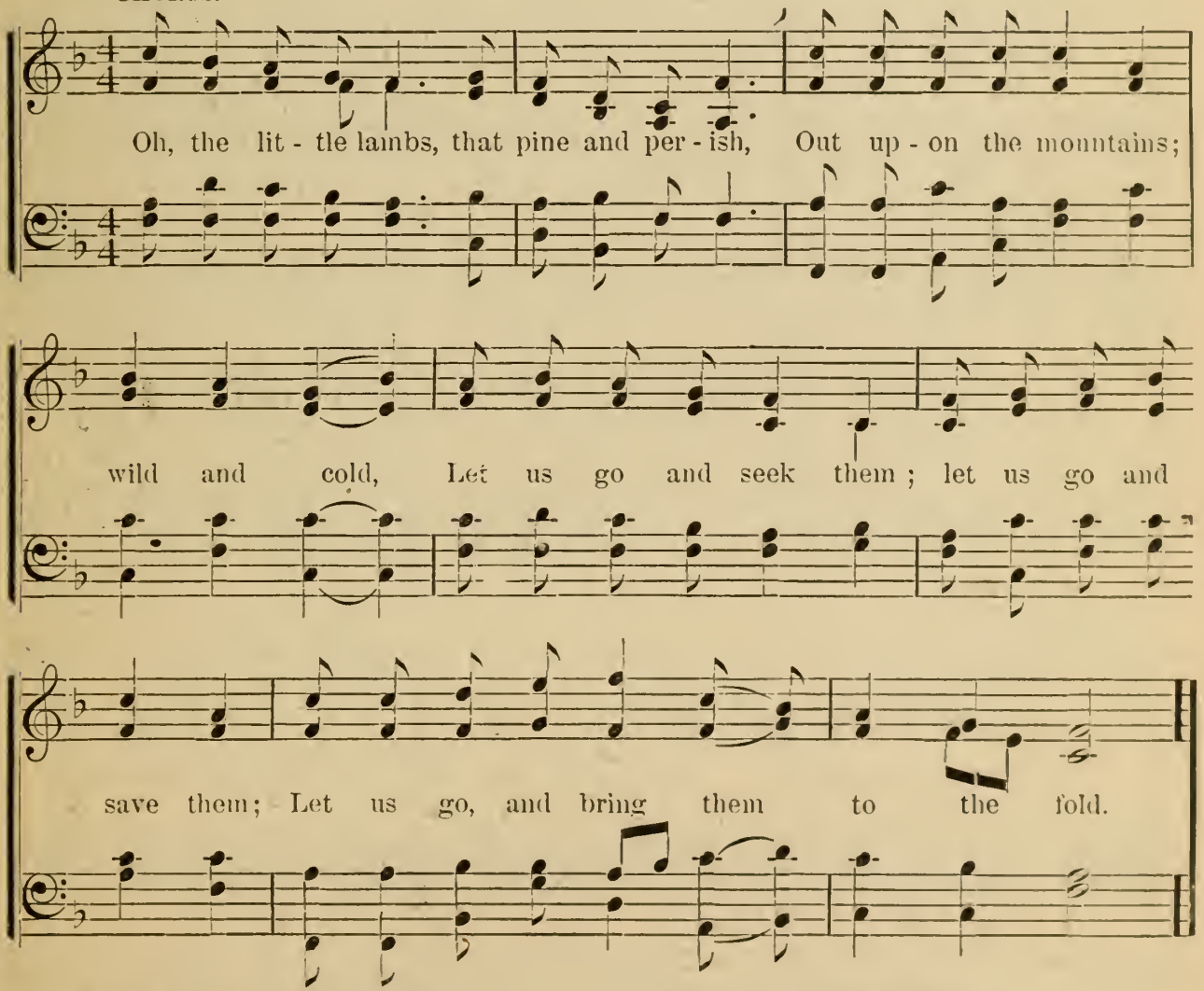
Only A Little Baby Girl. Concluded.


O - ver the brink she fell, and sank— But there was none to save.
Had she not al - ways been a curse, Why should they keep her here?
Thrown by the road and riv - er side, Flung to the beasts of prey.
Liv - ing in sel - fish ease, while they Out on the moun-tains roam?

CHORUS.


Oh, the lit - tle lambs, that pine and per - ish, Out up - on the mountains;
wild and cold, Let us go and seek them; let us go and
save them; Let us go, and bring them to the fold.

5 Think as you lie on your little cot,
Smoothed by a mother's hand;
Think of the little baby girls
Over in China's land;
Ask if there is not something more,
Even a child can do.
And if, perhaps, in China's land
Jesus has need of you.

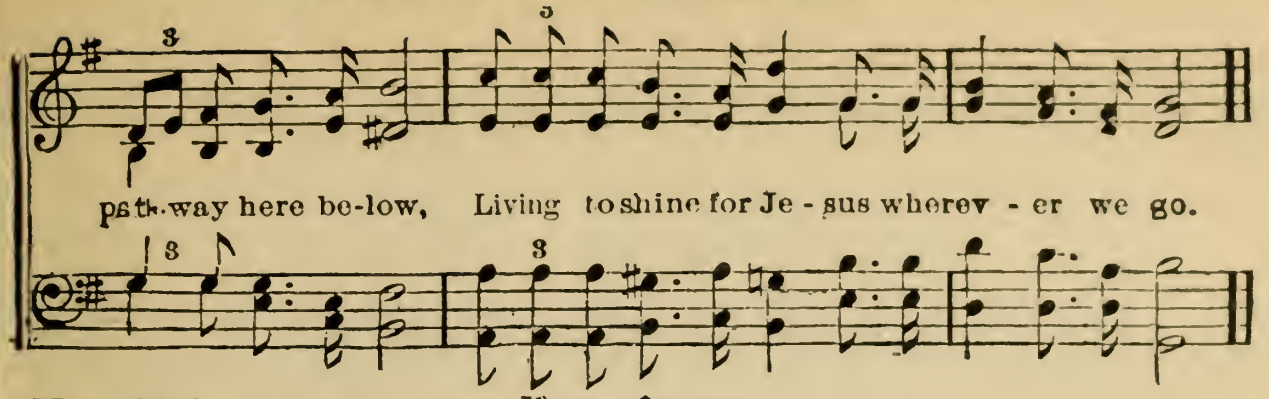
6 Only a little baby girl,
Dead by the river side;
Only a little Chinese child,
Drowned in the floating tide;
But it has brought a vision vast,
Dark as the nation's woe;
O, has it left one willing heart,
Answering, "I will go?"

No. 255. Living to Shine for Jesus.

E. A. H. By per., Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

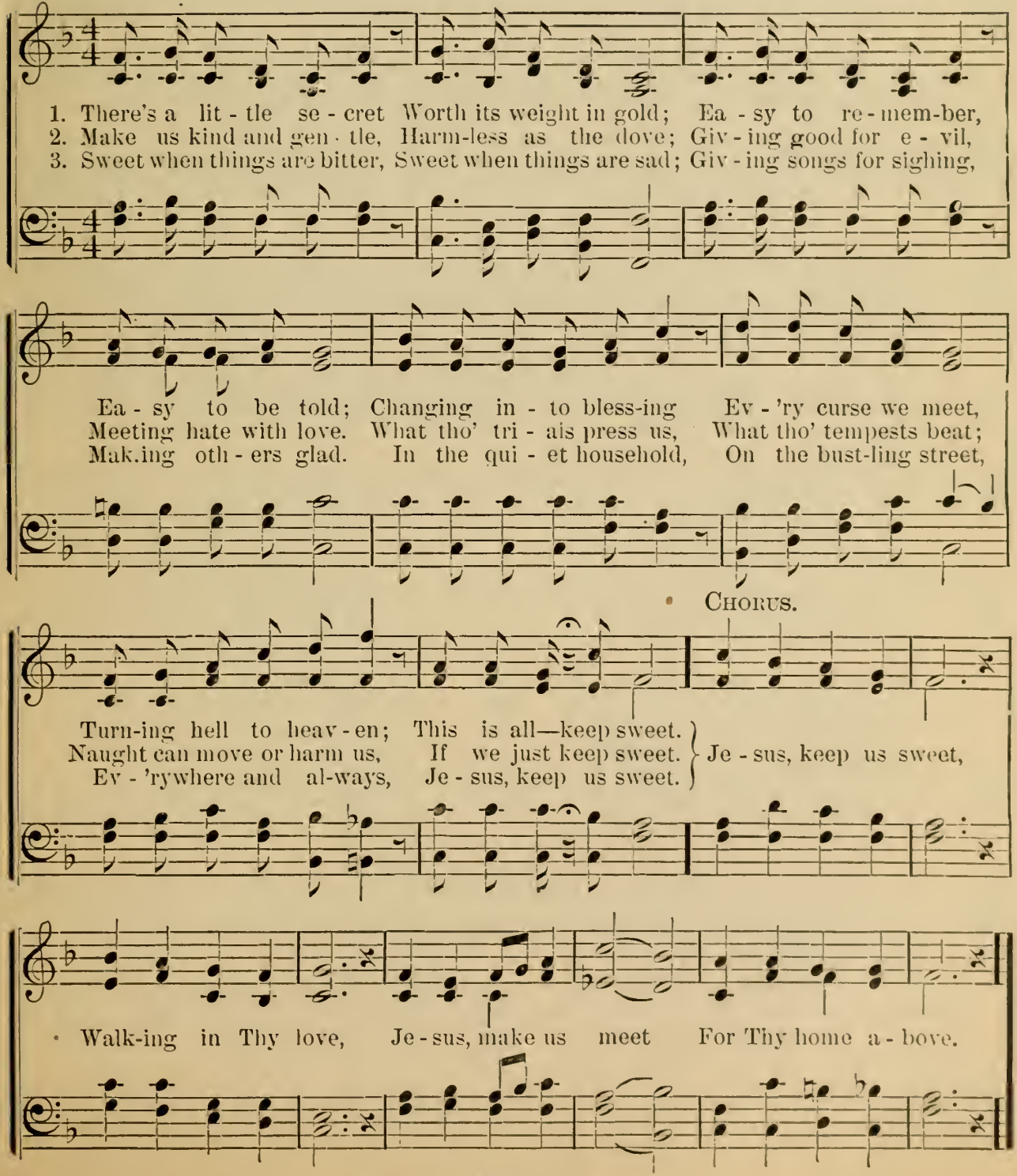
1. In a world of sor-row, in a world of tears, Where so man - y shad - ows fill the roll - ing years: We will scat - ter sun-shine
2 We will light the pathway for the weak and lone, And make God's sweet mes - sage of sal - va - tion known; We will tell the sto - ry
3. We will scat-ter sunshine everywhere we go, Light - en oth-er's bur - dens, lift the weight of woe, Sing - ing songs of glad - ness
4. We will cheer the wear-y all the way a-long, Thrill their hearts with cour - age and in - spir - ing song; Com - fort them and bless them,
ev - 'ry pass-ing day, Wak-ing joy and gladness, and cheering the way.
of redeem-ing love, Pointing all earth's pilgrims to heaven a-bove.
with each passing day, Driving care and sor-row and darkness a-way..
love and help be - stow, Shine the love of Je - sus wher-ev - er we go.
CHORUS.
We are the children of the Prince of Peace, Scatt'ring the sunshine
o - ver this world of His,.... Cheer - ing and bright'ning the

Living to Shine for Jesus. Concluded.



No. 256. Keep Sweet.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. There's a lit - tle se - cret Worth its weight in gold; Ea - sy to re - mem-ber,
2. Make us kind and gen - tle, Harm-less as the dove; Giv - ing good for e - vil,
3. Sweet when things are bitter, Sweet when things are sad; Giv - ing songs for sighing,
Ea - sy to be told; Changing in - to bless-ing Ev - 'ry curse we meet,
Meeting hate with love. What tho' tri - als press us, What tho' tempests beat;
Mak.ing oth - ers glad. In the qui - et household, On the bust-ling street,
Chorus.
Turn-ing hell to heav - en; This is all—keep sweet.
Naught can move or harm us, If we just keep sweet.
Ev - 'rywhere and al-ways, Je - sus, keep us sweet.
Je - sus, keep us sweet,
Walk-ing in Thy love, Je - sus, make us meet For Thy home a - bove.

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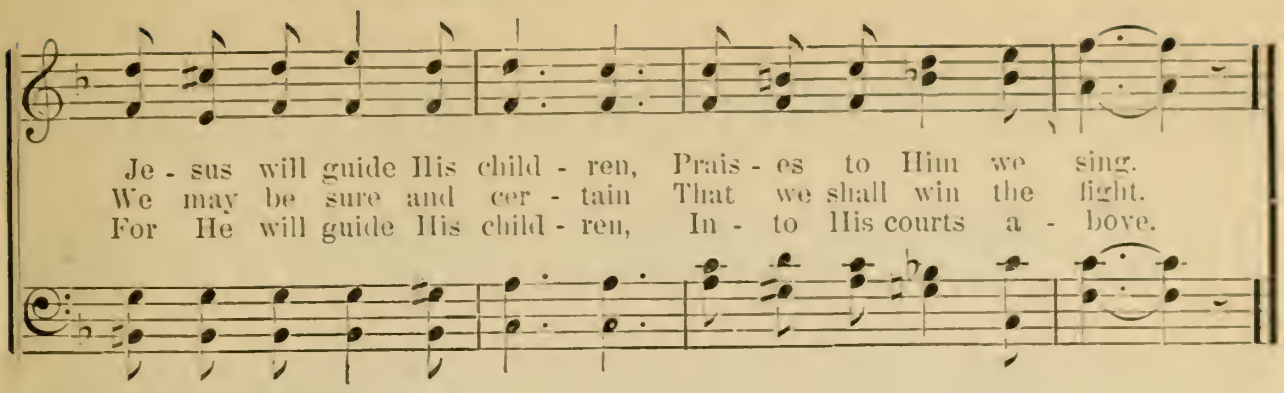
No. 257. We Are Little Soldiers of the Cross.

W. C. WARREN COLLINS.

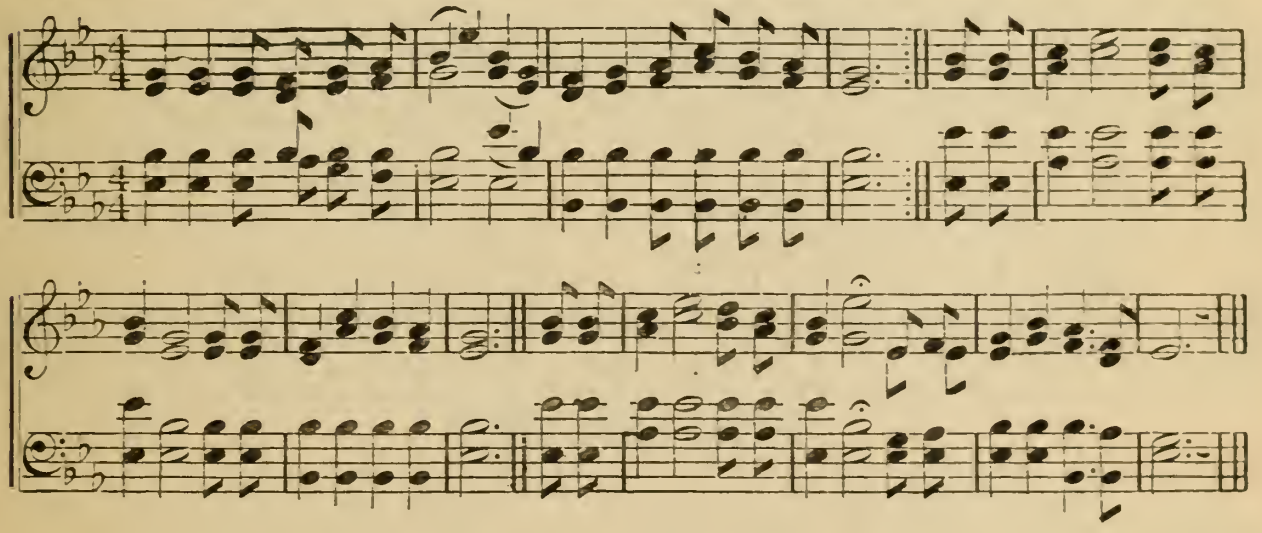
1. We are lit - tle sol - diers of the cross, We are lit - tle sol - diers
2. We are lit - tle pil - grims on the way, We are lit - tle pil - grims
3, We are lit - tle jew - els for His crown, We are lit - tle jew - els
of the cross, Al - ways firm - ly stand-ing, pray - ing, We can nev - er
on the way, March-ing up-ward, ev - er on - ward Je - sus keeps us
for His crown, Sparkling ev - er just like dia-monds, We will nev - er
CHORUS.
suf - fer loss. We are a band of sol - diers, We are a band so true;
ev - 'ry day. We are but lit - tle child - ren, But then our King is strong;
be cast down. We have a home in heav - en, We have a place so fair;
Je - sus our King com-mands us. And He will take us through.
We need not be dis - cour - aged, But brave-ly march a - long.
'Twas here He loved the chil - dren, He loves them still up there.
Love is our em - blem watch - word, Faith in our glo - rious King;
Our Cap-tain is the Sav - iour. And if we're on - ly right,
We're glad - ly march - ing on - ward, And trust our God we love;

Copyright, by per.

We Are Little Soldiers of the Cross. Concluded.


Je - sus will guide His child - ren, Prais - es to Him we sing.
We may be sure and cer - tain That we shall win the fight.
For He will guide His child - ren, In - to His courts a - bove.

No. 258. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.



Saviour! like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus!
Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be:
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free.
Blessed Jesus!
We will early turn to thee

Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour!
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 259. I Think When I Read.

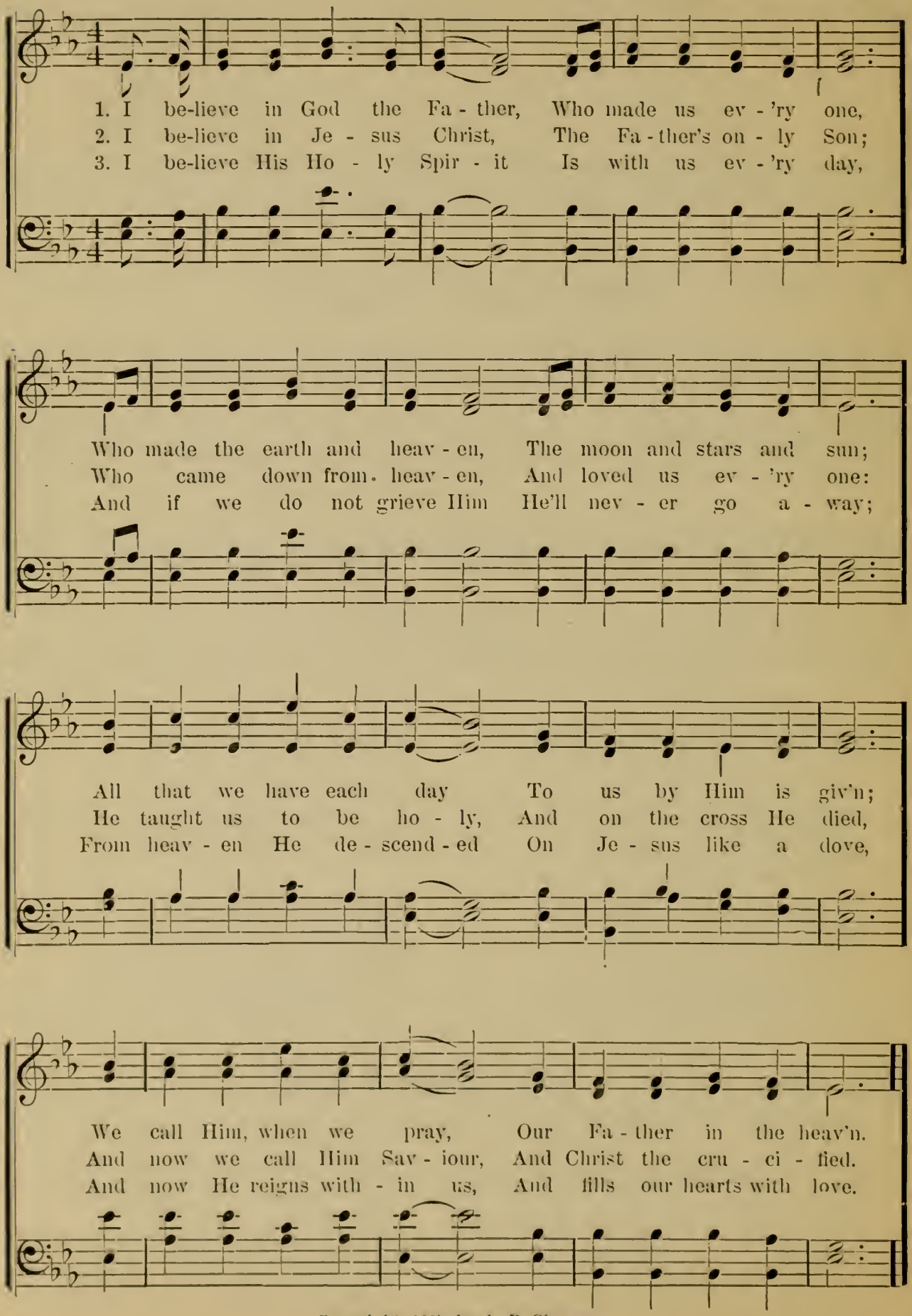
I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiv'n;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

No. 260. I Believe In God the Father.

Arranged by Geo. Beaverson.


1. I be-lieve in God the Fa - ther, Who made us ev - 'ry one,
2. I be-lieve in Je - sus Christ, The Fa - ther's on - ly Son;
3. I be-lieve His Ho - ly Spir - it Is with us ev - 'ry day,
Who made the earth and heav - en, The moon and stars and sun;
Who came down from heav - en, And loved us ev - 'ry one:
And if we do not grieve Him He'll nev - er go a - way;
All that we have each day To us by Him is giv'n;
He taught us to be ho - ly, And on the cross He died,
From heav - en He de - scend - ed On Je - sus like a dove,
We call Him, when we pray, Our Fa - ther in the heav'n.
And now we call Him Sav - iour, And Christ the cru - ci - fied.
And now He reigns with - in us, And fills our hearts with love.

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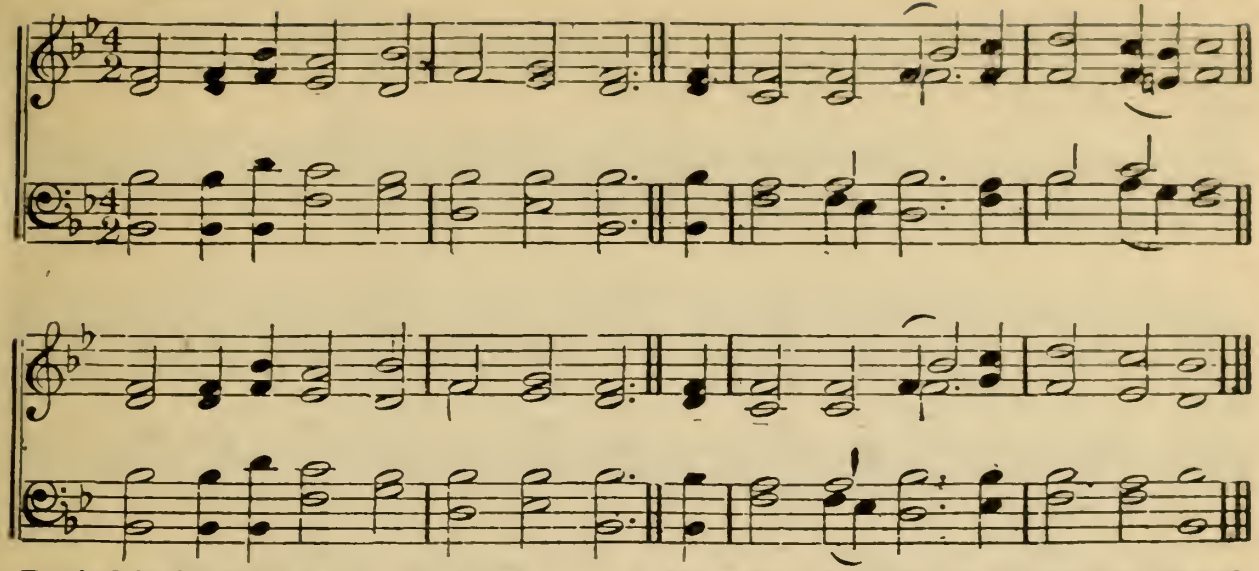
No. 261. Buried in Baptism.

WARD. L. M



Buried in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with Him to life restored.
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But the richer far, for more it cost.

Water can cleanse the flesh, we own,
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to Him our cleansing stood,
Baptized in fire, and bathed in blood.

He by His blood atoned for sin,
This precious blood can wash us clean
And He arrays us in the dress
Of His unspotted righteousness.

MORAVIAN COLLECTION.

No. 262. Come, Holy Spirit.

L. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,
And joyfully embrace Thy cause;
We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God for sinners slain!

We plunge beneath Thy mystic flood,
Oh, plunge us in Thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With Thee, beneath the yielding wave

And as we rise, with Thee to live,
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

No. 263. Around Thy Grave.

7s & 6s.

Around Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine empty grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep Thy blest command;
By faith our souls rejoicing
To trace Thy path of love,
Through death's dark, angry billows,
Up to the throne above.

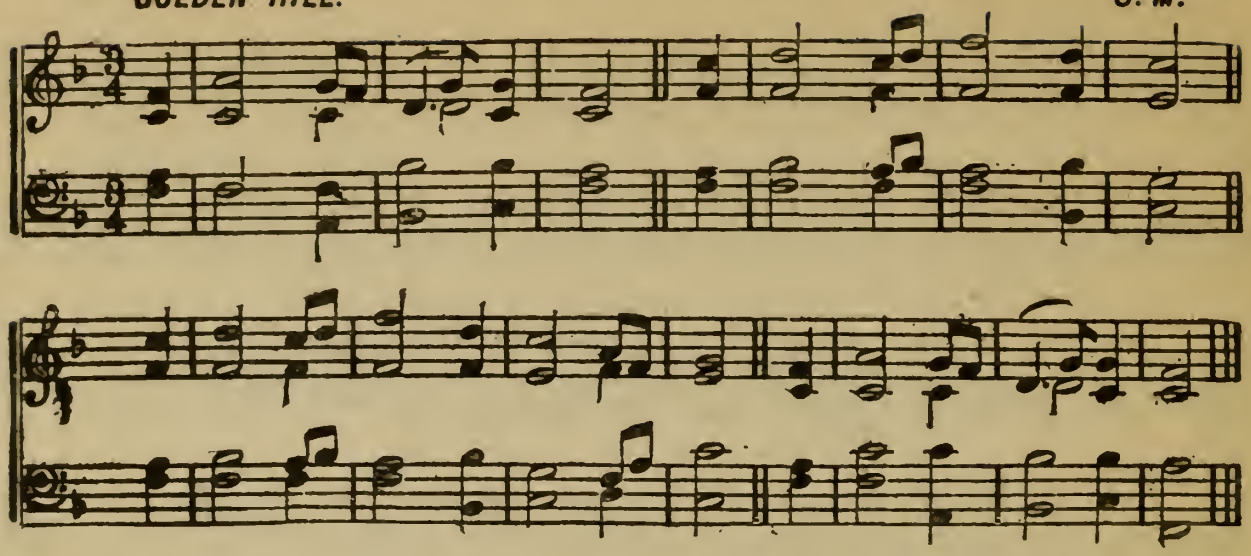
O Lord, Thou now art risen,
Thy travail all is o'er;
For sin Thou once hast suffered,
Thou liv'st to die no more;
Sin, death and hell are vanquished
By Thee, Thy church's Head;
And lo! we share Thy triumph,
Thou first-born from the dead!

Into Thy death baptized,
We own with Thee we died;
With Thee, our Life, are risen,
And shall be glorified.
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransomed by Thy blood,
And now would walk as strangers,
Alive with Thee, to God.

JAMES G. DECK, 1845.

No. 264. Awake and Sing.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



Awake and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Tune every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For all whose sins He bore.

Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

There shall our joy be full,
And love a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

No. 265. O, Bread to Pilgrims Given.

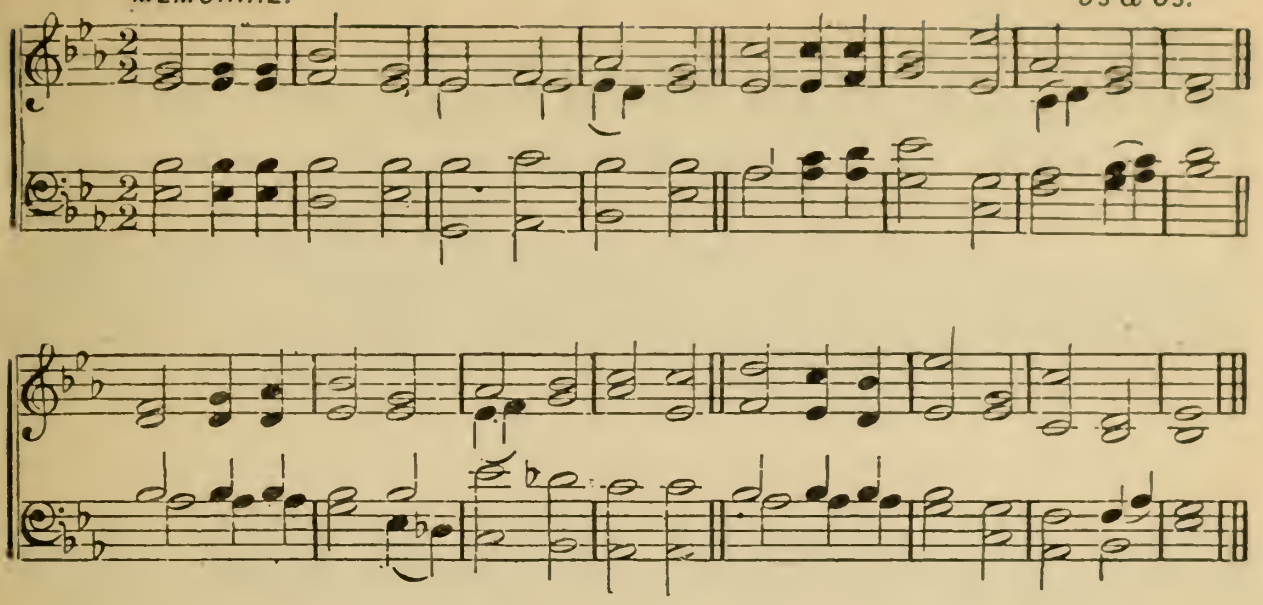
MIRIAM 1s & 6s. D.

O Bread to pilgrims given!
Richer than angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven!
For heaven-born natures meet,
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

Jesus! this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing
We take and doubt no more;
Give us, Thou true and loving!
On earth to live in Thee,
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

No. 266. Bread of the World.

MEMORIAL. 9s & 8s.



Bread of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

No. 267. If Human Kindness.

C. M.

If human kindness meets return
And owns the grateful tie,
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh.

Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

While yet His anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed!
"Meet and remember Me."

Remember Thee, Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O mem'ry! leave no other name
But His recorded there.

No. 268 How Sweet and Awful.

C. M.

How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

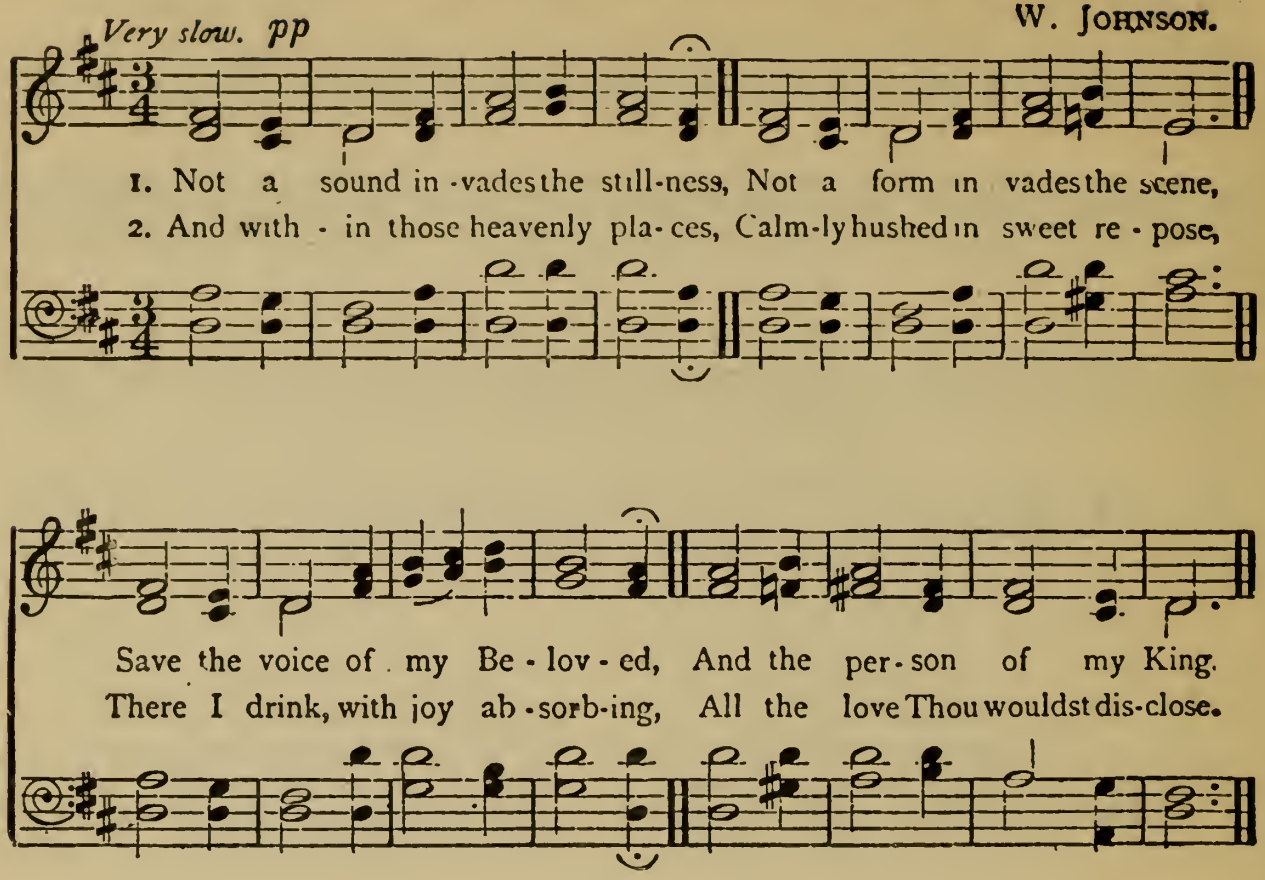
While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord! why was I a guest?

"Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

No. 269. Not a Sound Invades the Stillness.

W. JOHNSON.

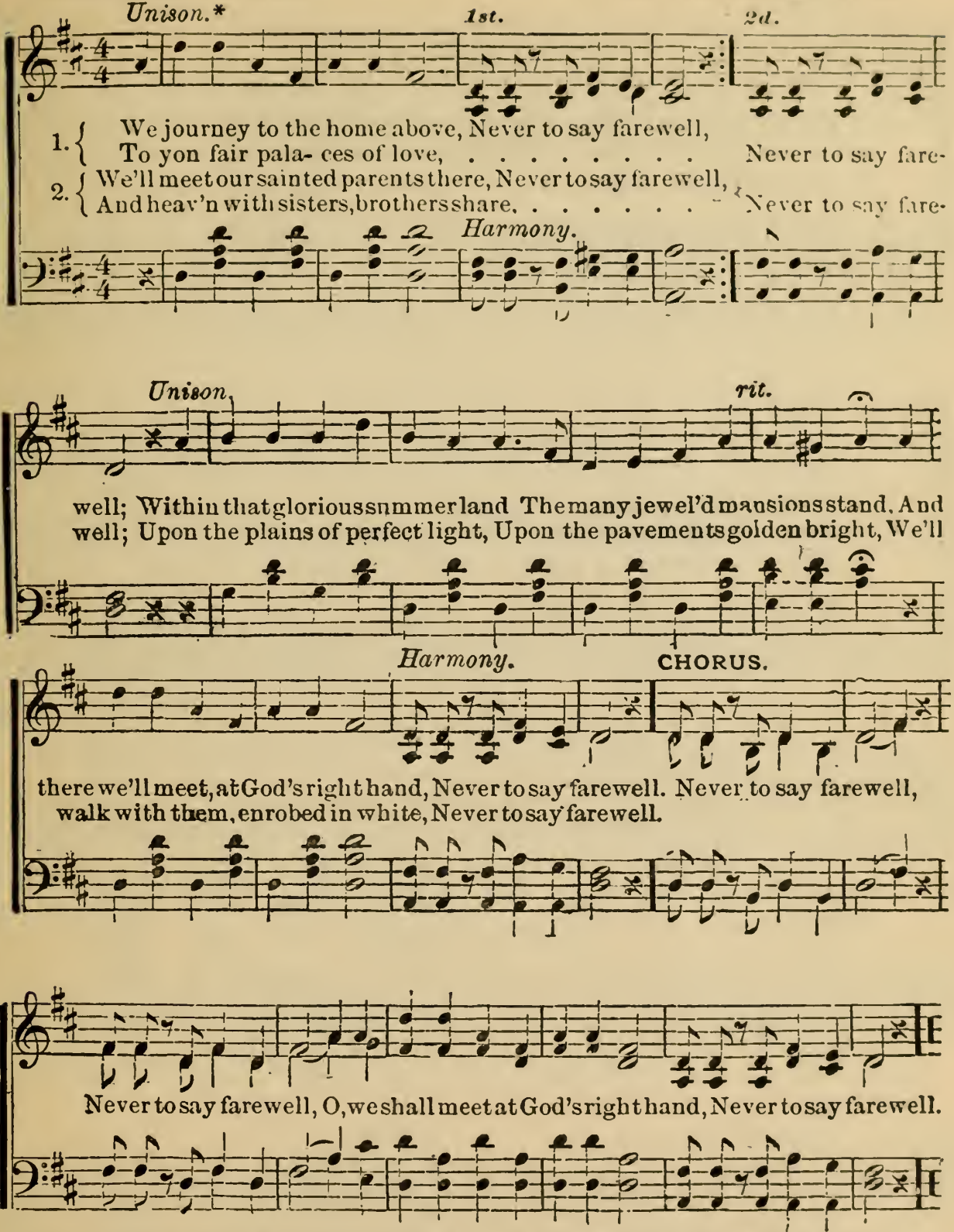

Very slow. pp
1. Not a sound in - vades the still-ness, Not a form in vades the scene,
2. And with - in those heavenly pla - ces, Calm-ly hushed in sweet re - pose,
Save the voice of my Be - lov - ed, And the per - son of my King.
There I drink, with joy ab - sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst dis-close.
CHORUS. p
Precious, gentle, ho - ly Je - sus! Bless-ed Bridegroom of my heart,
In Thy se - cret in - ner cham-ber, Thou wilt whis - per what *Thou art.*

3 Wrapt in deep adoring silence,
Jesus, Lord, I dare not move,
Lest I lose the smallest saying
Meant to catch the ear of love.

4 Rest then, O my soul, contented:
Thou hast reached thy happy place
In the bosom of thy Saviour,
Gazing up in His dear face.

No 270. Never to Say Farewell.

Rev. ELISHA. A. HOFFMAN. IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN. By per.


Unison.*
1st.
2d.
1. We journey to the home above, Never to say farewell,
To yon fair pala- ces of love, ... Never to say fare-
2. We'll meet our sainted parents there, Never to say farewell,
And heav'n with sisters, brothers share, ... Never to say fare-
Harmony.
Unison.
rit.
well; Within that glorious summer land The many jewel'd mansions stand, And
well; Upon the plains of perfect light, Upon the pavements golden bright, We'll
Harmony.
CHORUS.
there we'll meet, at God's right hand, Never to say farewell. Never to say farewell,
walk with them, enrobed in white, Never to say farewell.
Never to say farewell, O, we shall meet at God's right hand, Never to say farewell.

3 We'll meet beyond life's swelling flood,
Never to say farewell,
Redeemed and washed in Jesus' blood,
Never to say farewell;
Earth's long, long night will pass away,
Dissolving into heavenly day,
And we shall with our loved ones stay,
Never to say farewell.

4 Oh, what a blessed hope is this,
Never to say farewell!
What pure and perfect happiness,
Never to say farewell!
Delivered from all sin and pain,
To reach yon fair, celestial plain,
And meet the loved and lost again,
Never to say farewell.

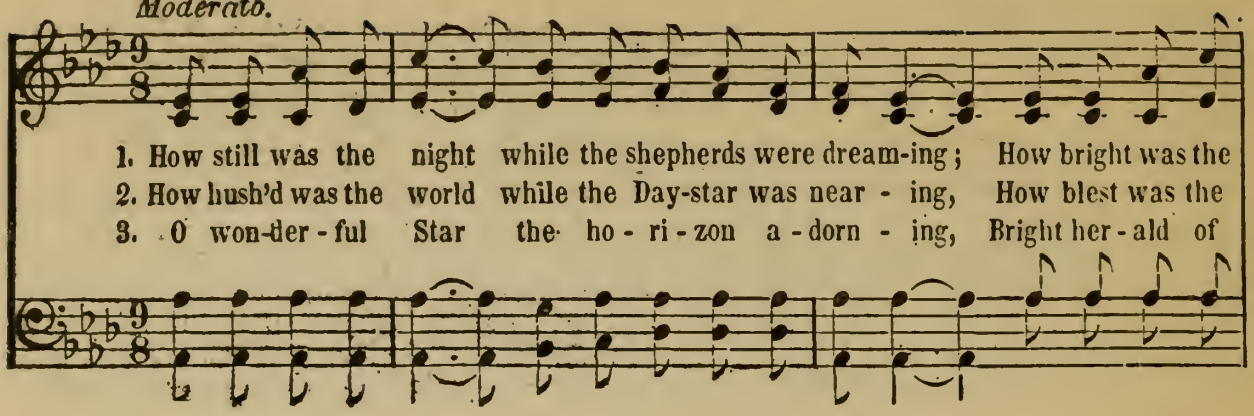
*Very effective if unison parts are sung as a solo.

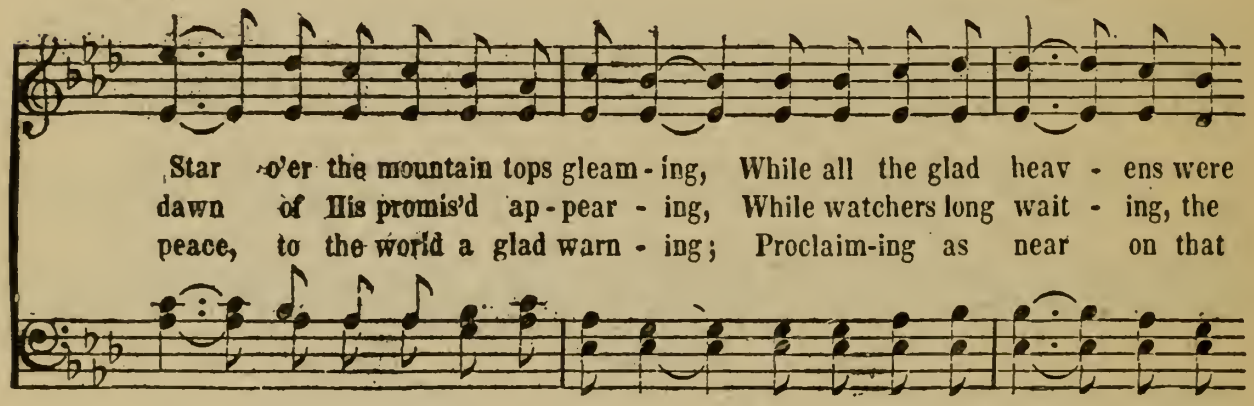
No. 271. The Wonderful Star.

C. W. BAY

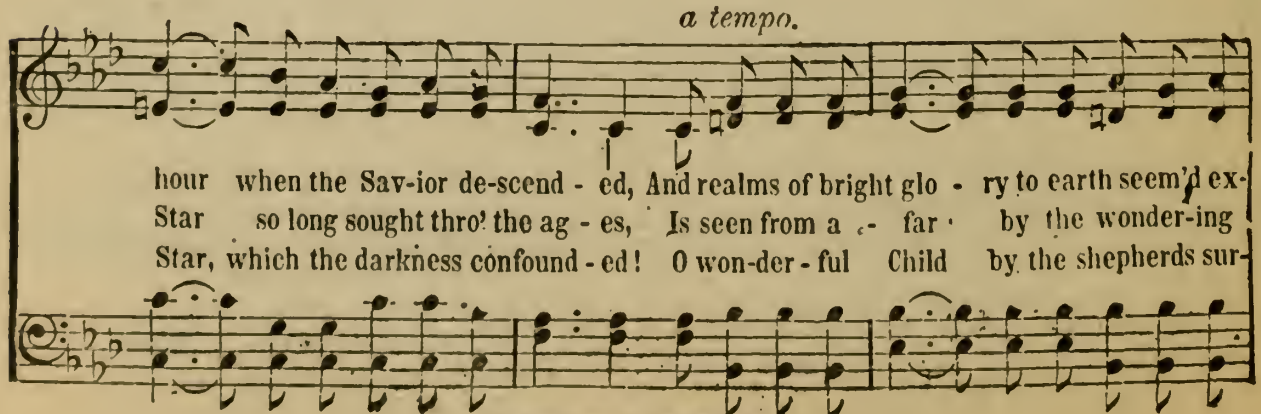
GEO. BEAVERSON.

Moderato.


1. How still was the night while the shepherds were dream-ing; How bright was the
2. How hush'd was the world while the Day-star was near - ing, How blest was the
3. O won-der - ful Star the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Bright her - ald of


Star o'er the mountain tops gleam - ing, While all the glad heav - ens were
dawn of His promis'd ap - pear - ing, While watchers long wait - ing, the
peace, to the world a glad warn - ing; Proclaim-ing as near on that

dolce.
smiling, and seem - ing To wait for the long-prom-ised King. But lo! what an
prophets re - ver - ing, With angels made welcome the morn. The wonder-ful
beau-ti - ful morn - ing, The Prince and Redeem-er of men. O won-der - ful


a tempo.
hour when the Sav-ior de-scend - ed, And realms of bright glo - ry to earth seem'd ex-
Star so long sought thro' the ag - es, Is seen from a - far by the wonder-ing
Star, which the darkness confound - ed! O won-der - ful Child by the shepherds sur-

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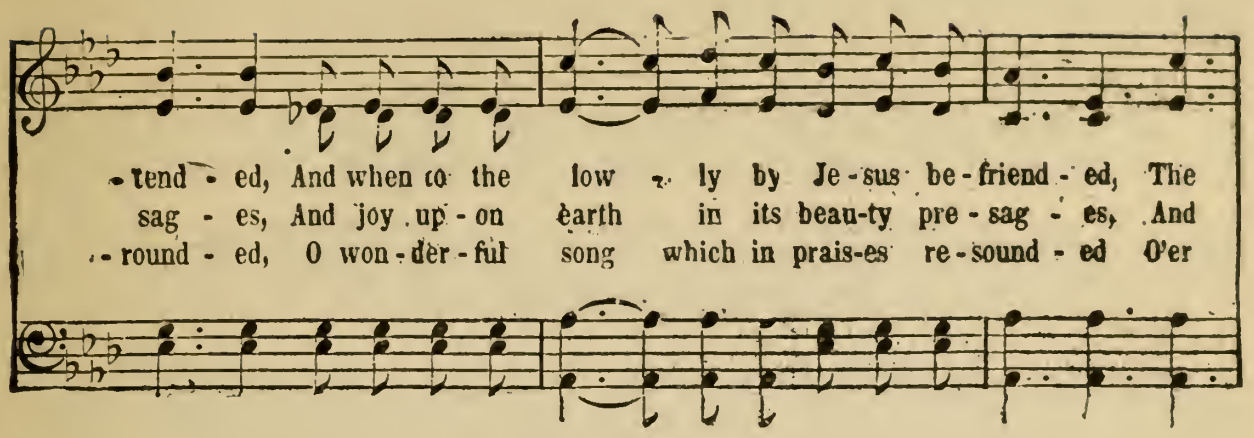
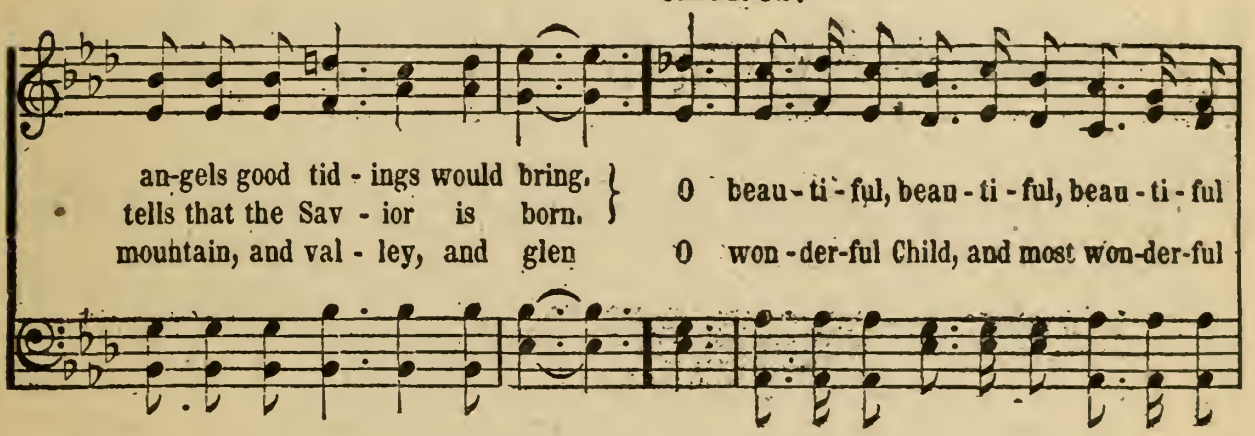
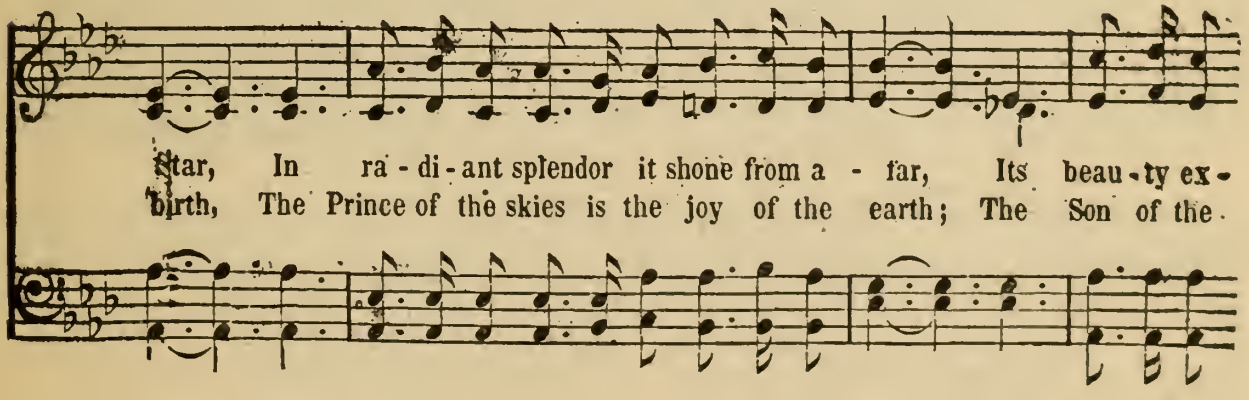
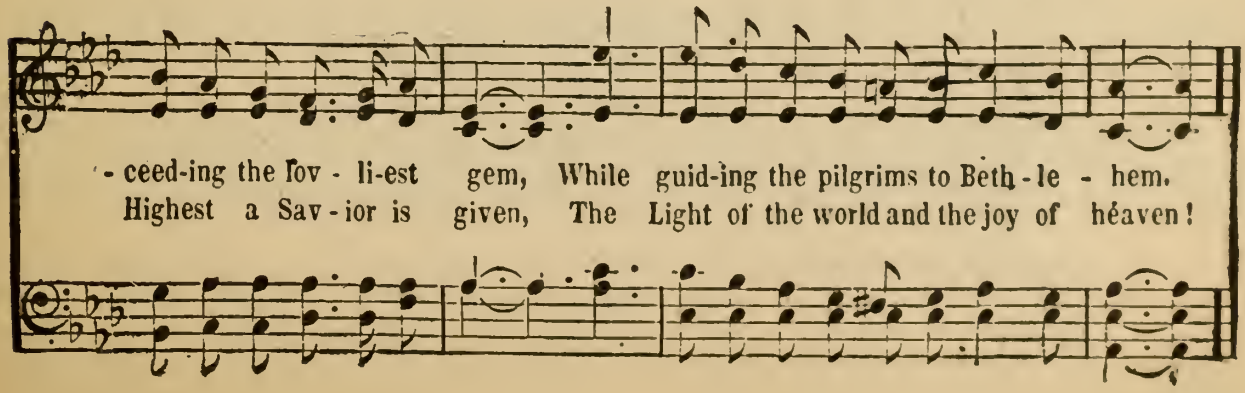
The Wonderful Star. Concluded.


-tend - ed, And when to the low - ly by Je - sus be - friend - ed, The
sag - es, And joy up - on earth in its beau-ty pre - sag - es, And
-round - ed, O won - der - ful song which in prais-es re - sound - ed O'er

CHORUS.

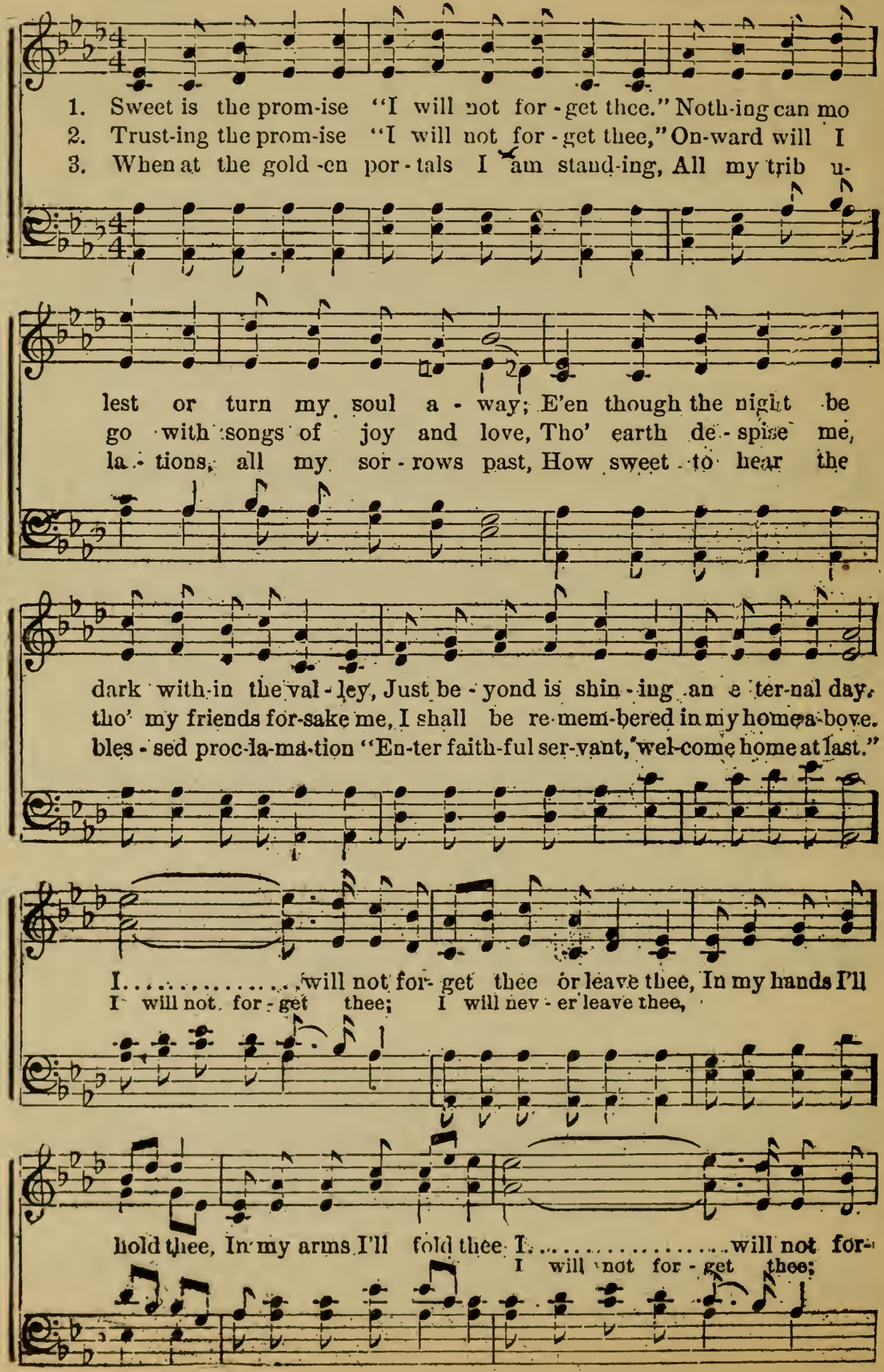

an-gels good tid - ings would bring,
tells that the Sav - ior is born.
mountain, and val - ley, and glen
O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
O won - der-ful Child, and most won-der-ful


Star, In ra - di - ant splendor it shone from a - far, Its beau - ty ex -
birth, The Prince of the skies is the joy of the earth; The Son of the

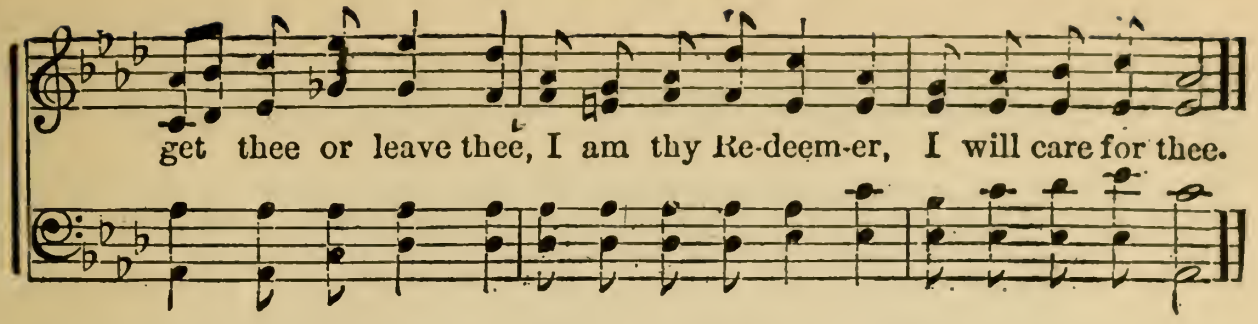

- ceed-ing the lov - li-est gem, While guid-ing the pilgrims to Beth - le - hem.
Highest a Sav - ior is given, The Light of the world and the joy of heaven!

No. 272. I Will Not Forget Thee.

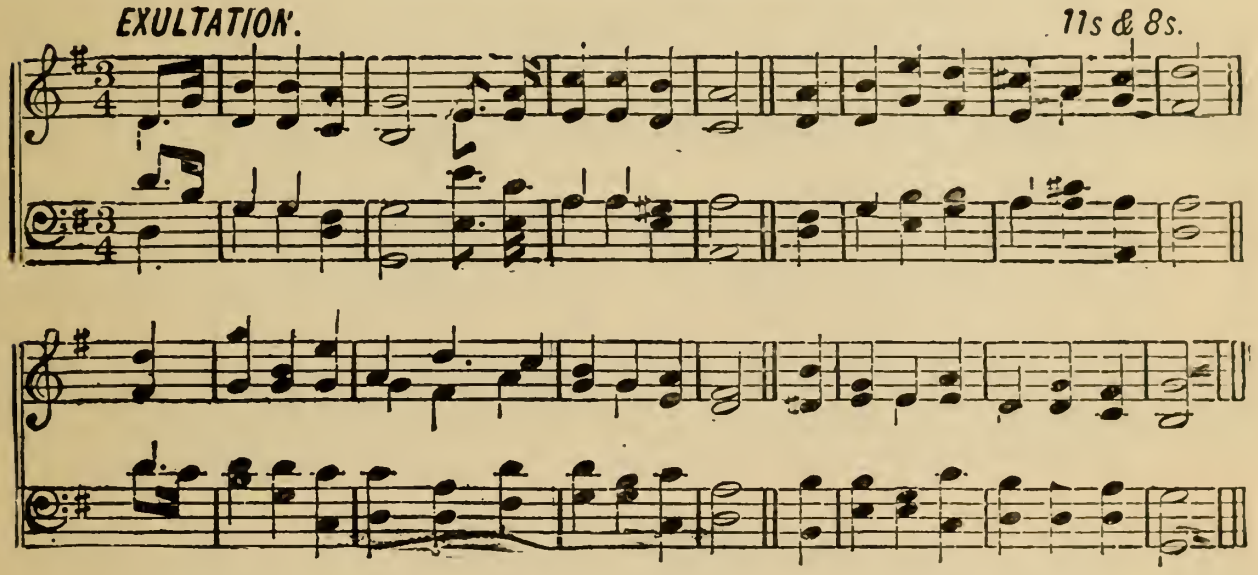
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee." Noth-ing can mo
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," On-ward will I
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib u-
lest or turn my soul a-way; E'en though the night be
go with songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me,
la-tions, all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the
dark with-in the val-ley, Just be-yond is shin-ing an e-ter-nal day.
tho' my friends for-sake me, I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove.
bles-sed proc-la-ma-tion "En-ter faith-ful ser-vant, wel-come home at last."
I..... will not for-get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll
I will not for-get thee; I will nev-er leave thee,
hold thee, In my arms I'll fold thee. I..... will not for-
I will not for-get thee;

"I Will Not Forget Thee," Concluded.



No. 273. They Sang of Redemption.



They sang of the break of redemption's glad morn,
The Holy had longed to behold;
They sang of a Saviour in Bethlehem born,
So long by the prophets foretold;

They sang of good-will from our God unto men,
Of peace to a valley of tears;
They sang of salvation from death and from sin,
A balm from our sorrows and fears.

"Then glory to God in the highest!" I'll sing,
For I am a sinner on earth;
I'll welcome the tidings of mercy that bring
The news of Emmanuel's birth.

I'll go to His cross, though a sinner defiled,
And wash in the fountain of blood;
I'll pray for the grace that can strengthen a child,
And bring Him at last to his God.

UNKNOWN, CIR. 1875 ?

No. 274. To Him That Loved.

To Him that loved the souls of men,
And washed us in His blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God;—

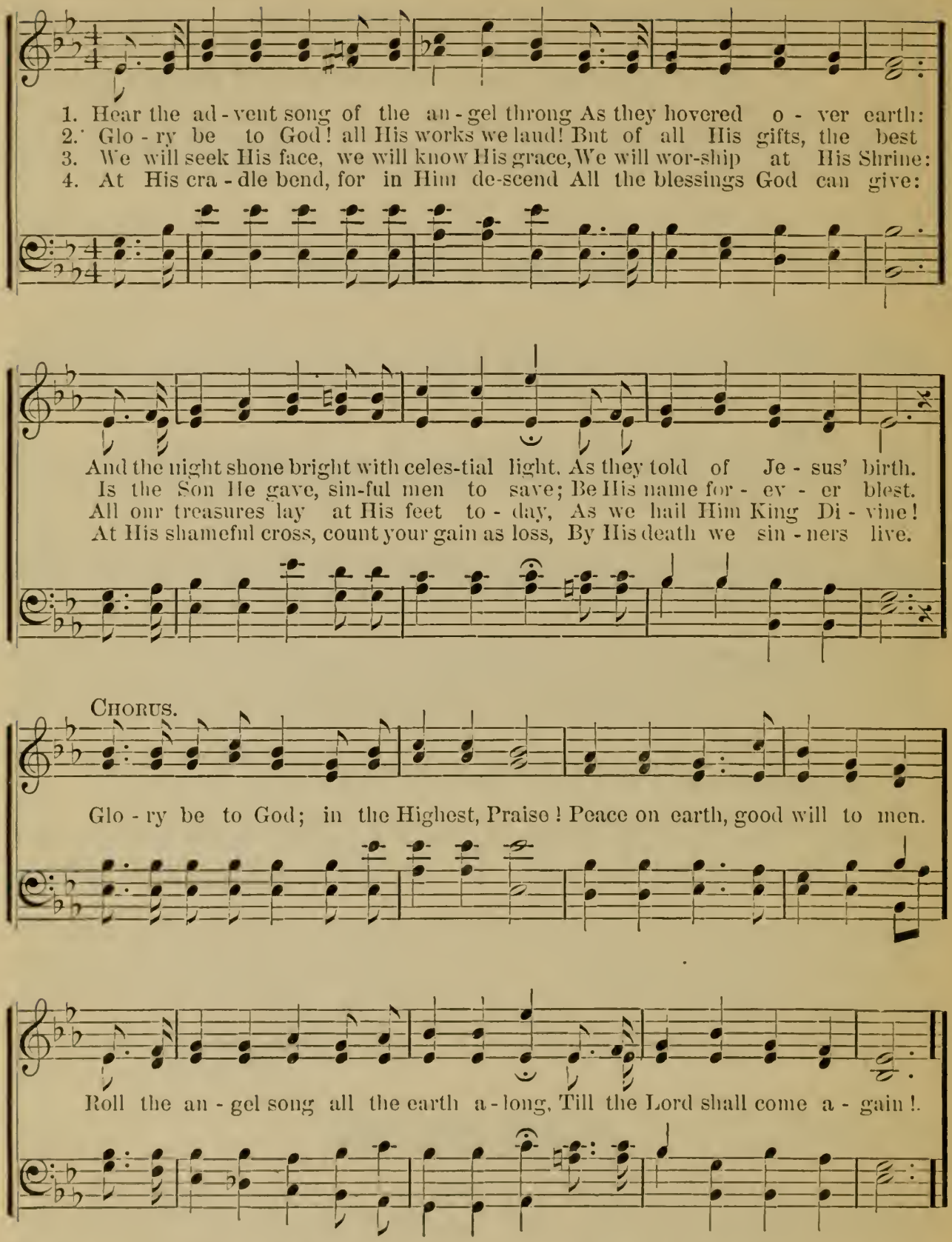
To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love!
All grateful honors pain on earth,
And nobler songs above!

Behold, on flying clouds He comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced Him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.

Thou art the first, and Thou the last;
Time centres all in Thee,
The Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

No. 275. Advent Song.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D. LOUISE SHEPARD.


1. Hear the ad - vent song of the an - gel throng As they hovered o - ver earth:
2. Glo - ry be to God! all His works we laud! But of all His gifts, the best
3. We will seek His face, we will know His grace, We will wor-ship at His Shrine:
4. At His cra - dle bend, for in Him de-scend All the blessings God can give:
And the night shone bright with celes-tial light, As they told of Je - sus' birth.
Is the Son He gave, sin-ful men to save; Be His name for - ev - er blest.
All our treasures lay at His feet to - day, As we hail Him King Di - vine!
At His shameful cross, count your gain as loss, By His death we sin - ners live.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry be to God; in the Highest, Praise! Peace on earth, good will to men.
Roll the an - gel song all the earth a - long, Till the Lord shall come a - gain!

5 Peace on earth shall reign when He comes again,
Lord of Lords, and King of Kings;
Even now God's rest fills the troubled breast,
When the Lord His presence brings.

6 Let the Sons of Light, through the World's dark night,
As the watchers wait the dawn,
Look with eager eyes for the new sunrise
Which shall bring the endless morn!

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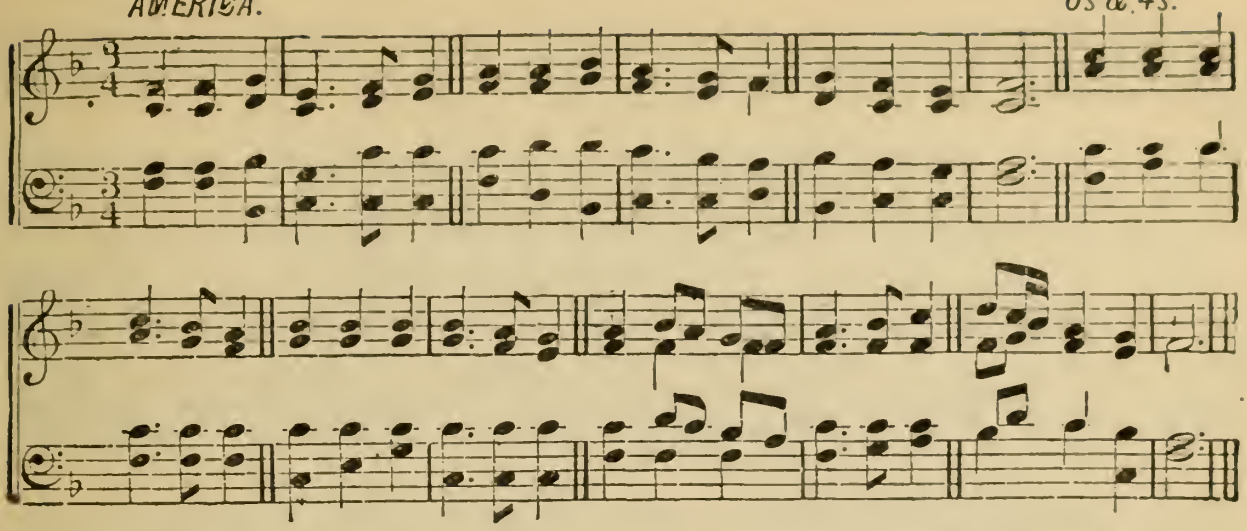
No. 276. God Bless our Native Land.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
  Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do Thou our country save
  By Thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies,
  On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To Thee alone we cry,
  God save the State.

Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King!

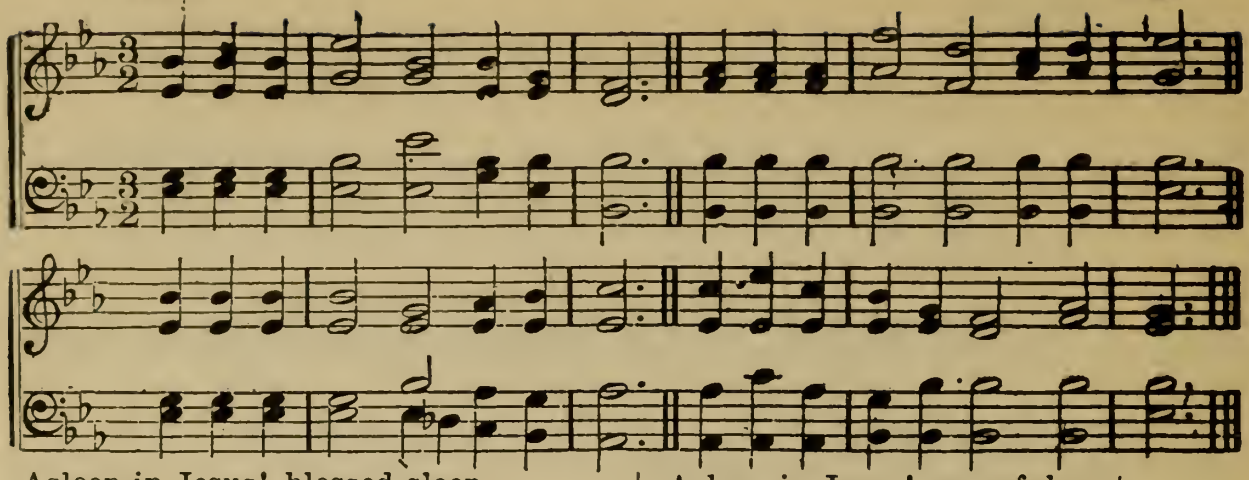
No. 277. Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn- ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,
shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch-ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run. A - men.
evening Steal a-cross the sky.

No. 278. Asleep in Jesus.

REST. L. M.



Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

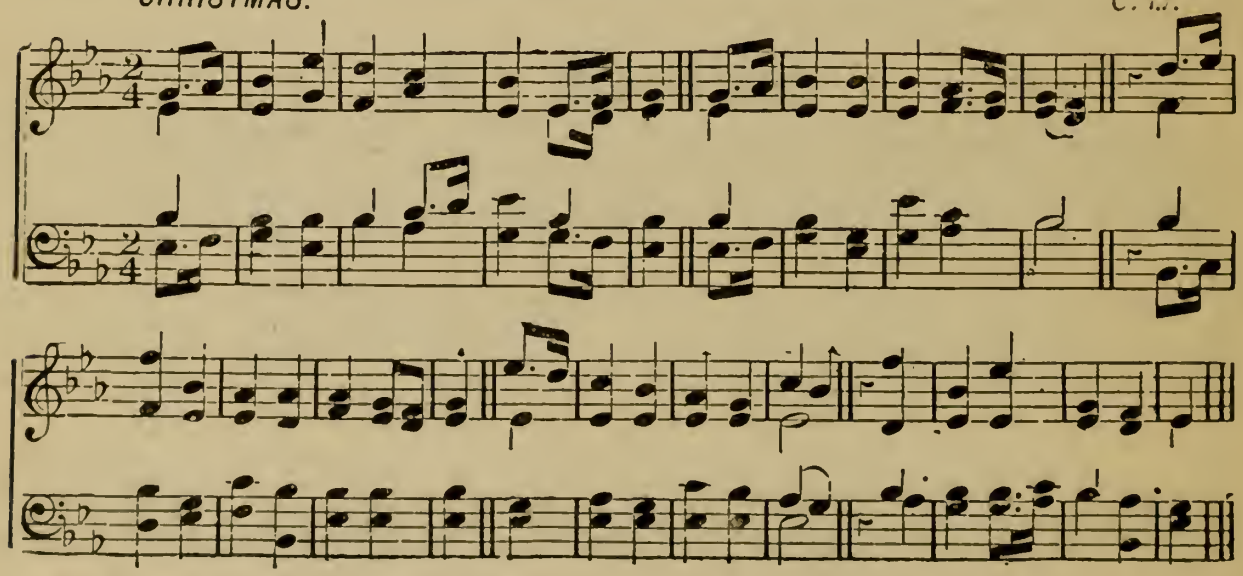
Asleep in Jesus! oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 279 Why Do We Mourn?

CHRISTMAS. C. M.



Why do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

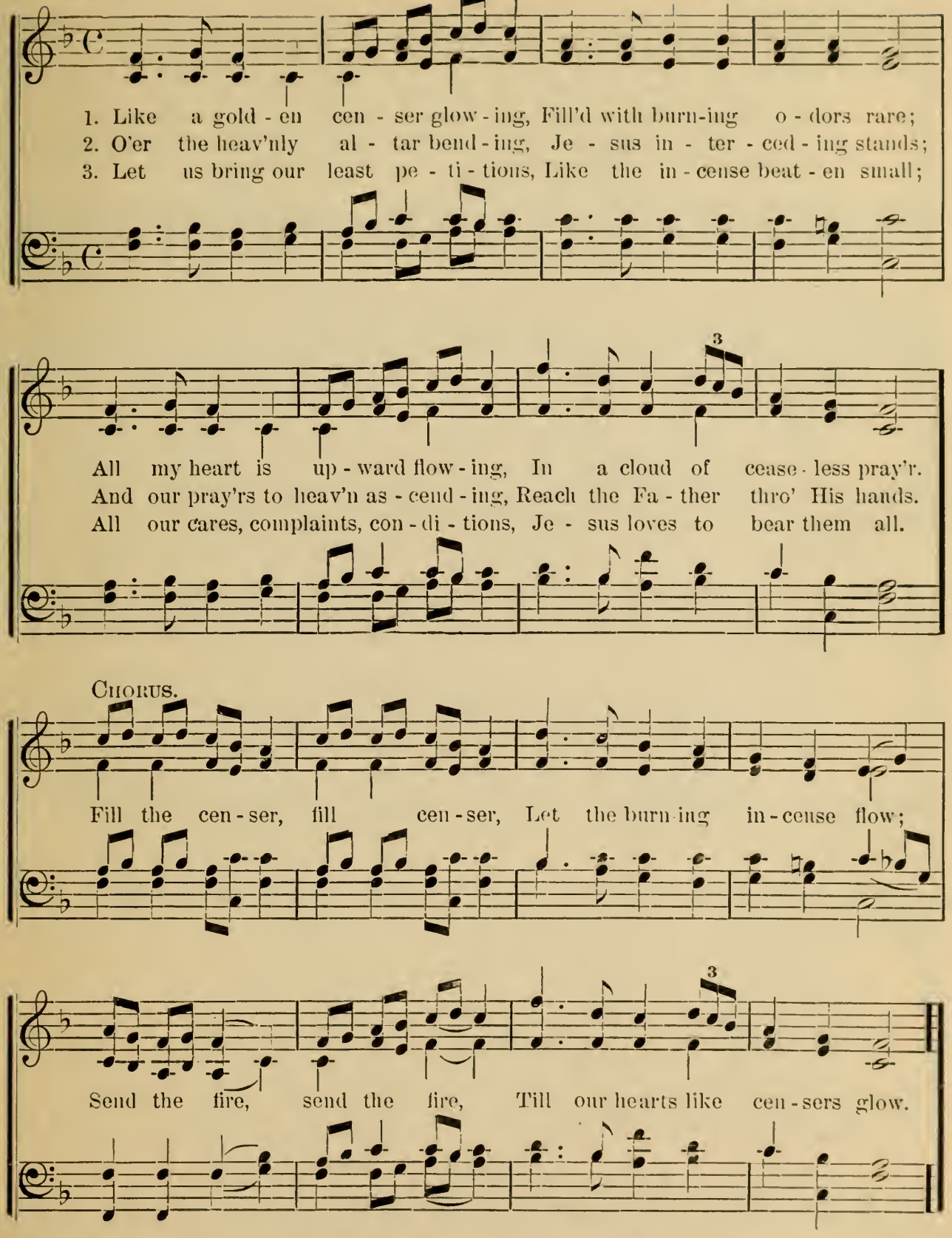
The graves of all the saints He blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?

Thence He arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

No. 280. Fill the Censer.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.


1. Like a gold - en cen - ser glow - ing, Fill'd with burn-ing o - dors rare;
2. O'er the heav'nly al - tar bend - ing, Je - sus in - ter - ced - ing stands;
3. Let us bring our least pe - ti - tions, Like the in - cense beat - en small;
All my heart is up - ward flow - ing, In a cloud of cease - less pray'r.
And our pray'rs to heav'n as - cend - ing, Reach the Fa - ther thro' His hands.
All our cares, complaints, con - di - tions, Je - sus loves to bear them all.
Chorus.
Fill the cen - ser, fill cen - ser, Let the burn - ing in - cense flow;
Send the fire, send the fire, Till our hearts like cen - sers glow.

4 Send the coals of heavenly fire,
From the altar of the skies;
Fill our hearts with strong desire,
Till our pray'rs like incense rise.

5 Sweet as breath of spices burning,
Keep our hearts like incense rare;
All our being heav'nward turning,
In a cloud of ceaseless prayer.

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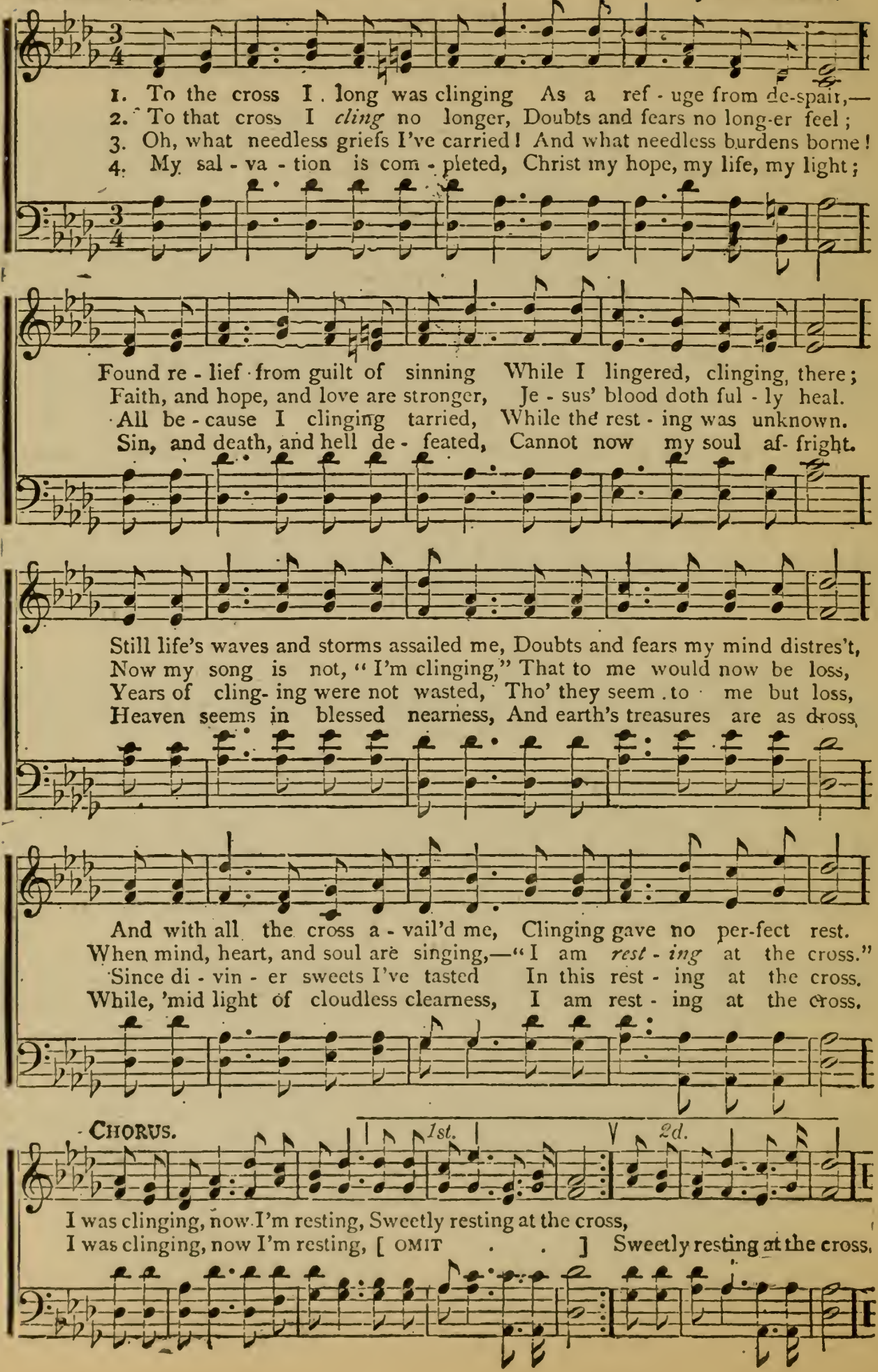
No. 281. Clinging And Resting.

Rev. L. B. Carpenter — Jno. R. Sweney.


1. To the cross I long was clinging As a ref - uge from de-spair,—
2. To that cross I *cling* no longer, Doubts and fears no long-er feel;
3. Oh, what needless griefs I've carried! And what needless burdens borne!
4. My sal - va - tion is com - pleted, Christ my hope, my life, my light;
Found re - lief from guilt of sinning While I lingered, clinging, there;
Faith, and hope, and love are stronger, Je - sus' blood doth ful - ly heal.
All be - cause I clinging tarried, While the rest - ing was unknown.
Sin, and death, and hell de - feated, Cannot now my soul af- fright.
Still life's waves and storms assailed me, Doubts and fears my mind distres't,
Now my song is not, "I'm clinging," That to me would now be loss,
Years of cling- ing were not wasted, Tho' they seem to me but loss,
Heaven seems in blessed nearness, And earth's treasures are as dross.
And with all the cross a - vail'd me, Clinging gave no per-fect rest.
When mind, heart, and soul are singing,—"I am *rest - ing* at the cross."
Since di - vin - er sweets I've tasted In this rest - ing at the cross.
While, 'mid light of cloudless clearness, I am rest - ing at the cross.
Chorus.
1st.
2d.
I was clinging, now I'm resting, Sweetly resting at the cross,
I was clinging, now I'm resting, [OMIT . .] Sweetly resting at the cross.

No. 282. Bring to Jesus.

L. S. LOUISE SHEPARD.

1. Bring to Je - sus all that's sad, Tell Him all your sor - row;
2. Earth - ly love may change and fail, Fond - est ties may sev - er;
3. Set your mind on things a - bove, Earth - ly vis - ions spurn-ing;
He will nev - er turn a - way, Ne'er say come to - mor - row.
Je - sus al - ways is the same, Trust in Him for - ev - er.
Let your hopes be an-chored there, Wait - ing His re - turn - ing.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, I will trust Thee ev - er, Oft I've proved Thee o'er and o'er;
Noth - ing from Thy love can sev - er, Help me, Lord, to trust Thee more.

4 Friends may sometimes tire to hear
All the things that grieve you;
He will always hear your cry,
Succor and relieve you.

5 Cease to seek the help of man,
Cease from all your trying;
Cast your burden on the Lord,
On His love relying.

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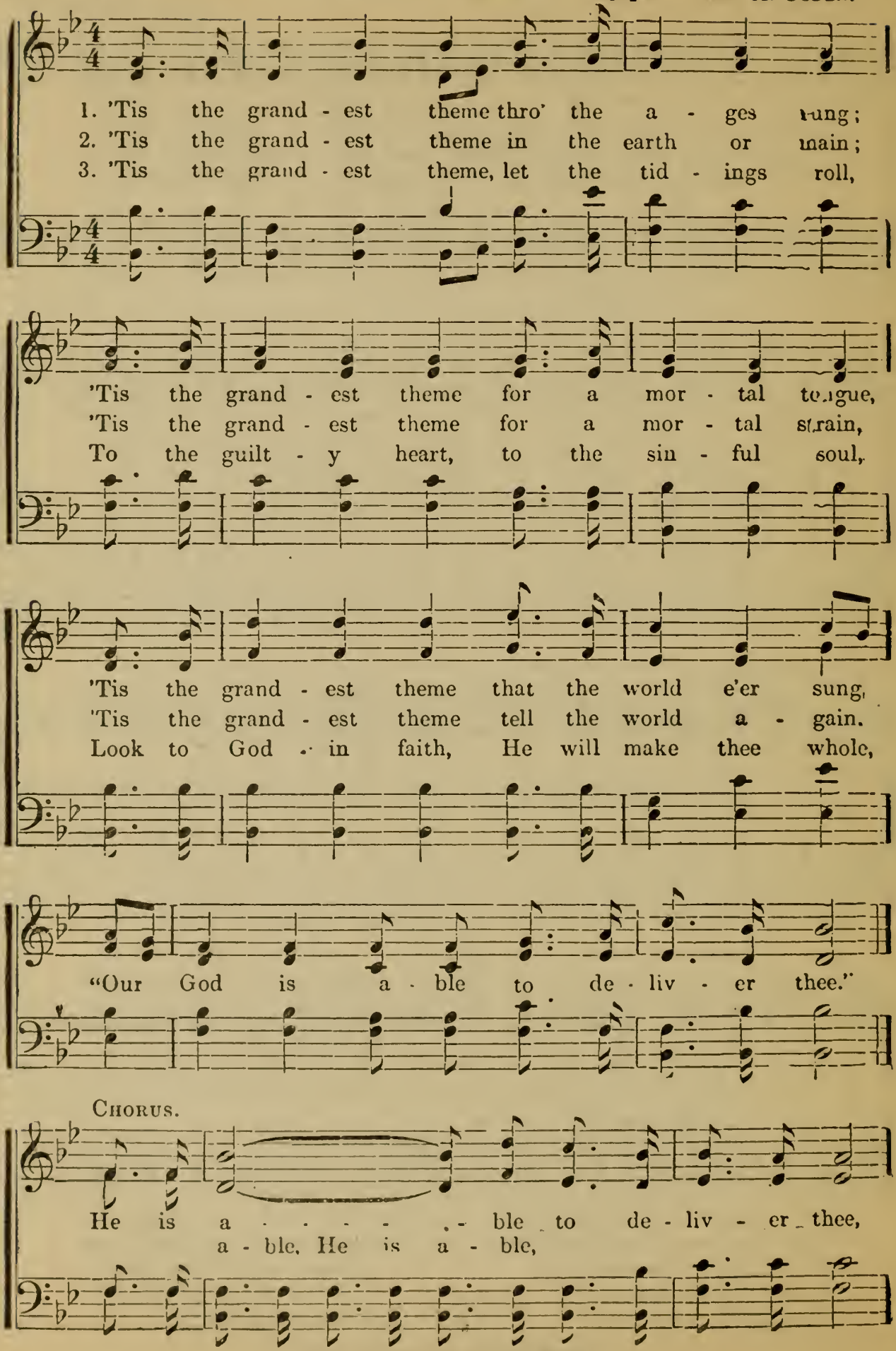
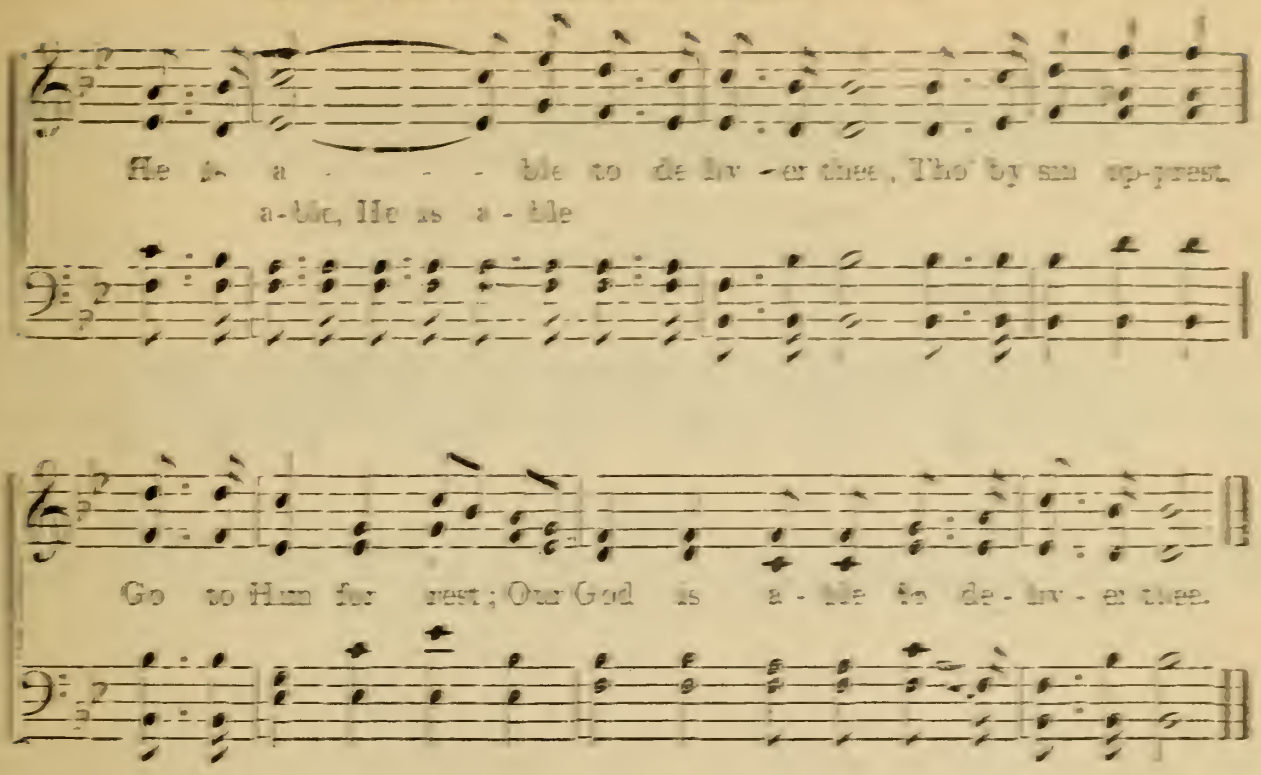
No. 283. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. By per. W. A. Ogden.


1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung;
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main;
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the tid - ings roll,
'Tis the grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue,
'Tis the grand - est theme for a mor - tal strain,
To the guilt - y heart, to the sin - ful soul,
'Tis the grand - est theme that the world e'er sung,
'Tis the grand - est theme tell the world a - gain.
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."
Chorus.
He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,
a - ble, He is a - ble,

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

He is Able to Deliver Thee. Concluded.



No. 284. Behold! O, God.

L. M.

Behold! O God, Thy chosen race,
The stock whence sprang Immanuel
Scattered and peeled, and without place
In all the earth wherein to dwell.

As several branches long they've lain
Their sight obscured by blinding scale,
Yet Thou canst graft them in again,
And from their eyes remove the veil

"Me whom they pierced they shall behold;"
Saviour can this Thy promise fail?
For these long outcasts from Thy fold
Shall not Thy cleansing blood avail?

Daughter of Zion, rise, prepare
Thy long rejected King to hail,
Lift up thy penitential prayer
From Judah's every hill and vale.

Oh, when Thou comest in the clouds,
And all the tribes of earth shall wail,
The sleeping dead cast off their shrouds,
The sun grow dark, the skies turn pale.

No. 285. The God of Harvest.

6s & 4s.

The God of harves praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountain ring;
The plains their tribute bring
The streams rejoice.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With sweet accord:
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 286. Have Faith in God.

M. A. MAY AGNEW.

mf Moderato.
1. If you ev - er feel downheart-ed or dis - couraged, If you
2. Dark - est night will al-ways come be - fore the dawn-ing; Sil - ver
3. God is might - y! He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can
cres.
ever think your work is all in vain, If the burdens thrust upon you make you
linings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your journey He has promised to be
vic-tor be in ev-'ry try-ing hour; Fear and care and sin and sor-row be de -
f
trem-ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vict'ry gain. .....
with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al - lowed.....
- feat - ed By our faith in God's almight-y conquering power. .....
f

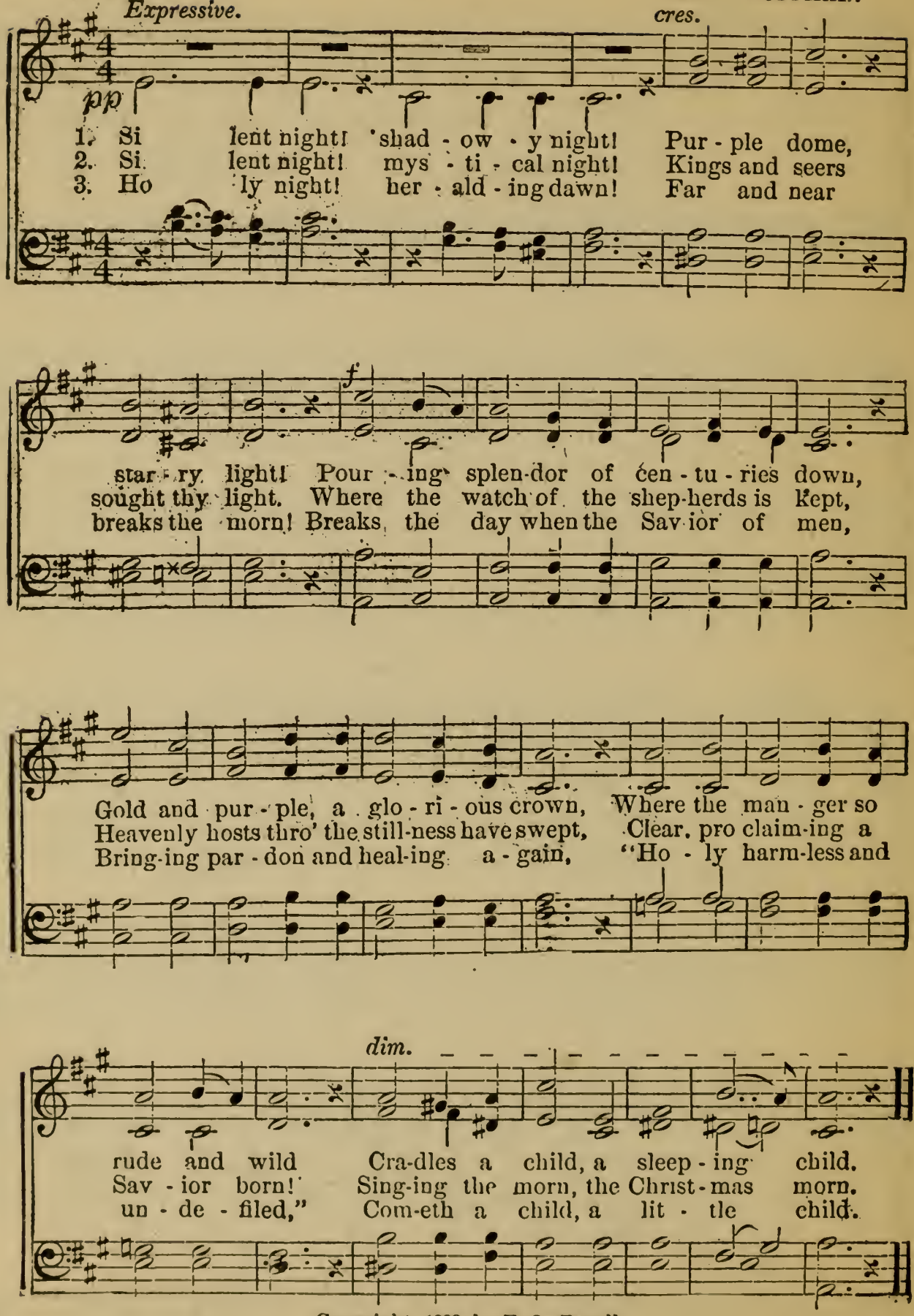
Copyright, 1897, by May Agnew.

Have Faith in God. Concluded.

Chorus.
mf
Have faith in God, ... the sun will shine,..... .... Tho' dark the
Have faith in God, the sun will shine,
clouds ..... may be to - day,..... ..... His heart has
Tho' dark the clouds may be to - day,
cres.
f
dim.
planned ..... your path and mine,..... Have faith in
His heart has planned your path and mine,
God,..... have faith al - way.....
Have faith in God, have faith al - way.

No. 287. Silent Night.

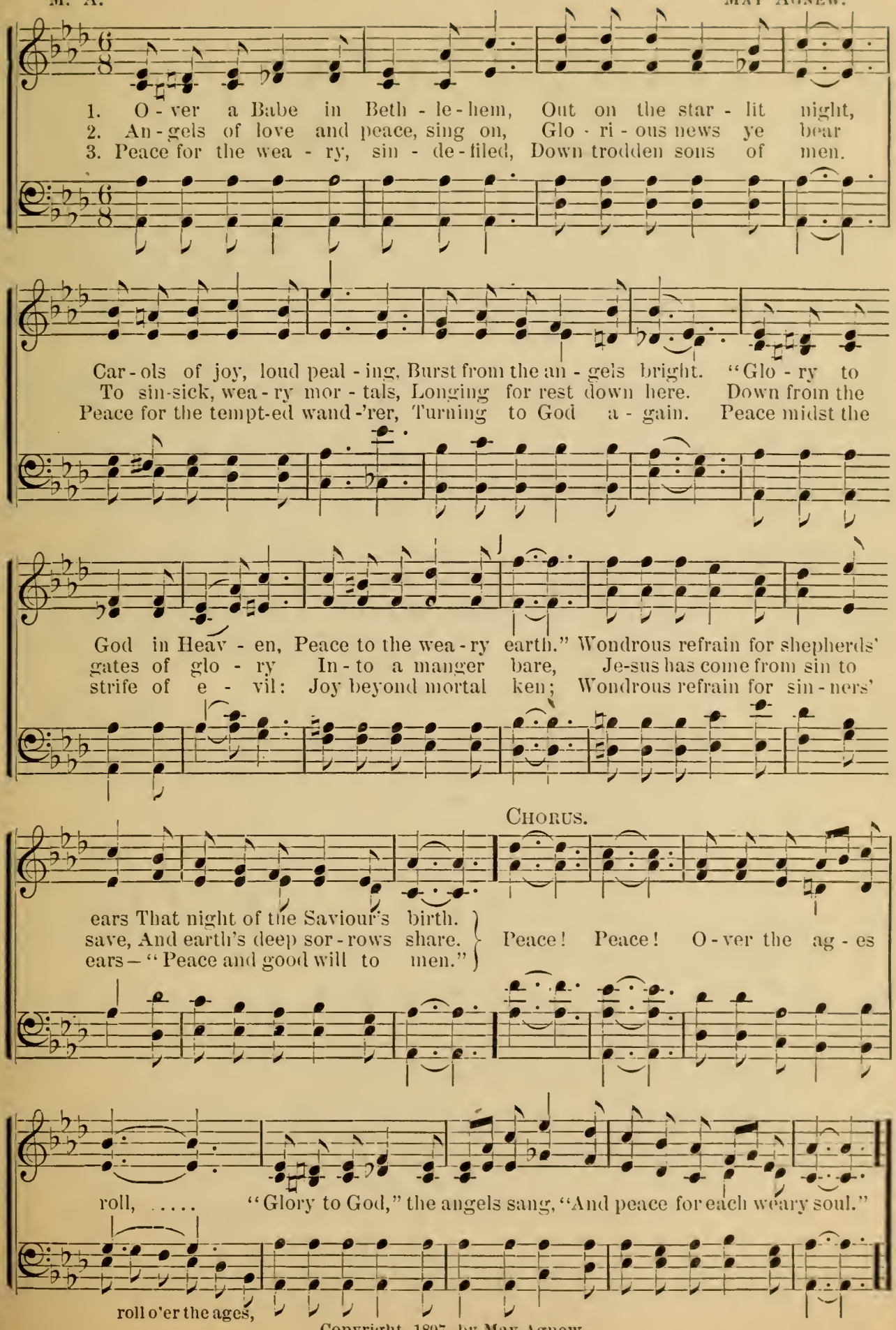
ANON. IRA O. HOFFMAN.


Expressive.
cres.
pp
1. Si lent night! 'shad - ow - y night! Pur - ple dome,
2. Si lent night! mys - ti - cal night! Kings and seers
3. Ho ly night! her - ald - ing dawn! Far and near
f
star - ry light! Pour - ing splen-dor of cen - tu - ries down,
sought thy light. Where the watch of the shep-herds is kept,
breaks the morn! Breaks the day when the Sav-ior of men,
Gold and pur - ple, a glo - ri - ous crown, Where the man - ger so
Heavenly hosts thro' the still-ness have swept, Clear, pro claim-ing a
Bring-ing par - don and heal-ing a - gain, "Ho - ly harm-less and
dim.
rude and wild Cra-dles a child, a sleep - ing child.
Sav - ior born! Sing-ing the morn, the Christ - mas morn.
un - de - filed," Com-eth a child, a lit - tle child.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 288. Over a Babe.

M. A. MAY AGNEW.


1. O - ver a Babe in Beth - le - hem, Out on the star - lit night,
2. An - gels of love and peace, sing on, Glo - ri - ous news ye bear
3. Peace for the wea - ry, sin - de - filed, Down trodden sons of men.
Car - ols of joy, loud peal - ing, Burst from the an - gels bright. "Glo - ry to
To sin-sick, wea - ry mor - tals, Longing for rest down here. Down from the
Peace for the tempt-ed wand-'rer, Turning to God a - gain. Peace midst the
God in Heav - en, Peace to the wea - ry earth." Wondrous refrain for shepherds'
gates of glo - ry In - to a manger bare, Je-sus has come from sin to
strife of e - vil: Joy beyond mortal ken; Wondrous refrain for sin - ners'
CHORUS.
ears That night of the Saviour's birth.
save, And earth's deep sor - rows share.
ears—"Peace and good will to men."
Peace! Peace! O - ver the ag - es
roll, ...
"Glory to God," the angels sang, "And peace for each weary soul."
roll o'er the ages,

Copyright, 1897, by May Agnew.

No. 289. Come Back to God.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. Like some fond fa - ther o'er a lost one yearn-ing, So God is wait - ing
2. Come to the Fa - ther who so long hath sought thee, Come to the Sav - iour
3. Far hast thou wandered in thy sin - ful stray-ing, Long hast thou kept His
for the soul's re turn-ing, O, sin - ful soul, so long His mer - cy spurn ing.
who so dear-ly bought thee, Come from the sin that hath such mis-'ry wrought thee.
patient love de-lay - ing, But still that love is wait-ing, knocking, pray-ing.
Chorus.
He calls to thee, Come back, come back to God.
Yield to His call, Come back, come back to God.
O, sin - ful soul, Come back, come back to God.
Come back to God. come back,
Come back to
Come back to God, ...
God, come back,
Come back to God, come back, Now is the time of lov-ing
back, come back, Come back to God, come back, come back,
wel - come, Now is the day of sal - va - tion; Come back, come back to God.

Copyright, 1897, by A. B. Simpson.

No. 290. Jesus Only.

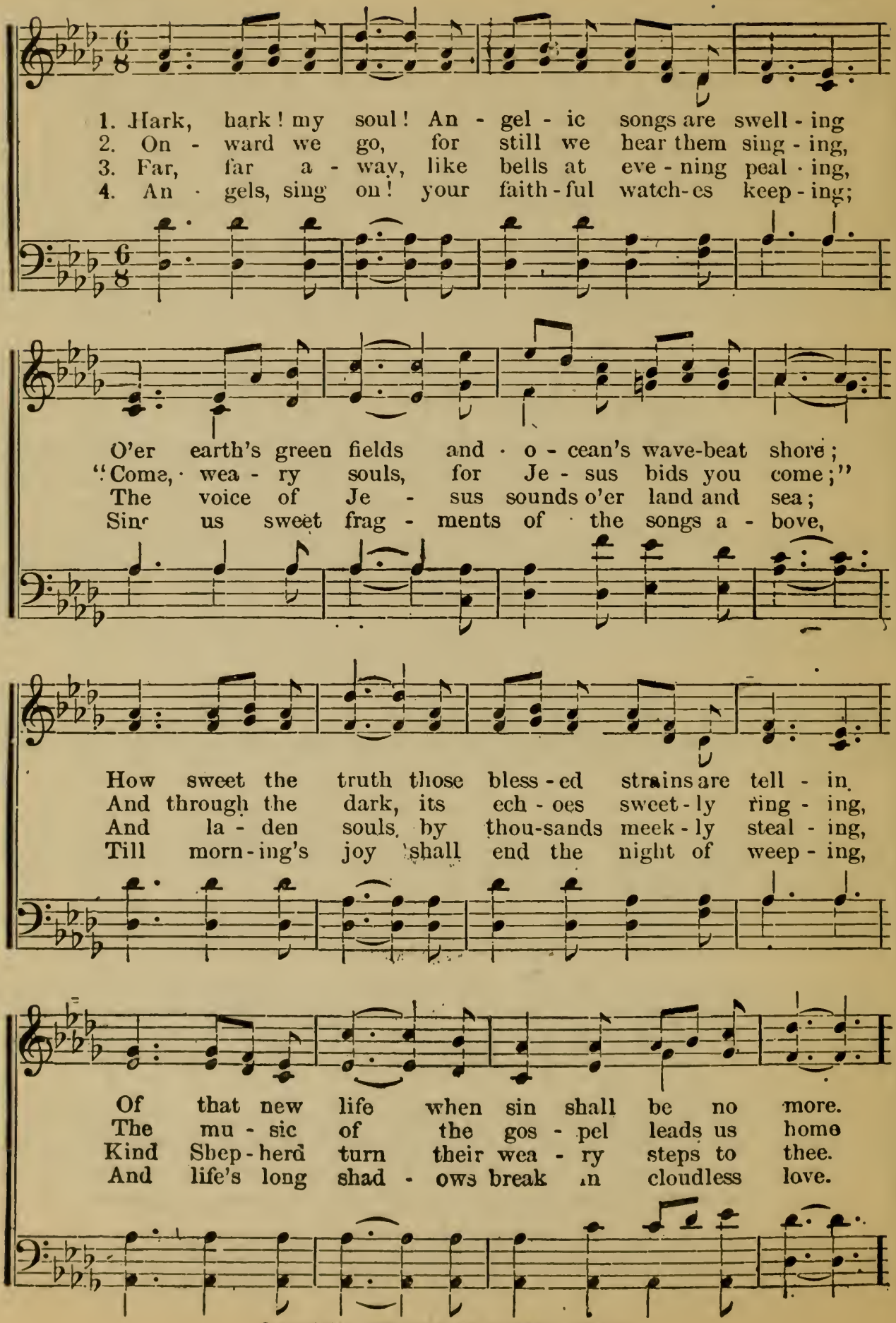
ANON. WARREN COLLINS.

1. "What tho' clouds may hov - er o'er me, And I seem to walk a -
2. "What tho' all my earth - ly jour - ney Bring-eth naught but wea - ry
3. "What tho' all my heart is yearn - ing For the loved of long a -
4. "When I soar to realms of glo - ry, And an en - trance I a -
- lone, Long-ing 'mid my cares and cross-es For the joys which now are
hours, And in grasp - ing for life's ros - es, Thorns I find in-stead of
- go; Bit - ter les - sons sad - ly learn ing From the shad-owy page of
- wait; If I whis - per, 'Je - sus on - ly,' Wide will ope' the pearl - y
flown. If I've Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, Then my sky will have a
flow'rs; If I've Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, I pos sess a clus - ter
woe; If I've Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, He'll go with me to the
gates; When I join the heav'n - ly cho - rus, And the an - gel hosts I
moderato.
Gem; He's a Sun of bright-est splen-dor, And the Star of Beth-le-hem.
rare— He's the 'Li - ly of the Val - ley,' And the 'Rose of Shar-on' fair.
end, And, un-seen by mor - tal vis - ion, An - gel bands will o'er me bend.
see, Pre - cious Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly! Will my theme of rap-ture be."

Copyright, 1897, by Warren Collins.

No. 291. Hark, Hark! My Soul.

F. W. Faber. J. H. Burke.


1. Hark, hark! my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing,
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing,
4. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing;
O'er earth's green fields and - o - cean's wave-beat shore;
"Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"
The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;
Sing us sweet frag - ments of the songs a - bove,
How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - in
And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
And la - den souls, by thou-sands meek - ly steal - ing,
Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home
Kind Shep - herd turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
And life's long shad - ows break in cloudless love.

Copyright, 1895, by J. H. Burke. By per.

Hark, Hark! My Soul. Concluded.

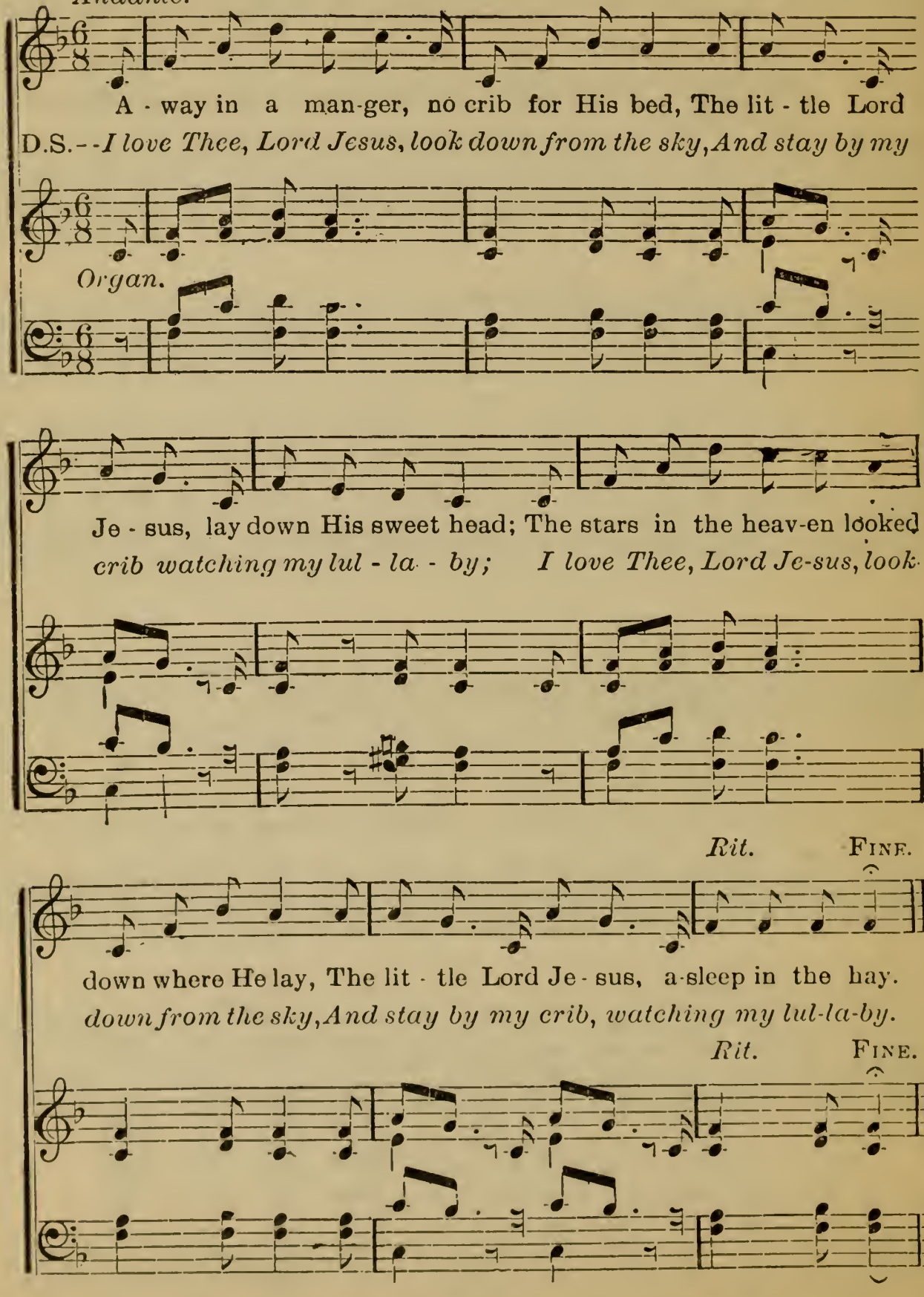
CHORUS.

An - - gels of Je - - sus, An - - gels of
An-gels of Je-sus and an-gels of light! yes, an-gels of Je-sus and
light!..... sing - ing to wel - - come the
an-gels of light! Sing-ing to welcome, yes, sing-ing to welcome the
pil-grims of the night..... Sing - - ing to
pil-grims of the night, of the night, Sing-ing to wel-come, yes,
wel - - - come the pil-grims of the night.
sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

No. 292. Luthers Cradle Hymn.

Dr. MARTIN LUTHER. Mrs. AMANDA S. BARLOW.

Andante.


A - way in a man-ger, no crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
D.S.--*I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky, And stay by my*
Organ.
Je - sus, lay down His sweet head; The stars in the heav-en looked
crib watching my lul - la - by; I love Thee, Lord Je-sus, look
Rit.
FINE.
down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a-sleep in the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my crib, watching my lul-la-by.
Rit.
FINE.

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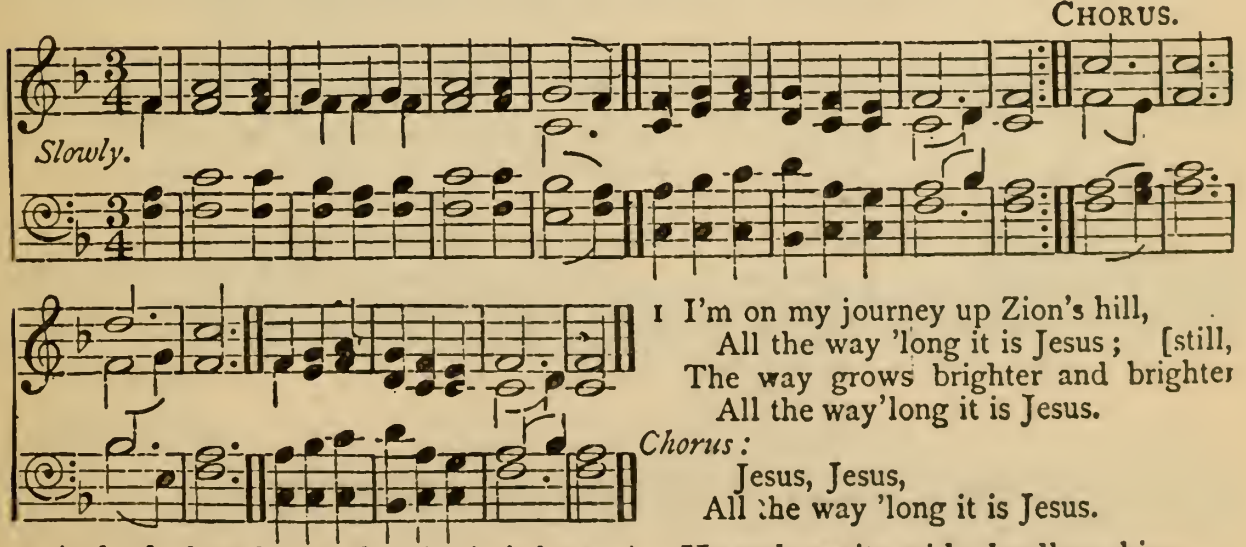
Luther's Cradle Hymn. Concluded.

No. 293 All the way Long it is Jesus.



1 I'm on my journey up Zion's hill,
All the way 'long it is Jesus; [still,
The way grows brighter and brighter
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

Chorus:
Jesus, Jesus,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

2 And, oh, how happy the pilgrim's lot!
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
He has a comfort the world has not,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

3 Let storm-clouds gather and troubles rise,
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
He seeks a city with cloudless skies,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

4 At home the pilgrims together will sing,
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
We'll make the heavenly mansions ring,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

No. 294. Jesus Saves.

E. A. H. By per., Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

DUET. ALL.

1. Flash the news o'er land and ocean, Je-sus saves! Je - sus
2. Bear the news to ev - 'ry na-tion, Je-sus saves! Je - sus
3. Her - ald forth the Gos - pel teaching, Je-sus saves! Je - sus
4. Waft it on in tones un-ceas-ing, Je-sus saves! Je - sus

Je - sus saves!

DUET. ALL.

saves! To the na - - tions in com-mo-tion, Je - sus
saves! News of free..... and full sal - va-tion, Je - sus
saves! Thro' the earth-..... the ti-dings preaching, Je - sus
saves! In a tide..... ... of pow'r increasing, Je - sus

Je - sus saves!

saves! Je - sus saves! To each val - - ley, o'er each
saves! Je - sus saves! Tell the lands..... in darkness
saves! Je - sus saves! Gifts of love..... and gold out-
saves! Je - sus saves! Much of good..... we may be

Je - sus saves! Je-sus saves! To each val-ley, each val-ley
Tell the lands, tell the lands,
Gifts of love, gifts of love
Much of good, much of good

riv-er, Tell it on,..... and on for-ev - er, There is One.....
ly - ing, Tell the lost,..... and tell the dy-ing, Who to God.....
pouring, Heaven's help..... and grace imploring, Par - a - dise.....
doing, While our way..... to heav'n pur-su-ing, Hope and faith.....

tell it on
tell the lost
Heaven's help
While our way

There is One
Who to God
Par - a-dise
Hope and faith

who can de-liv - er, Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! He saves.
for help are cry - ing, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
to earth re-stor - ing, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
in hearts re-new-ing. Je - sus saves' (Je-sus saves) Je - sus saves! He saves.

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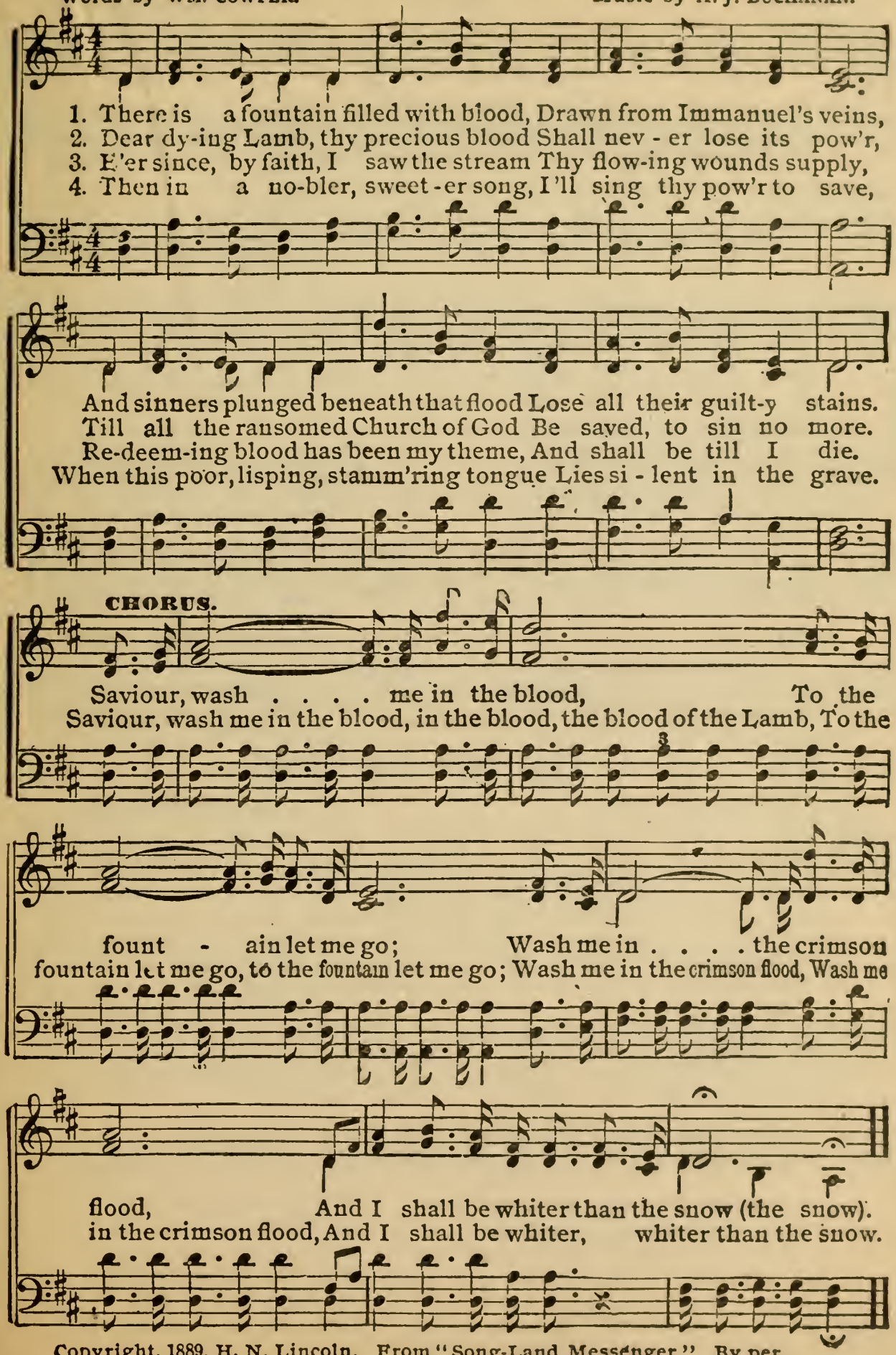
No. 295. The Fountain.

Words by Wm. Cowper. Music by A. J. Buchanan.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds supply,
4. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing blood has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.
CHORUS.
Saviour, wash . . . . me in the blood, To the
Saviour, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, To the
fount - ain let me go; Wash me in . . . . the crimson
fountain let me go, to the fountain let me go; Wash me in the crimson flood, Wash me
flood, And I shall be whiter than the snow (the snow).
in the crimson flood, And I shall be whiter, whiter than the snow.

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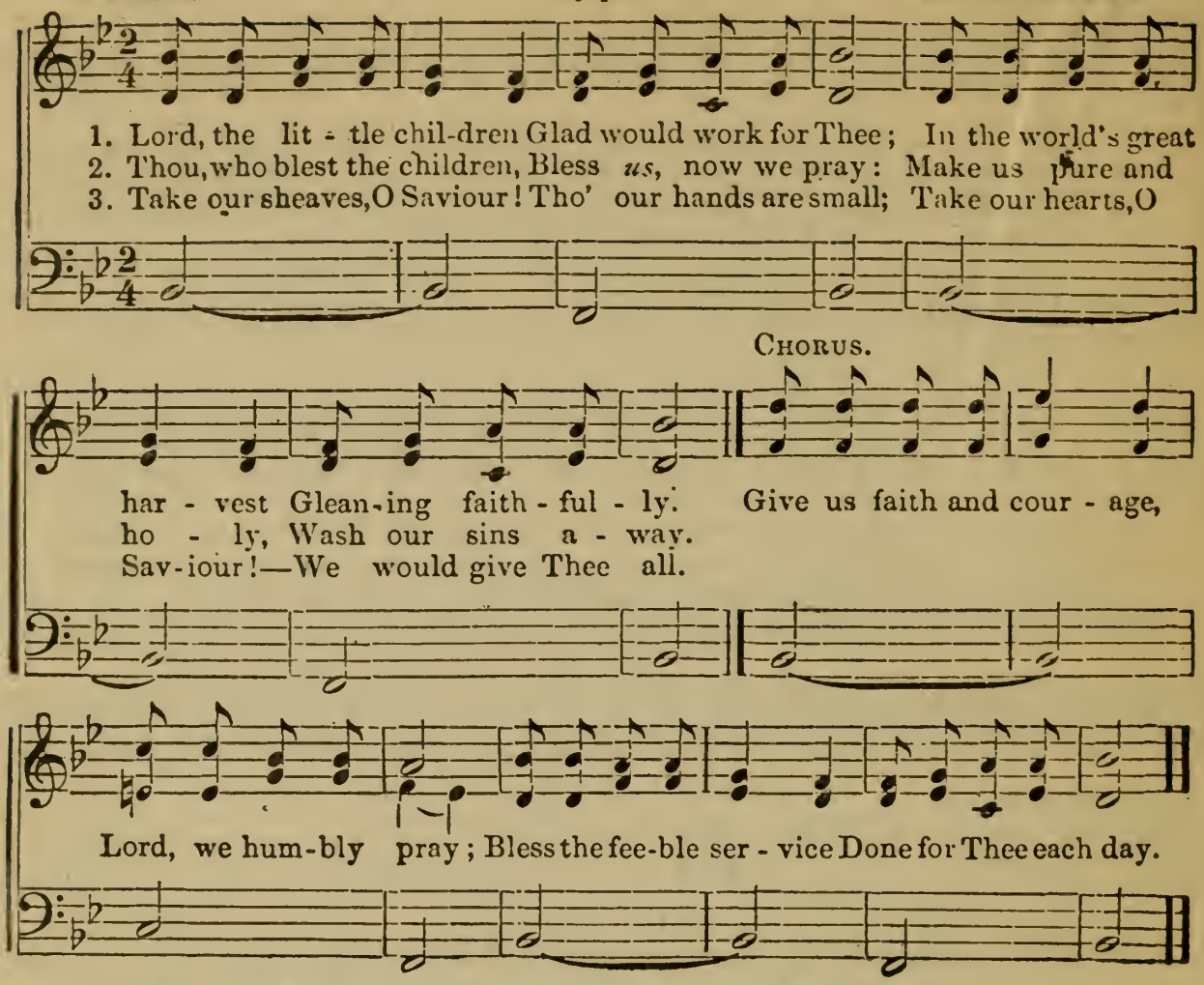
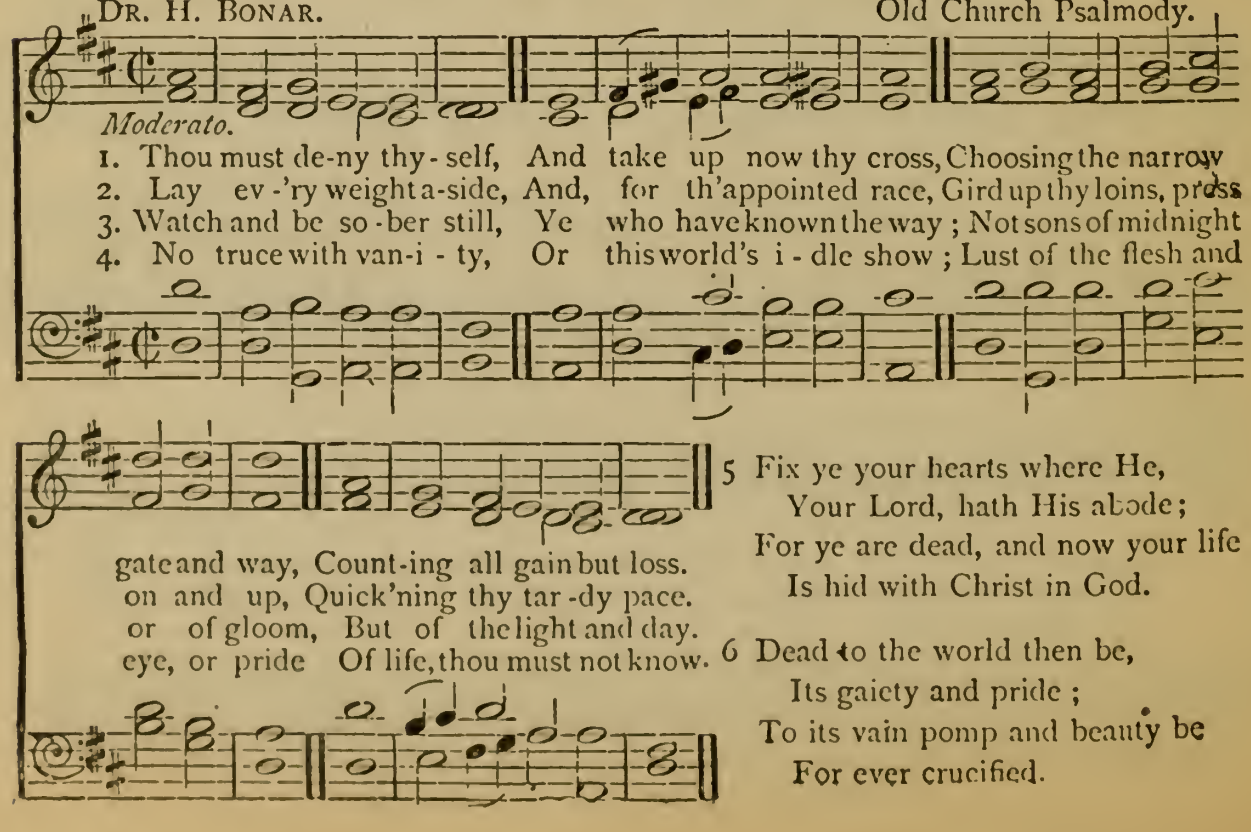
No. 296 Childrens' Missionary Hymn.

E. M. C. By per. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. Lord, the lit - tle chil-dren Glad would work for Thee; In the world's great
2. Thou, who blest the children, Bless *us*, now we pray: Make us pure and
3. Take our sheaves, O Saviour! Tho' our hands are small; Take our hearts, O
Chorus.
har - vest Glean-ing faith - ful - ly. Give us faith and cour - age,
ho - ly, Wash our sins a - way.
Sav-iour!—We would give Thee all.
Lord, we hum-bly pray; Bless the fee-ble ser - vice Done for Thee each day.

No. 297. Thou must Deny Thyself.

DR. H. BONAR. Old Church Psalmody.

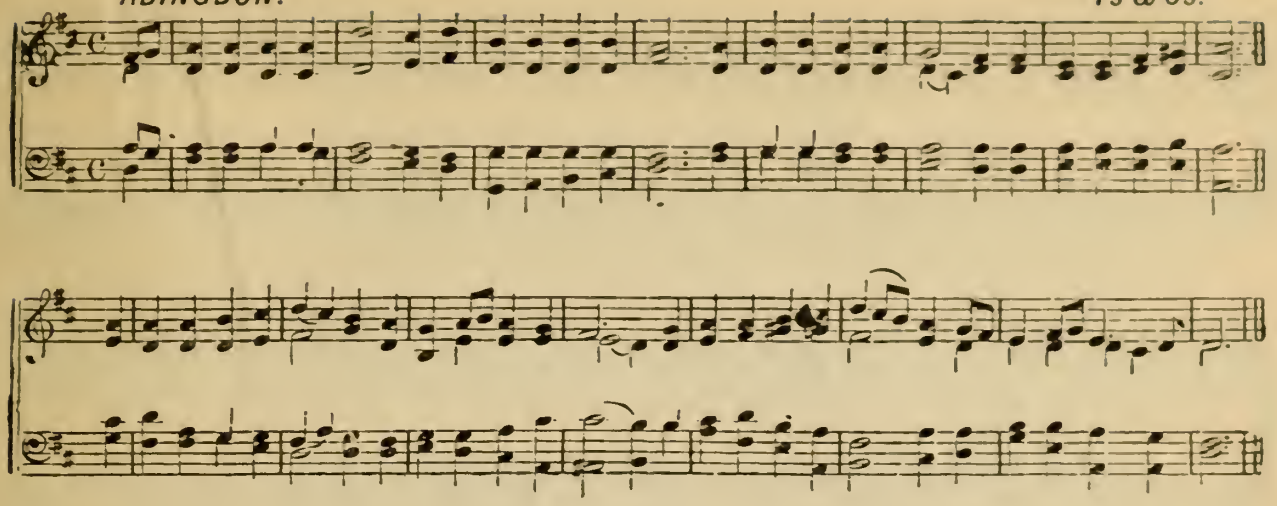

Moderato.
1. Thou must de-ny thy - self, And take up now thy cross, Choosing the narrow
2. Lay ev -'ry weight a-side, And, for th'appointed race, Gird up thy loins, press
3. Watch and be so - ber still, Ye who have known the way; Not sons of midnight
4. No truce with van-i - ty, Or this world's i - dle show; Lust of the flesh and
gate and way, Count-ing all gain but loss.
on and up, Quick'ning thy tar - dy pace.
or of gloom, But of the light and day.
eye, or pride Of life, thou must not know.

5 Fix ye your hearts where He,
Your Lord, hath His abode;
For ye are dead, and now your life
Is hid with Christ in God.

6 Dead to the world then be,
Its gaiety and pride;
To its vain pomp and beauty be
For ever crucified.

No. 298. Rejoice, Rejoice.

ABINGDON. 7s & 6s.



Rejoice, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he will draw nigh;
Up! pray and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh
With hallelujahs clear;
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up! ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow s no more;
Around the throne of glory.
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold.

Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for!
O'er this benighted sphere;
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord !to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee.

No. 299. Hark, Ten Thousand.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen.

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love Divine. *Ref.*

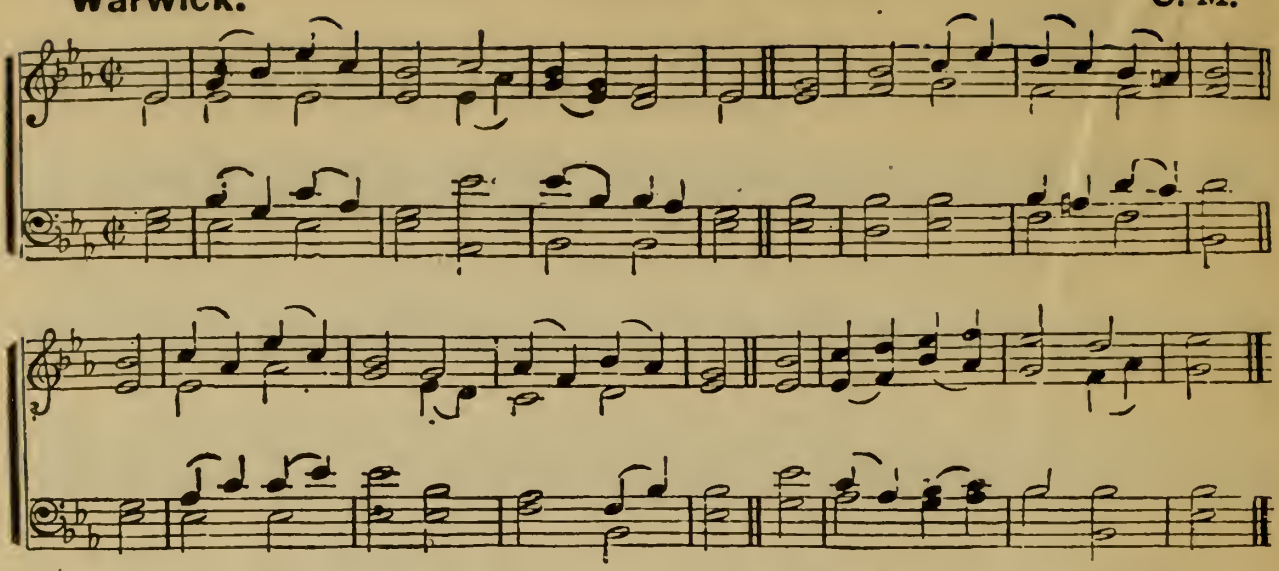
King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face. *Ref.*

Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
Glory, glory to our King. *Ref.*

THOMAS KELLY, A.B., 1804.

No. 300. As Helpless as a Child.

Warwick. C. M.



As helpless as a child who clings
  Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
  That keeps him safe from harm;

So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
  And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
  To Thine almighty power.

As trustful as a child who looks
  Up in his mother's face.
And all his little griefs and fears
  Forgets in her embrace.

So I, to Thee, my Saviour look,
  And in Thy face Divine,
Can read the love that will sustain
  As weak a faith as mine.

As loving as a child who sits
  Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have
  That sweet society;

So sitting at Thy feet, my heart
  Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
  To love Thee more and more.

J. D. Burns.

No. 301. The Ark of God,

Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
  On restless wing to roam;
All the world wide, to either pole,
  Has not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God,
  Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
  And rove, my soul, no more.

There, safe thou shalt abide,
  There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
  With full salvation blessed.

And when the waves of ire
  Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire;
  Then rest on Zion's hill.

William Augustus Muhlenberg, ab.

No. 302. His Peace.

I hear the words of love,
  I gaze upon the blood:
I see the mighty sacrifice,
  And I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace,
  Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
  For evermore the same.

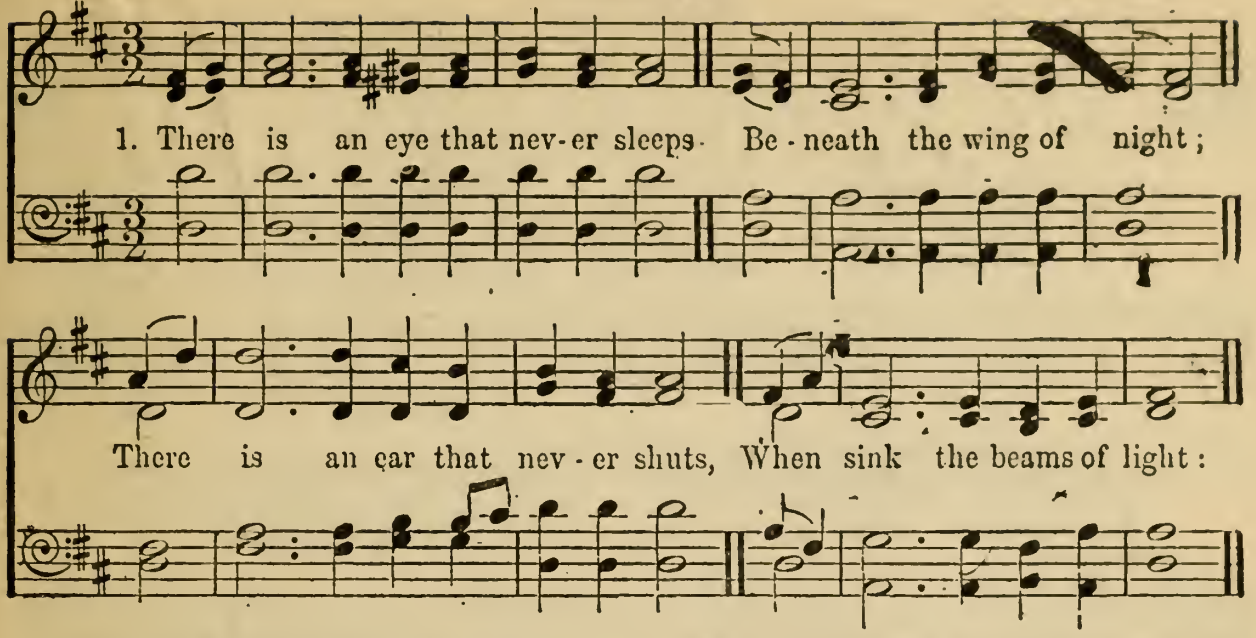
The clouds may go and come,
  And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
  The cross is ever nigh.

I change, He changes not,
  The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting place,
  His truth, not mine, the tie.

H. Bonar.

No. 303. There is an Eye.

WALLACE. (COOLING. C.M.) A. J. ABBEY.



There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand, which moves the world
To bring salvation down.

No. 304. Thy Sheltering wing.

Father, beneath Thy sheltering wing,
In sweet security I rest;
And fear no evil earth can bring;
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good whose tidal flow
The motion of Thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Love Divine that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win;
And naught is ill, nor brings me loss,
Nor works me harm, save only sin!

Redeemed from sin I ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide;
The grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant me all I need beside.

No. 305. Through All The Changing Scenes.

Thro' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

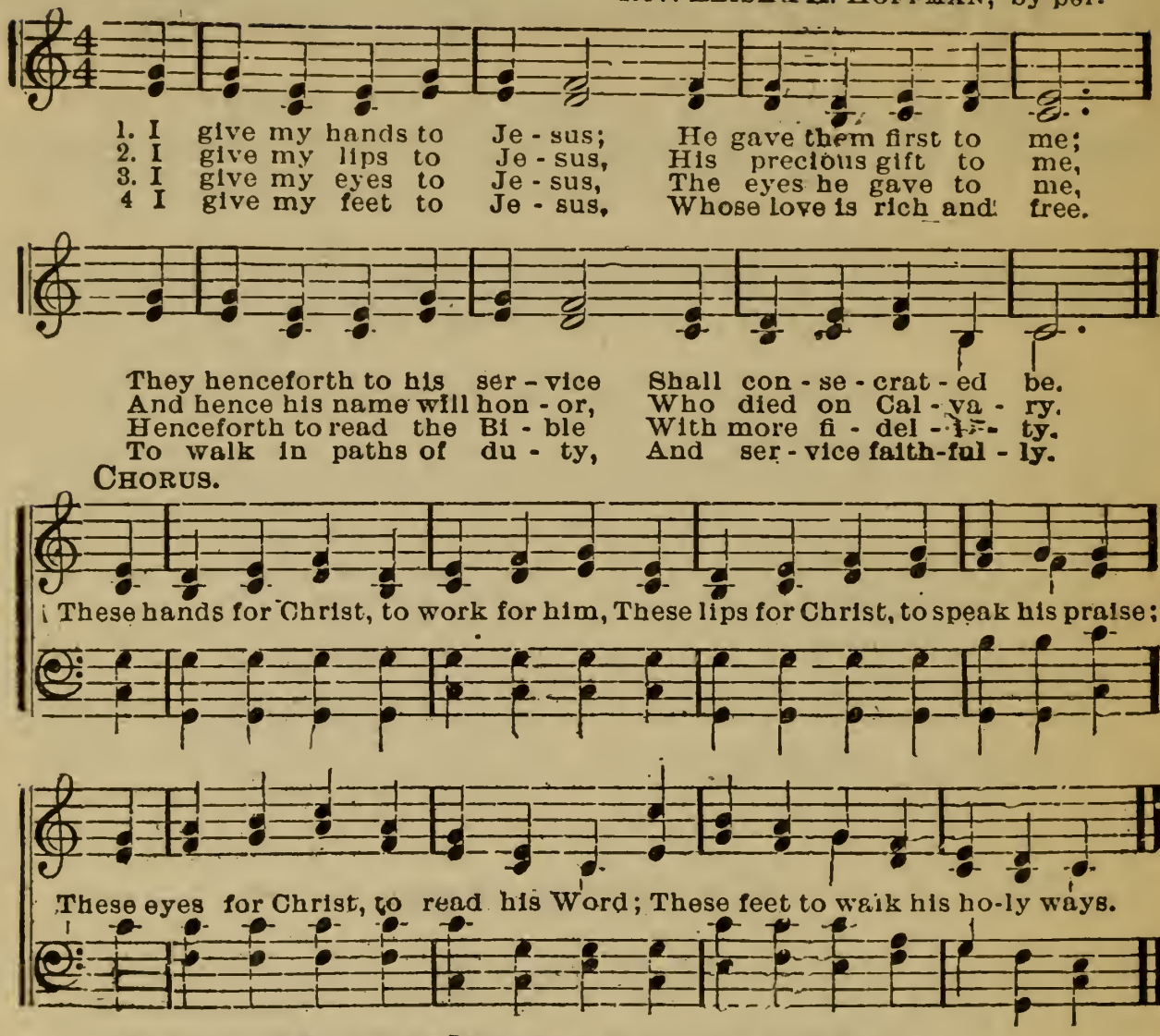
The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

Oh, make but trial of His love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight;
He'll make your wants His care.

No. 306. I Give myself to Jesus.

E. A. H. MOTION-SONG. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.


1. I give my hands to Je - sus; He gave them first to me;
2. I give my lips to Je - sus, His precious gift to me,
3. I give my eyes to Je - sus, The eyes he gave to me,
4 I give my feet to Je - sus, Whose love is rich and free.
They henceforth to his ser - vice Shall con - se - crat - ed be.
And hence his name will hon - or, Who died on Cal - va - ry.
Henceforth to read the Bi - ble With more fi - del - i - ty.
To walk in paths of du - ty, And ser - vice faith-ful - ly.
CHORUS.
These hands for Christ, to work for him, These lips for Christ, to speak his praise;
These eyes for Christ, to read his Word; These feet to walk his ho-ly ways.

Copyright, 1895, by THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO., Cleveland.

No. 307. Hark The Song.

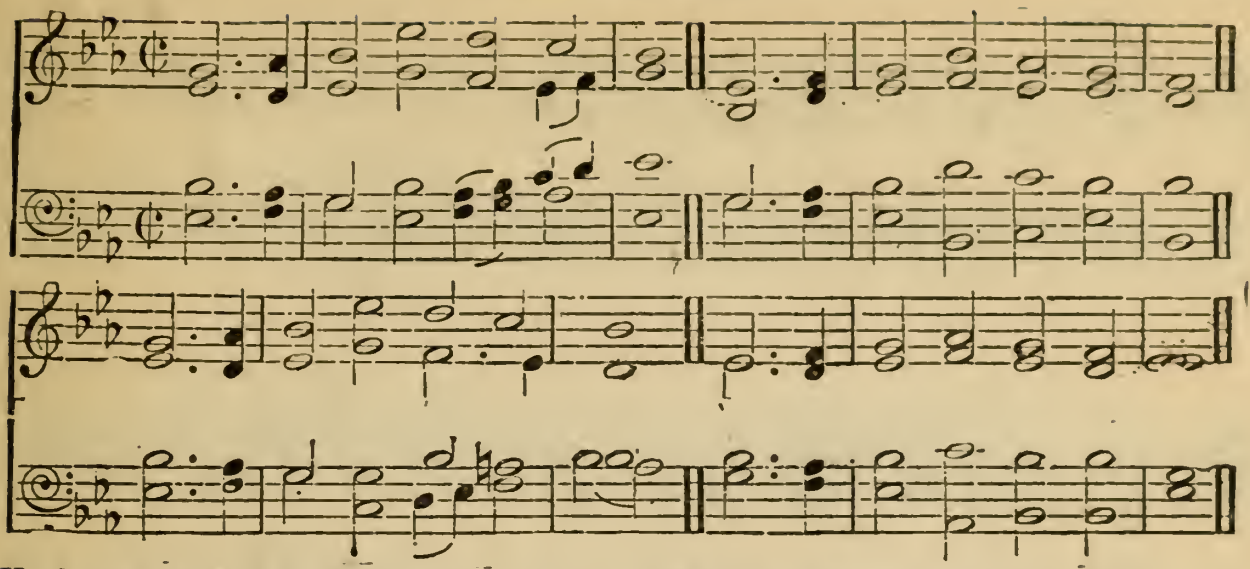
8, 7s.

Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as the mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fullness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword, He speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

"He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end: beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all."

No. 308. Hark my Soul. 7s.



Hark my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word:
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee;
"Say poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

Lord it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore:
Oh, for grace to love thee more.

No. 309. Wake the Song. 7s.

Wake the song of jubilee;
Let it echo oer the sea:
Now is come the promised hour,
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

All ye nations, join and sing,
Prase your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
" Jesus reigns for evermore."

Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice:
Joy the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

Wake the song of jubilee;
Let it echo oer the sea:
Now is come the promised hour,
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

LEONARD BACON.

No. 310. Faint Not. 7s.

Faint not, Christian though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ the Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

Faint not Christian! Jesus near,
Soon in glory shall appear;
And His love will then bestow
Power to conquer every foe.

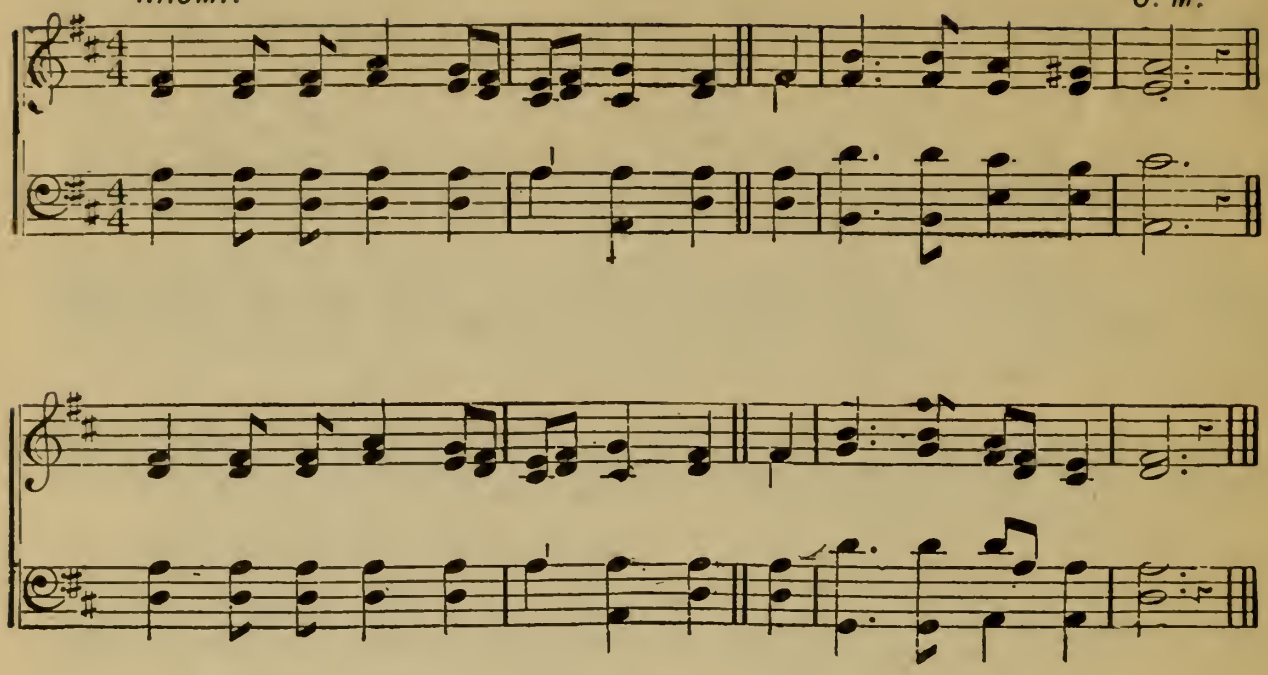
Faint not Christian! though the world
Hath its hostile flag unfurled:
Hold the cross of Jesus fast;
Thou shalt overcome at last.

Faint not Christian! look on high;
See the harpers in the sky:
Patient wait, and thou wilt join—
Chant with them of love divine.

JAMES H. EVANS, 1833.

No.311. We Bless Thee For Thy Peace

NAOMI. C. M.



We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;

That peace which suffers and is strong
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;

That peace which flows serene and deep
A river in the soul
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

No. 312. There Is A Safe And Secret Place.

There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace,
Oh! be that refuge mine.

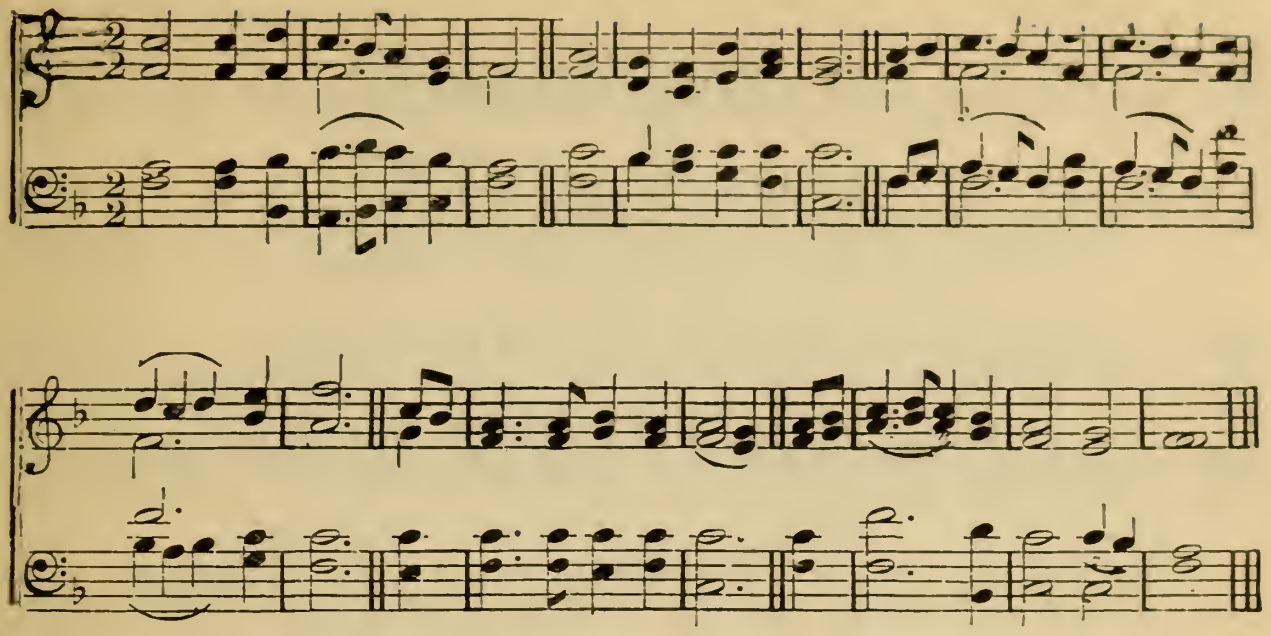
The least, the feeblest there may hide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate but cannot harm.

He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine,
O child of God, O Glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine.

H. T. LYTE

No. 313. O Lord, our God.



O Lord our God! arise
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

Thou Prince of life! aris,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
Expand thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

All on the earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing, [ven,
From shore to shore from earth to hea-
Let echoing anthems ring.

No. 314. With Thee.

With Thee, my Lord, my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

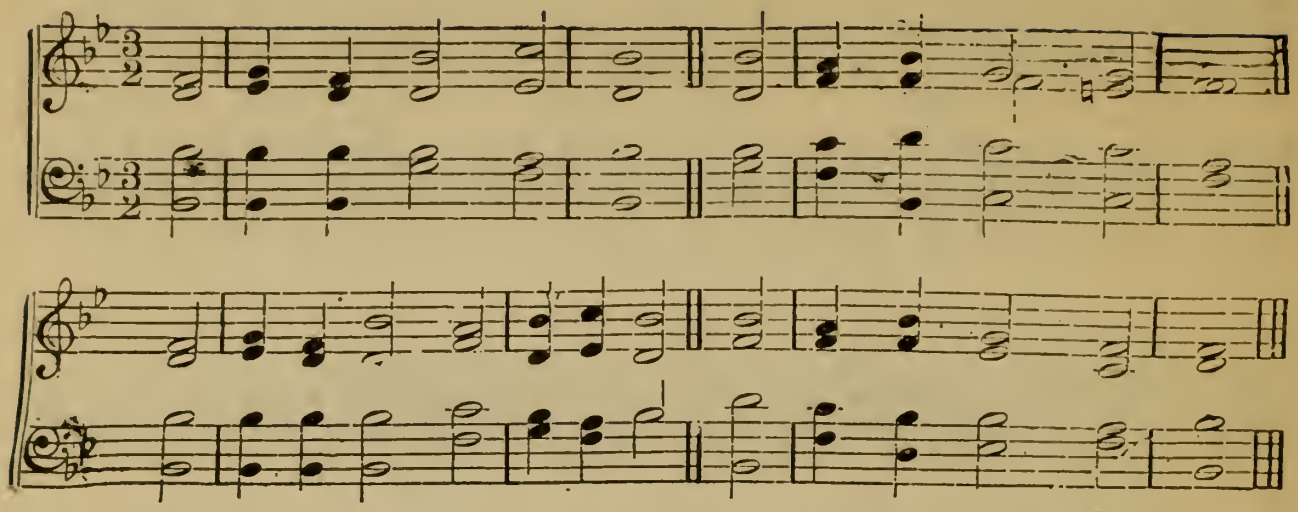
With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find.

With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

J. D. Burns.

No. 315. Not all the Blood of Beasts.



Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear hand of thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 316. As Jesus Died and Rose.

As Jesus died and rose again
Victorious from the dead;
So His disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.

The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundation shake.

The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.

Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

No. 317. Cease ye Mourners.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.

Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In His glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

Endless pleasure pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

Now, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

No. 318. Hear what God Hath Spoken.

Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:
O, My people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow,
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.

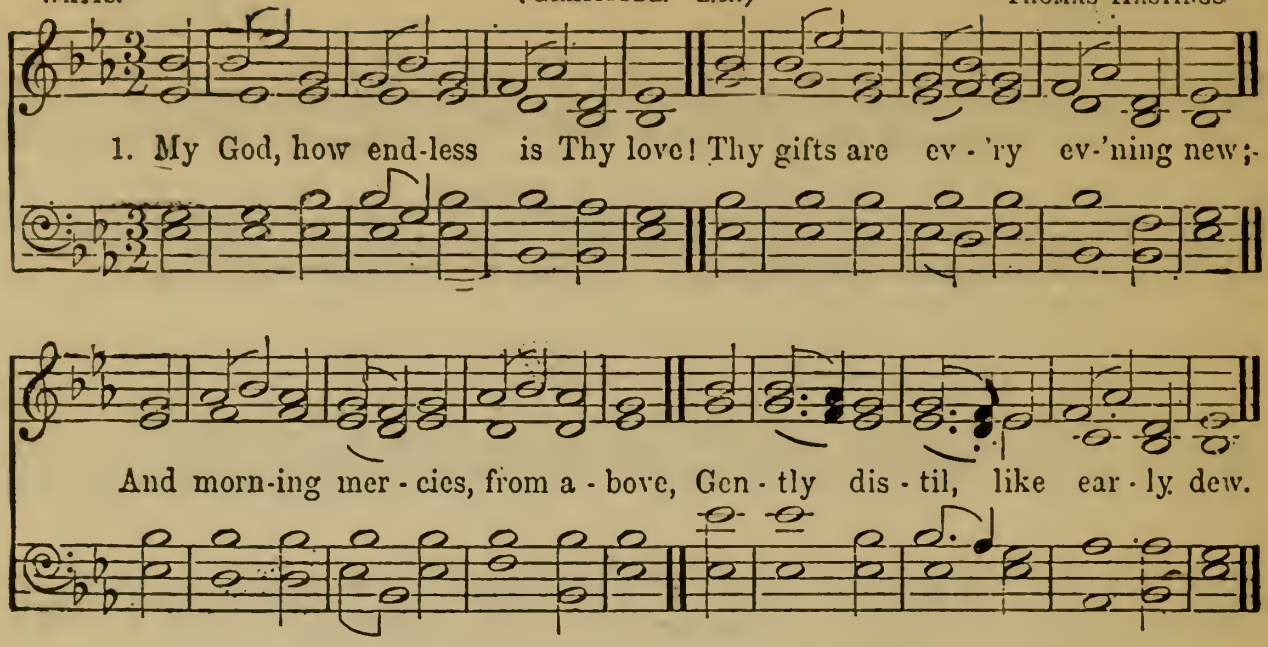
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war agair

Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons, no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

No. 319. My God, How Endless.

WATTS. (GRATITUDE. L.M.) THOMAS HASTINGS.



Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

No. 320. God is the Refuge.

God is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of dark distress invade:
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy still gliding through,
And watering our Divine abode.

That sacred stream, Thy Holy Word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And gives new strength to fainting souls.

Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth and armed with power.

L. WATTS, 1719.

No. 321. Thy Father's House.

Thy Father's house! thine own bright home!
And hast Thou there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

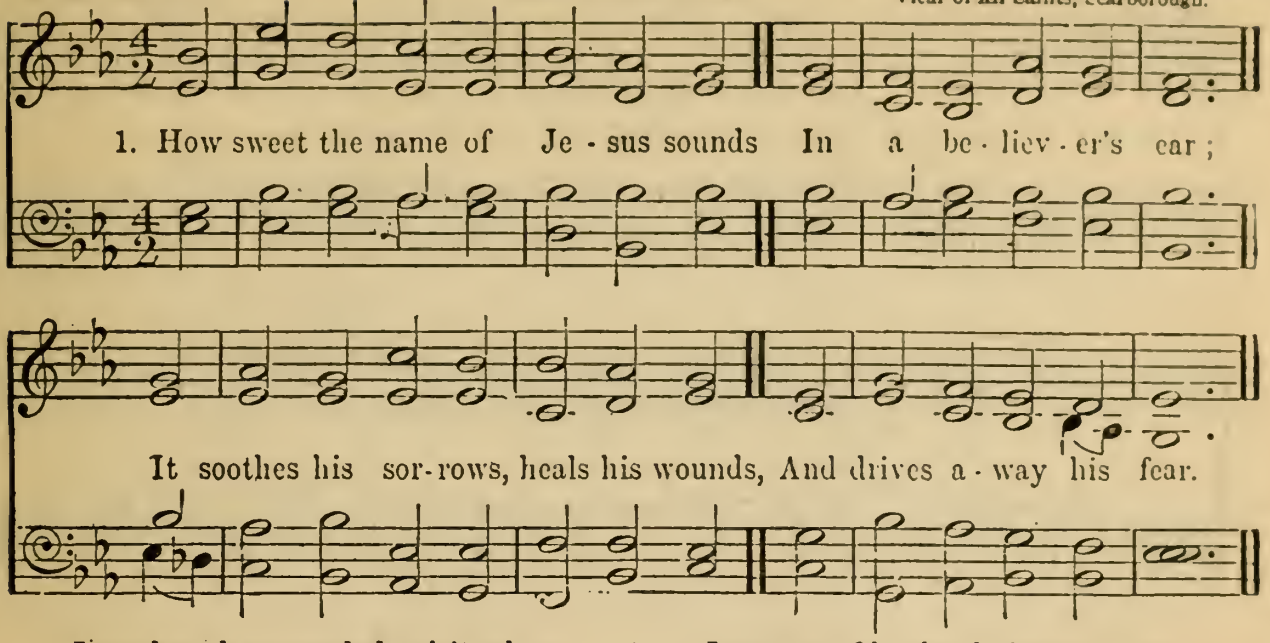
I see its domes' resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall;
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the jasper wall.

I know that Thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
Wilt bring Thine own to dwell with Thee,
And waitest to receive me there.

Thy love will there array my soul
In Thine own robe of spotless hue,
And I shall gaze, while ages roll,
On Thee, with raptures ever new.

No. 322. How Sweet The Name.

JOHN NEWTON. (ST. PETER. C.M.) A. R. REINAGLE. By per. The REV. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK, Vicar of All Saints, Scarborough.



It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End
Accept the praise I bring.

I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

No. 323. When The Blind.

When the blind and sick of old
Came Thy help to pray,
Didst Thou ever, harsh and cold,
Turn Thyself away?

We, Lord, sick and blind with sin,
Throng Thee in our pain;
Shall we fail Thy heart to win?
Shall we beg in vain?

Ah! the grace and love we see
Will not let us doubt—
Him that cometh unto Thee,
Thou wilt not cast out.

Lo, we come! Thy promise stands
Firm as heaven above;
Touch us with Thy healing hands,
O, Incarnate Love!

WADE ROBINSON.

No. 324. With Jesus.

With Jesus in the midst,
We gather round the board;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
One body in the Lord.

Our sins were laid on Him,
When bruised on Calvary;
With Christ we died and rose again,
And sit with Him on high.

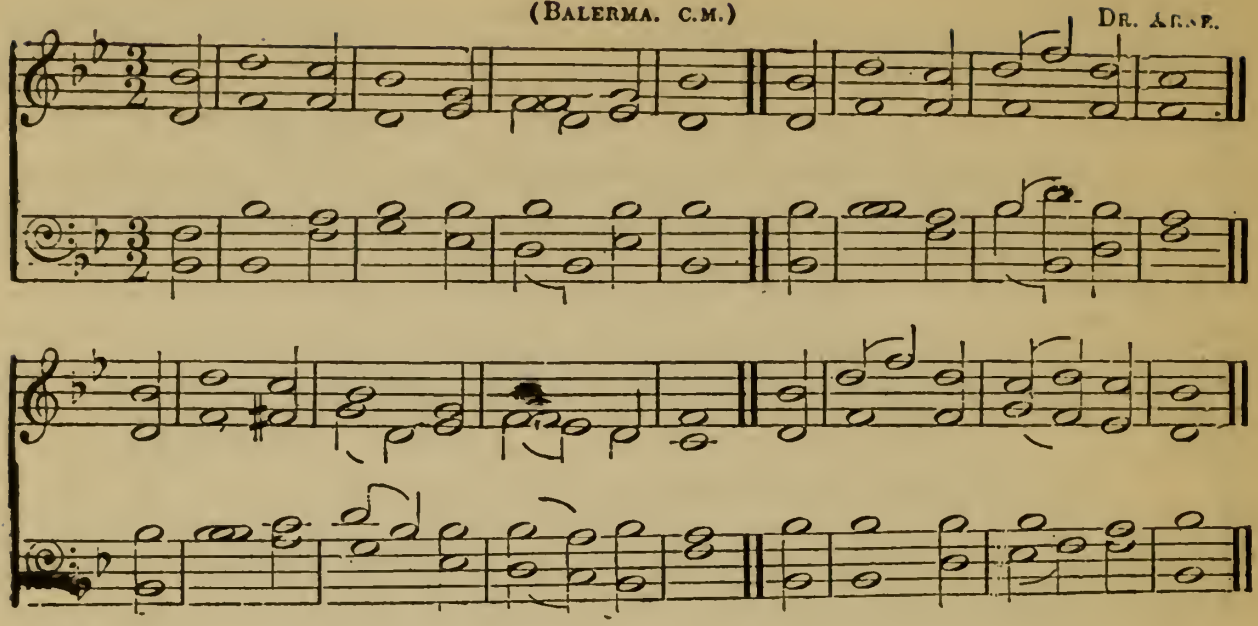
Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesus' breast recline.

Soon shall the night be gone,
The Morning Star appear,
Soon shall the day of glory dawn
Our longing hearts to cheer.

BRISTOL HYMNS, 1870.

No. 325. O For A Closer Walk.

(Balerma. c.m.) Dr. Arne.



Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

C. Wesley.

No. 326. Thy Holy Spirit.

Thy holy Spirit, Lord, alone
Can turn our hearts from sin;
His power alone can sanctify
And keep us pure within.

Cho.—O, Spirit of faith and love,
Come in our midst, we pray,
And purify each waiting heart;
Baptize us with pow'r to-day.

Thy holy Spirit, Lord, alone
Can deeper love inspire;
His power alone within our souls,
Can light the sacred fire.

Thy holy Spirit, Lord, can bring
The gifts we seek in prayer;
His voice can words of comfort speak
And still each wave of care.

Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, can give
The grace we need this hour;
And while we wait, O Spirit, come
In sanctifying power.

Cho.—O Spirit of Love descend,
Come in our midst, we pray,
And like a rushing, mighty wind
Sweep over our souls to-day.

Henrietta E. Blair.

No. 327. Come Enter, Lord!

Rev. F. Bottome, D.D. (St. Ann c.m.) Dr. W. Croft.

1. Come, en - ter, Lord, and take Thy rest, Thou and Thy ark of strength;
And make the tem - ple of my breast Thy dwell - ing place at length.

My life, my goods, myself I yield
A cheerful sacrifice;
No fond desire that lay concealed
But on Thine altar dies.

I will be Thine, with all my powers,
My memory, mind, and will,
And all my consecrated hours
Thy service to fulfil.

I know how poor and worthless all,
How weak the hand I lift;
But where the sprinkled blood shall fall,
It sanctifies the gift.

'Tis done!—but wilt Thou condescend
To make my heart Thy home?
Call me, a sinful worm, Thy friend?
Lord Jesus, quickly come!

No. 328. Spirit Of the Living God.

O, spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darknesss, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

J. Montgomery.

No. 329. From every Stormy Wind That Blows.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place that all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

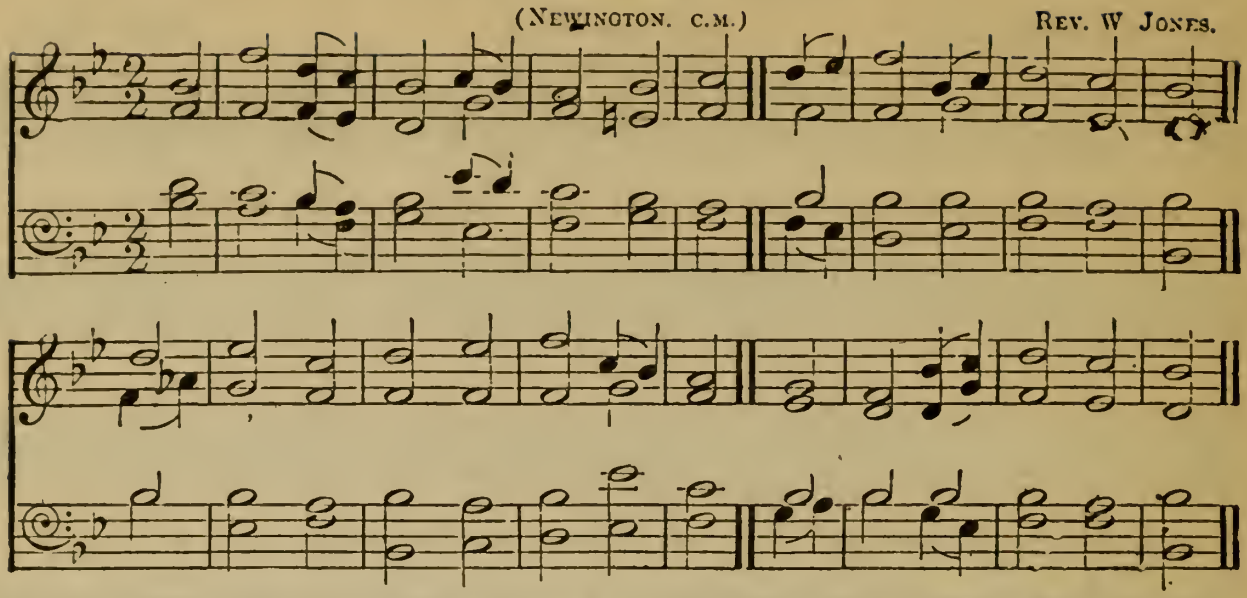
Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Boehm.

No. 330. Come Humble Sinner.

(Newington. c.m.) Rev. W Jones.



Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with thy guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

"I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives.
Oh, that he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

"Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.

"I shall not perish, if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

"My Saviour will not spurn my cry,
My King will hear my prayer;
In safety at His feet I lie,
For none can perish there."

Edmond Jones, ab. 1777 v. 6, h.

No. 331. To-Day The Saviour Calls.

To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'rers come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power,
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

Samuel Francis Smith.

No. 332. Jesus Paid It All.

I hear the Saviour say
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all;
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He wash'd it white as snow.

O, Lord, at last I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change this heart of mine,
And make it all Thine own.

And when in heaven above,
At Jesus' feet I fall,
My song shall ever be—
Jesus has paid it all.

Rev. W. McDonald.

No. 333. O Lord, How Happy.

O, Lord, how happy should we be
  If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
  Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
  By sudden wild alarms;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props and simply fall
  On Thine Almighty arms!

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
Even while we pray, upon our God,
  Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
  Will hear in that we fear.

No. 334. Just as I Am.

Just as I am without one plea,
  But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
  O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
  To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
    spot,
  O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
  With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fghtings within and fears without.
  O, Lamb of God, I come!

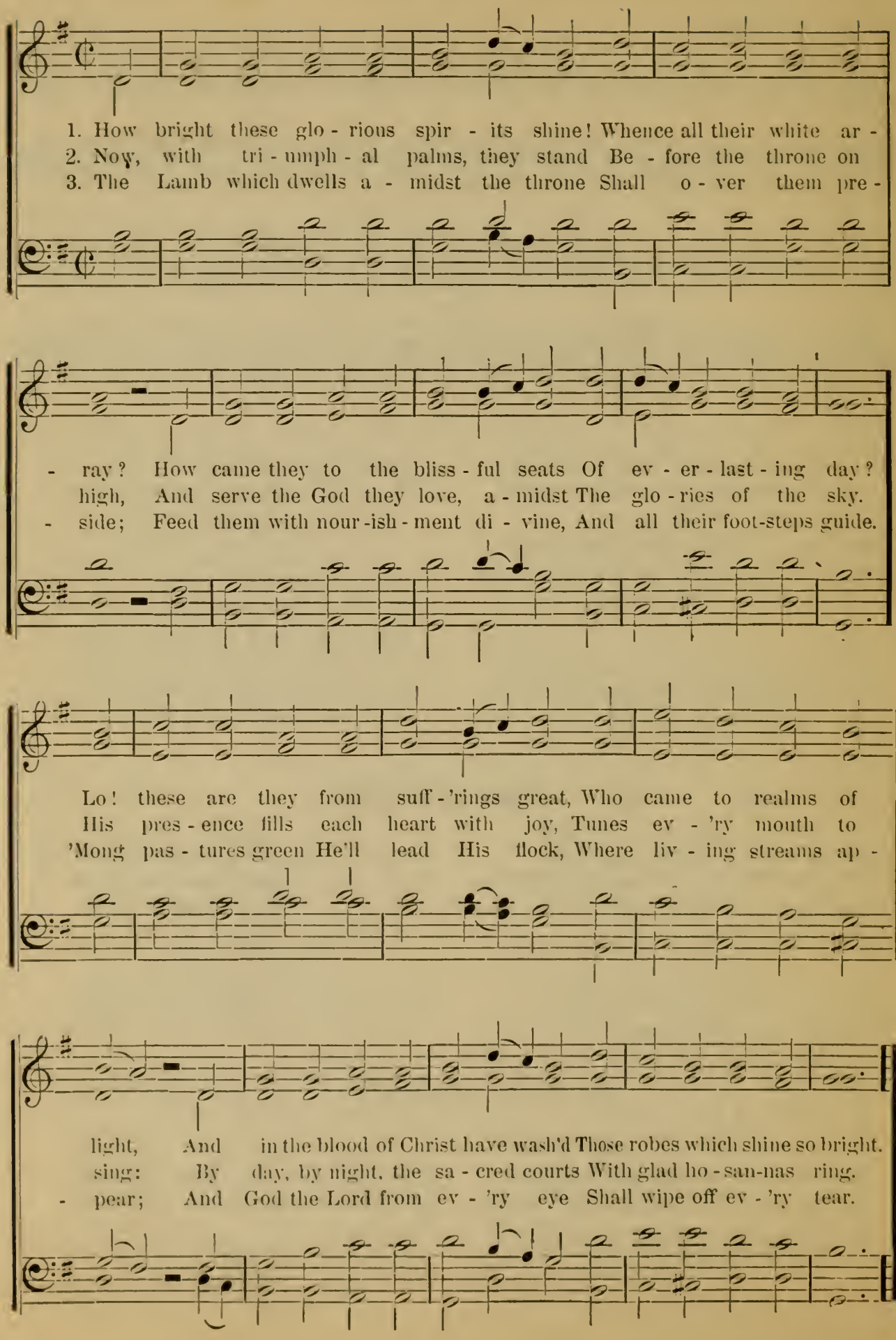
Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
  O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
    lieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
  O, Lamb of God, I come!

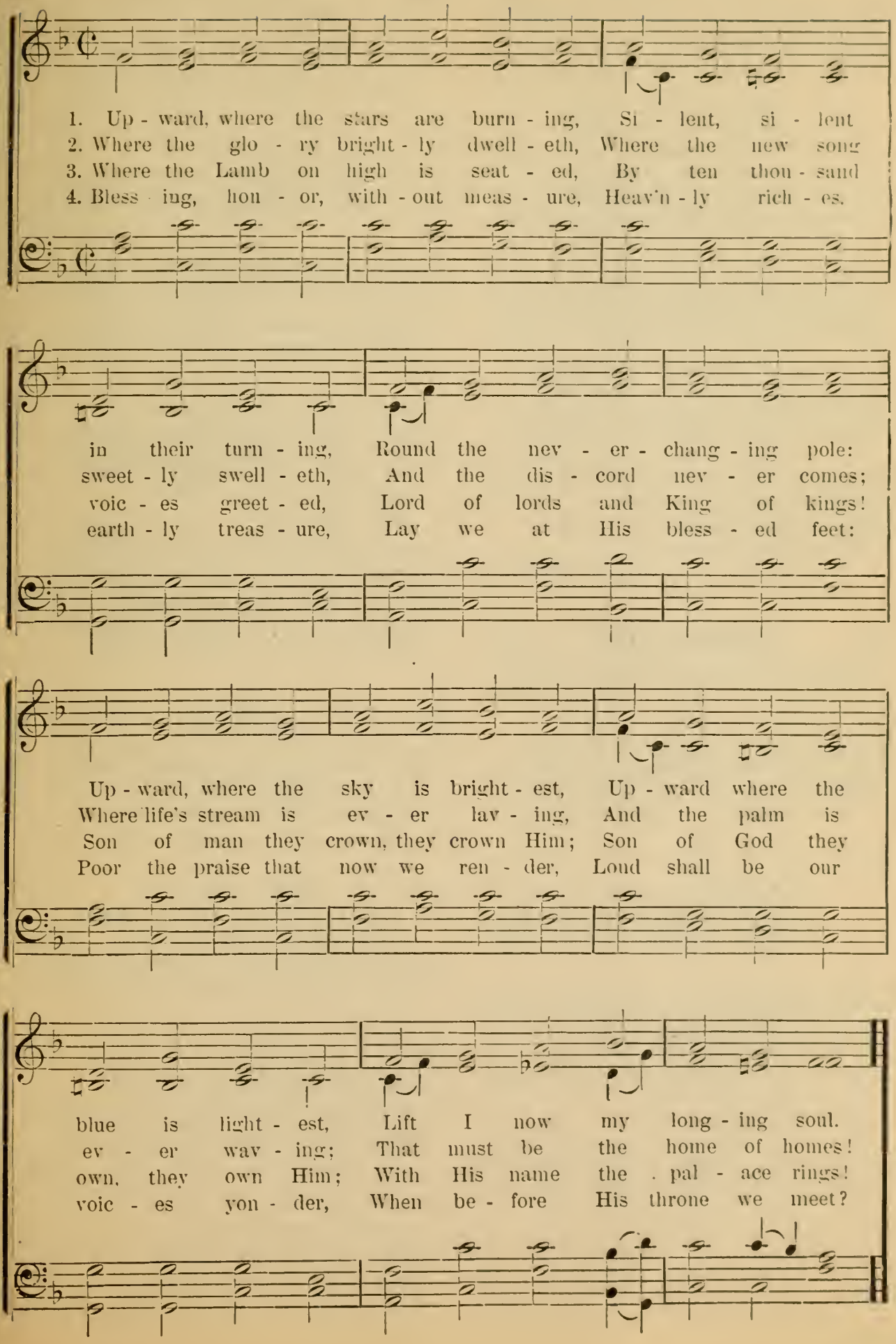
Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, and Thine alone,
  O, Lamb of God, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT

No. 335. How Bright.


1. How bright these glo - rious spir - its shine! Whence all their white ar - ray? How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day?
2. Now, with tri - umph - al palms, they stand Be - fore the throne on high, And serve the God they love, a - midst The glo - ries of the sky.
3. The Lamb which dwells a - midst the throne Shall o - ver them pre - side; Feed them with nour - ish - ment di - vine, And all their foot-steps guide.
Lo! these are they from suff - 'rings great, Who came to realms of light, And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which shine so bright.
His pres - ence fills each heart with joy, Tunes ev - 'ry mouth to sing: By day, by night, the sa - cred courts With glad ho - san-nas ring.
'Mong pas - tures green He'll lead His flock, Where liv - ing streams ap - pear; And God the Lord from ev - 'ry eye Shall wipe off ev - 'ry tear.

No. 336. Upward.


1. Up - ward, where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent
2. Where the glo - ry bright - ly dwell - eth, Where the new song
3. Where the Lamb on high is seat - ed, By ten thou - sand
4. Bless - ing, hon - or, with - out meas - ure, Heav'n - ly rich - es.
in their turn - ing, Round the nev - er - chang - ing pole:
sweet - ly swell - eth, And the dis - cord nev - er comes;
voic - es greet - ed, Lord of lords and King of kings!
earth - ly treas - ure, Lay we at His bless - ed feet:
Up - ward, where the sky is bright - est, Up - ward where the
Where life's stream is ev - er lav - ing, And the palm is
Son of man they crown, they crown Him; Son of God they
Poor the praise that now we ren - der, Loud shall be our
blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.
ev - er wav - ing; That must be the home of homes!
own, they own Him; With His name the pal - ace rings!
voic - es yon - der, When be - fore His throne we meet?

337 Blessed be the Name.

All praise to Him who reigns above,
In majesty supreme;
Who gave His Son for man to die,
That He might man redeem.

Cho.—Blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord;
Blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord;

His name above all names shall stand,
Exalted more and more,
At God the Father's own right hand,
Where angel hosts adore.

His name shall be the Counsellor,
The mighty Prince of Peace,
Of all earth's kingdoms conqueror,
Whose reign shall never cease.

Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

W. H. Clark.

338 A Missionary Cry.

A hundred thousand souls a day,
Are passing one by one away,
In Christless guilt and gloom,
Without one ray of hope or light,
With future dark as endless night,
They're passing to their doom,
They're passing to their doom.

Cho.—They're passing, passing fast away,
In thousands day by day;
They're passing to their doom,
They're passing to their doom.

O, Holy Ghost, Thy people move,
Baptize their hearts with faith and love
And consecrate their gold.
At Jesus' feet their millions pour,
And all their ranks unite once more,
As in the days of old,
As in the days of old.

The Master's coming draweth near,
The Son of Man will soon appear,
His kingdom is at hand.
But ere that glorious day can be,
This Gospel of the Kingdom we
Must preach in every land,
Must preach in every land.

A. B. S.

339 Come, Thou Fount.

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Cho.—The fountain lies open,
The fountain lies open,
Come and bathe your weary soul.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love!

Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

340 Coronation.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'r forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. E. Perronet.

341 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise;
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

342 Wonderful Saviour.

Christ has for sin atonement made,
What a wonderful Saviour!
We are redeemed! the price is paid,
What a wonderful Saviour!

Cho.—What a wonderful Saviour is
Jesus, my Jesus!
What a wonderful Saviour is
Jesus, my Lord!

I praise Him for the cleansing blood,
What a wonderful Saviour!
That reconciled my soul to God,
What a wonderful Saviour!

To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part,
What a wonderful Saviour!

E. A. H.

343 I'll Live for Him.

My life, my love, I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Saviour and my God!

Cho.—I'll live for Him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for Him who died for me,
My Saviour and my God!

I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live,
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

Oh, Thou who died on Calvary
To save my soul and make me free;
I consecrate my life to Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

R. E. Hudson.

344 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Cho.—Take my spirit, body, soul,
Touch me, Lord, and make me whole;
Here I am, henceforth to be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee!

Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always only for my King.

Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages for Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is Thine own—
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

Francis Ridley Havergal.

345 **Glory to His Name.**

Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

I am so wondrously sav'd from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within;
There at the cross He took me in;
Glory to His name.

Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to His name.

Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Plunge in to-day and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

346 **The Way of the Cross.**

I can hear my Saviour calling,
I can hear my Saviour calling,
I can hear my Saviour calling,
"Take thy cross and follow, follow Me."

CHO.—Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
And go with me—with me all the way.

E. W. BLANDY.

347 **Forever Here.**

Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me and make me thus Thine own
Wash me and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.

The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

348 **Since I Have Been Redeemed.**

I have a song I love to sing,
Since I have been redeemed,
Of my Redeemer, Saviour King,
Since I have been redeemed.

CHO.—Since I have been redeemed,
Since I have been redeemed,
I will glory in His name,
Since I have been redeemed,
I will glory in the Saviour's name.

I have a Christ that satisfies,
Since I have been redeemed,
To do His will my highest prize,
Since I have been redeemed,

I have a witness bright and clear,
Since I have been redeemed,
Dispelling every doubt and fear,
Since I have been redeemed,

I have a joy I can't express,
Since I have been redeemed,
All thro' His blood and righteousness,
Since I have been redeemed,

I have a home prepared for me,
Since I have been redeemed,
Where I shall dwell eternally,
Since I have been redeemed,

E. O. E.

349 Fill Me Now.

Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow:
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.

Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

E. H. Stokes, D. D.

350 He Was Not Willing.

"He was not willing that any should perish
Jesus enthroned in the glory above,
Saw our poor fallen world, pitied our sorrows,
Poured out His life for us—wonderful love!
Perishing, perishing! Thronging our pathway,
Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear
Jesus would save but there's no one to tell them,
No one to lift them from sin and despair.

Plenty for pleasure but little for Jesus.
Time for the world, with its troubles and toys,
No time for Jesus' work, feeding the hungry,
Lifting lost souls to eternity's joys.
Perishing, perishing! Hark how they call us:
"- Bring us your Saviour, oh, tell us of Him!"
We are so weary, so heavily laden,
And with long weeping our eyes have grown dim.

"He was not willing that any should perish!"
Am I His follower, and can I live
Longer at ease with a soul going downward,
Lost for the lack of the help I might give?
Perishing, perishing! Thou were not willing;
Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
Live with eternity's values in view.

L. R. M.

351 Jesus, Thine All-victorious.

Jesus. Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow.

Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

352 Christ Returneth.

It may be at morn, when the day is awaking,
When sunlight thro' darkness and shadow is breaking,
That Jesus will come in the fullness of glory,
To receive from the world "His own."

It may be at midday, it may be at twilight,
It may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight
Will burst into light in the blaze of His glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."

Oh, joy! Oh delight! Should we go without dying,
No sicknsss, no sadness, no dread and no crying,
Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord into glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."

H. L. Turner.

353 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me. Oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, Oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all Eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

354 Harvest Time.

The seed I have scattered in springtime with weeping,
And watered with tears and with dews from on high;
Another may shout when the harvester's reaping,
Shall gather my grain in the "Sweet by and by."

CHO.—Over and over, yes, deeper and deeper
My heart is pierced through with life's sorrowing cry,
But the tears of the sower and songs of the reaper,
Shall mingle together in joy by and by.
By and by, by and by, by and by, by and by.
Yes, the tears of the sower and songs of the reaper,
Shall mingle together in joy by and by.

Another may reap what in springtime I've planted,
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain—
Not knowing my tears when in the summer I fainted
While toiling, sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.
The thorns will have choked and the summer suns blasted
The most of the seed which in spring time I've sown;
But the Lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted,
Will give me a harvest for what I have done. W. A. S.

355 All Taken Away.

Did you hear what Jesus said to me?
They're all taken away, away;
Your sins are pardoned and you are free.
They're all taken away.

CHO.—They're all taken away, away.
They're all taken away, away,
They're all taken away, away,
My sins are all taken away.

Oh, this wondrous grace, so free and full;
They're all taken away, away;
Tho' red like crimson, they're now as wool;
They're all taken away.

I have plunged beneath the crimson tide;
They're all taken away, away;
And now by faith I am purified;
They're all taken away.

And when in glory we meet above,
They're all taken away, away;
We'll sing the song of redeeming love;
They're all taken away.

356 The Great Physician.

The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus,
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh hear the voice of Jesus.

REF.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus.
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

REV. WM. HUNTER.

357 Cleansing Wave.

Oh, now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

Cho.—The cleansing stream I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

Amazing grace! 't is heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

358 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

All hail atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness!

Rev. L. Hartsough.

359 'Tis Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take Him at His word;
Just to rest upon His promise;
Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

Ref.—Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him,
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er,
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!
O for grace to trust Him more.

O how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust His cleansing blood;
Just in simple faith to plunge me,
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.

Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease,
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life and rest, and joy and peace.

I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,
Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend!
And I know that Thou art with me,
Wilt be with me to the end.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead.

360 Launch Out.

The mercy of God is an ocean divine,
A boundless and fathomless flood;
Launch out in the deep, cut away the shore-line,
And be lost in the fullness of God.

Cho.—Launch out into the deep,
Oh, let the shore-line go;
Launch out, launch out in the ocean divine
Out where the full tides flow.

But many, alas! only stand on the shore,
And gaze on the ocean so wide;
They never have ventured its depths to explore,
Or to launch on the fathomless tide.

And others just venture away from the land,
And linger so near to the shore,
That the surf and the slime that beat over the strand,
Dash o'er them in floods evermore.

Oh, let us launch out on this ocean so broad,
Where the floods of salvation e'er flow;
Oh, let us be lost in the mercy of God,
Till the depths of His fullness we know.

A. B. Simpson.

361 Kadesh Barnea.

They came to the gates of Canaan,
But they never entered in;
They came to the very threshold,
But they perished in their sin.

Cho.—Oh, hearken to the Holy Ghost
To-day, if ye will hear His voice,
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Oh, harden not, oh, harden not,
Oh, harden not your hearts,
Oh, harden not your hearts.

On the morrow they would have entered,
But God had shut the gate.
They wept, they rashly ventured,
But, alas! it was too late.

And so we are ever coming
To the place where two ways part—
One leads to the Land of Promise,
And one to a hardened heart.

Oh, brother, give heed to the warning,
And obey His voice to-day;
The Spirit to Thee is calling;
Oh, do not grieve Him away.

Oh, come in complete surrender,
Oh, turn from thy doubt and sin;
Pass on from Kadesh to Canaan,
And a crown and kingdom win.

A. B. S.

362 All for Jesus!

All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
All my being's ransomed powers;
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours,
All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
All my days and all my hours.

Let my hands perform His bidding;
Let my feet run in His ways,
Let my eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
All for Jesus crucified.

Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
Resting now beneath His wings.

Mary D. James.

363 Not I, But Christ.

Not I, but Christ, be honored, loved, exalted,
Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard,
Not I, but Christ, in every look and action,
Not I, but Christ, in every thought and word.

Cho.—Oh, to be saved from myself, dear Lord,
Oh, to be lost in Thee,
Oh that it might be no more I,
But Christ, that lives in me.

Not I, but Christ, to gently soothe in sorrow,
Not I, but Christ, to wipe the falling tear,
Not I, but Christ, to lift the weary burden,
Not I, but Christ, to hush away all fear.

Not I, but Christ, my every need supplying,
Not I, but Christ, my strength and health to be;
Christ, only Christ, for body, soul and spirit,
Christ, only Christ, live then Thy life in me.

Christ, only Christ, ere long will fill my vision;
Glory excelling soon, full soon I'll see,
Christ, only Christ, my every wish fulfilling—
Christ, only Christ, my all in all to be.

A. A. F.

364 Abide With Me.

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou the cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O, Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

365 Rock of Ages.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. TOPLADY.

366 Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.

Holy, Holy, Holy!
Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy!
All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy!
'Tho' the darkness hide Thee,
Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in pow'r, in love and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy!
Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blesssed Trinity!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

367 Come, Holy Spirit.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we striv to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

I. WATTS.

368 Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

369 The Days of Heaven.

The days of heaven are peaceful days,
Still as yon glassy sea;
So calm, so still in God, our days,
As the days of heaven would be.

CHO.—Walk with us, Lord, thro' all the days,
And let us walk with Thee;
Till as Thy will is done in heaven,
On earth so shall it be.

The days of heaven are holy days,
From sin forever free;
So cleansed, and kept our days, O Lord,
As the days of heaven would be.

The days of heaven are happy days,
Sorrow they never see;
So full of gladness all our days,
As the days of heaven would be.

The days of heaven are healthful days,
They feed on life's fair tree;
So feeding on Thy strength, O Christ,
Our days as heaven may be.

The days of heaven are endless days,
Days of eternity;
So may our lives and works endure,
While the days of heaven shall be.

A. B. SIMPSON.

370 God Be With You.

God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again.
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

371 Yesterday, To-Day, Forever.

O how sweet the glorious message,
Simple faith may claim;
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Jesus is the same.
Still He loves to save the sinful,
Heal the sick and lame;
Cheer the mourner, still the tempest;
Glory to His name!

CHO.—Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Jesus is the same;
All may change; but Jesus, never!
Glory to His name!
Glory to His name!
Glory to His name!
All may change, but Jesus, never!
Glory to His name!

He who was the Friend of sinners,
Seeks thee, lost one, now;
Sinner, come, and at His footstool
Penitently bow.
He who said, "I'll not condemn thee,
Go and sin no more,"
Speaks to thee that word of pardon,
As in days of yore.

He who 'mid the raging billows
Walked upon the sea,
Still can hush our wildest tempests,
As on Galilee.
He who wept and prayed in anguish
In Gethsemane,
Drinks with us each cup of trembling
In our agony.

As of old He walked to Emmaus,
With them to abide;
So through all life's way He walketh,
Ever near our side.
Soon again we shall behold Him.
Hasten, Lord, the day!
But 't will still be "this same Jesus,"
As He went away.

A. B. S.

372 Sunshine in the Soul.

There's sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light.

Ref.—Oh, there's sunshine, blessed sunshine,
When the peaceful, happy moments roll;
When Jesus shows His smiling face,
There is sunshine in my soul.

There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King;
And Jesus, listening, can hear,
The songs I cannot sing.

There's spring-time in my soul to-day;
For when the Lord is near
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.

There's gladness in my soul to-day;
And hope, and praise and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys "laid up" above.

E. E. Hewitt.

373 O, Jesus, Jesus.

Oh, Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord!
Forgive me if I say,
For very love, Thy sacred name
A thousand times a day.

Cho.—Oh, Jesus, Lord, with me abide;
I rest in Thee, whate'er betide;
Thy gracious smile is my reward;
I love, I love Thee, Lord!

I love Thee so I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

O, light in darkness, joy in grief,
O heaven, begun on earth;
Jesus, my love, my treasure,
Who can tell what Thou art worth?

What limit is there to this love?
Thy flight, where wilt Thou stay?
On, on! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

Rev. F. W. Faber.

374 Ishi

Oh, my heart is full of laughter,
I am very, very glad;
For I have a precious treasure,
Such as princes never had.

Cho.—Wilt Thou have this precious "Ishi,"
Bridegroom of thy soul to be?
He, the fairest of ten thousand,
Waits in love to welcome thee.

Ishi, Ishi, is the jewel,
Mine He is while ages roll;
Angels taste not of such glory,
Holy Ishi of the soul.

Many beauteous names Thou bearest,
Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King,
But they none unto my spirit
Such divine support can bring

Other joys are short and fleeting;
Thou and I can never part;
Thou art altogether lovely,
Ishi, Ishi of my heart.

375 Christ in Me.

This is my wonderful story,
Christ to my heart has come;
Jesus, the King of Glory,
Finds in my heart a home.

Cho.—Christ in me, Christ in me,
Christ in me, O wonderful story,
Christ in me, Christ in me,
Christ in me, the hope of glory.

Was there e'er story so moving,
Story of love and pain?
Was there e'er Bridegroom so loving,
Seeking our hearts to gain?

I am so glad I received Him,
Jesus, my heart's dear King;
I, who so often have grieved Him,
All to His feet would bring.

How can I ever be lonely,
How can I ever fall?
What can I want if only
Christ is my all in all?

Now in His bosom confiding,
This my glad song shall be:
I am in Jesus abiding,
Jesus abides in me.

A. B. S.

376 Himself.

Once it was the blessing,
Now it is the Lord;
Once it was the feeling,
Now it is His Word;
Once His gifts I wanted,
Now, the Giver own;
Once I sought for healing,
Now Himself alone.

Cho.—All in all forever,
Jesus will I sing;
Ev'rything in Jesus,
And Jesus ev'ry thing.

Once 'was painful trying,
Now 'tis perfect trust;
Once a half salvation,
Now the uttermost;
Once 'twas ceaseless holding,
Now He holds me fast;
Once 'twas constant drifting,
Now my anchor's cast.

Once 'twas busy planning,
Now 'tis trustful prayer,
Once 'twas anxious caring,
Now He has the care;
Once 'twas what I wanted,
Now what Jesus says;
Once was constant askng,
Now 'tis ceaseless praise.

Once it was my working,
His it hence shall be;
Once I tried to use Him,
Now He uses me;
Once the power I wanted,
Now the Mighty One;
Once for self I labored,
Now for Him alone.

Once I hoped in Jesus,
Now I know He's mine;
Once my lamps were dying,
Nnow they brightly shine,
Once for death I waited,
Now His coming hail;
And my hopes are anchored
Safe within the vail.

A. B. S.

377 No More Sorrow.

There shall be no more crying,
There shall be no more pain,
There shall be no more dying,
There shall be no more stain

Cho.—Jesus, our watch we are keeping,
Longing for Thee to come;
Then shall be ended our night of weeping,
Then we shall reach our home.

Hearts that by death were riven,
Meet in eternal love;
Lives on the altar given
Rise to their crowns above.

Satan shall tempt us never,
Sin shall o'ercome no more,
Joy shall abide forever,
Sorrow and grief be o'er

Jesus shall be our glory,
Jesus our heaven shall be;
Jesus shall be our story,
Jesus who died for me.

Hasten, sweet morn of gladness,
Hasten, dear Lord, we pray;
Finish this night of sadness,
Hasten the heavenly day.

Jesus is coming surely,
Jesus is coming soon;
O let us walk so purely,
O let us keep our crown.

A. B. S.

378 I'll Be There.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Ref.—I'll be there, I'll be there,
When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there,
I'll be there, I'll be there,
When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.

There, everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Could we but climb to where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

379 Trust and Obey.

When we walk with the Lord
In the light of His word,
What a glory He sheds on our way!
While we do His good will,
He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

Not a shadow can rise,
Not a cloud in the skies
But His smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt nor a fear,
Not a sigh nor a tear,
Can abide while we trust and obey.

But we never can prove
The delights of His love,
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favor He shows,
And the joy He bestows,
Are for them who will trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet,
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,
Where He sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

REV J. H. SAMMIS.

380 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my sins away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread;
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

381 Jesus Only.

Jesus only is our message,
Jesus all our theme shall be;
We will lift up Jesus ever,
Jesus only will we see.

CHO.—Jesus only, Jesus ever,
Jesus all in all we sing,
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer,
Glorious Lord and Coming King.

Jesus only is our Saviour,
All our guilt He bore away,
All our rightousness He gives us,
All our strength from day to day.

Jesus is our Sanctifier,
Cleansing us from self and sin,
And with all His Spirit's fullness,
Filling all our hearts within.

Jesus only is our Healer,
All our sicknesses He bare,
And His risen life and fullness
All His members still may share.

Jesus only is our Power,
His the gift of Pentecost;
Jesus, breathe Thy power upon us,
Fill us with the Holy Ghost.

And for Jesus we are waiting,
Listening for the Advent call;
But 'twill still be Jesus only,
Jesus ever, all in all.

382 And Can I Yet Delay?

And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
And Jesus to receive?

CHO.—Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever Thine.

383 How Firm a Foundation

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am Thy God, I will still give Thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand."

"When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design,
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine,
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake!"
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake!"

GEORGE KEITH.

384 Sun of My Soul.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

385 Old Hundred.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
In every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy Word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

In every land begin the song—
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

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